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DR. WATTS'

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

WITH

DR. RIPPON'S SELECTION,

CONTAINING

All the Additional Hymns,

WITH COPIOUS INDICES,

INCLUDING AN INDEX OF THE FIRST LINE OF EACH VERSE OF THE PSALMS AND HYMNS.

LONDON:
WILLIAM WHITTEMORE,
AND HOULSTON AND STONEMAN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

SEP 9 1895

COMPREHENSIVE EDITION.

PSALMS, HYMNS,

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BY THE

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

CONTAINING

All the Supplementary Hymns,

WITH

COPIOUS INDICES, AND NAMES OF APPROPRIATE TUNES AFFIXED TO EACH OF THE PSALMS AND HYMNS.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY TYLER AND REED, BOLT-COURT.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PREFACE.

It is necessary that I should inform my readers, that they are not to expect in this book an exact translation of the Psalms of David. My design is, to accommodate the Book of Psalms to Christian worship. And in order to this, it is necessary to divest David and Asaph, &c., of every other character but that of a psalmist and a saint, and to make them always speak the common sense and language of a Christian.

Attempting the work with this view, I have entirely omitted several whole Psalms, and large pieces of many others; and have chosen out of all of them such parts only as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the Christian life, or at least might afford us some beautiful allusion to Christian affairs. These I have copied and explained in the general style of the gospel; nor have I confined my expressions to any particular party or opinion; that in words prepared for public worship, and for the lips of multitudes, there might not be a syllable offensive to sincere Christians, whose judgments may differ in the lesser matters of religion.

Where the Psalmist uses sharp invectives against his personal enemies, I have endeavoured to turn the edge of them against our spiritual adversaries—sin, Satan, and temptation. Where the flights of his faith and love are sublime, I have often sunk the expressions within the reach of an ordinary Christian. Where the words imply some peculiar wants or distresses, joys or blessings, I have used words of greater latitude and comprehension, suited to the general circumstances of men.

Where the original runs in the form of prophecy concerning Christ and his salvation, I have given an historical turn to the sense: there is no necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful style of prediction, when the things foretold are brought into open light by a full accomplishment. Where the writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any part of the Psalms, I have often indulged the liberty of paraphrase, according to the words of Christ or his apostles. And surely this may be esteemed the word of God still, though borrowed from several parts of the Holy Scripture. Where the Psalmist describes religion by the fear of God, I have often joined faith and love to it. Where he speaks of the

pardon of sin, through the mercies of God, I have added the merits of a Saviou Where he talks of sacrificing goats or bullocks, I rather choose to mention tl sacrifice of Christ, the Lamb of God. When he attends the ark with shouting in Zion, I sing the ascension of my Saviour into heaven, or his presence in his chur on earth. Where he promises abundance of wealth, honour, and long life, I ha changed some of these typical blessings for grace, glory, and life eternal, which a brought to light by the gospel, and promised in the New Testament. And I a fully satisfied, that more honour is done to our blessed Saviour, by speaking b name, his graces, and actions, in his own language, according to the brighter di coveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the Jewish forms worship, and the language of types and figures.

If any shall think it best to sing the Psalms in order in churches or families, may be done with profit, provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to spec occurrences of nations, churches, or single Christians.

If the Psalm be too long for the time or custom of singing, there are pauses many of them at which you may properly rest; or you may leave out those vers which are included within crotchets, [ ], without disturbing the sense; or in son places you may begin to sing at the pause.—*Extract from the Doctor's Prefac dated Dec. 1st*, 1718.

The names of the Tunes affixed to the Psalms and Hymns refer to "TH COMPREHENSIVE TUNE BOOK," by H. G. Gauntlett, Esq., Mus. Do and W. H. Kearns, Esq.

THE

PSALMS OF DAVID.

---

1 C. M. Bedford, 91.

Way and end of the righteous and wicked.

1 BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

1 S. M. Plymouth, 336.

The saint happy, the sinner miserable.

1 THE man is ever bless'd
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place;

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so the ungodly race,
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

1 L. M. Melcombe, 325.

Difference between the righteous and wicked.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure, pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a different place.

6 'Straight is the way my saints have trod,
I bless'd the path, and drew it plain:
But you would choose the crooked road,
And down it leads to endless pain.'

2 S. M. Handel's, 168.

Christ dying, rising, interceding, &c.

1 [MAKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
By David are fulfil'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay
Jesus thine holy child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
The Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath raised him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he 's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He 'll vindicate those honours well
Which he received from God.

9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne:
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

2 C. M. St. James, 163.

The same.

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord that sits above the skies
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 'I call him my eternal Son,
And raise him from the dead:
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread.

4 'Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
The utmost heathen lands:
Thy rod of iron shall destroy
The rebel that withstands.'

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey the anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown ye die;
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

2 L. M. Wareham, 117.

Christ's death, resurrection, &c.

1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage
The Romans why their swords em-
ploy?
Against the Lord their powers engage
His dear Anointed to destroy?

2 'Come, let us break his bands,' they sa
'This man shall never give us laws;'
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage control
He'll vex their hearts with inward pain
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 'I will maintain the King I made
On Zion's everlasting hill,
My hand shall bring him from the dea
And he shall stand your Sovereign stil

5 'His wondrous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heavenly birth
'This day have I begot my Son.

6 'Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
There thou shalt ask, and I bestow,
The utmost bounds of heathen land:
To thee the northern isles shall bow.'

7 But nations that resist his grace
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
His rod shall crush his foes with eas
As potter's earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lam
Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknow
If ye provoke his jealousy.

10 His storms shall drive you quick
He is a God, and ye but dust; [he
Happy the souls that know him wel
And make his grace their only trust.

3 C. M. Newbury, 131.

Doubts and fears suppressed.

1 MY God, how many are my fears
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There 's no relief in heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strengt
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning gui
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cried, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a listening ear;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdued my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

6 What though the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood?
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing!
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

3 L. M. Portugal, 97.

Ver. 1—5, 8. *A morning psalm.*

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose;
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised my evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He raised my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

4 L. M. Ulverston, 179.

V. 1—3, 5—7. *God our portion and hope.*

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pardoning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
'Who will bestow some earthly good?'
But Lord, thy light and love we pray,
Our souls desire this heavenly food.'

6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice,
At grace and favours so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn and all their wine.

4 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.

[Ver. 3—5, 8. *An evening psalm.*

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

5 C. M. Bedford, 91.

For the Lord's day morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face!

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray:
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout with joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

6 C. M. Walsal, 237.

Complaint in sickness, or diseases healed.

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not;
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
Mine eye consumed with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand afford relief?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath:
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

6 L. M. Babylon Streams, 23.

Temptations in sickness overcome.

1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise:
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel:
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how I pass my weary days [night,
In sighs and groans; and when 't is
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul;
And all despairing thoughts, depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

7 C. M. Ellenborough, 170.

God's care of his people.

1 MY trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer 's near.

3 If I had e'er provoked them first,
Or once abused my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thine hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins
He will defend the upright;
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

8 S. M. Mansfield, 154.

God's sovereignty and goodness, &c.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways!
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

8 C. M. Liverpool, 83.
Christ's condescension & glorification.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous [great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thine heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwell so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4 That thine Eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

5 [Yet while he lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
The obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his power.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

Let him be crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

8 PART I. L. M. Old 100th.
V. 1, 2. *The hosanna of the children.*

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is [spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
Whilst Jewish babes proclaim their King.

8 PART II. L. M. New Sabbath, 122.
V. 3, &c. *Adam and Christ, lords of the old and the new creation.*

1 LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?—

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But oh, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made:
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

9 PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.
Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.

1 WITH my whole heart I 'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I 'll proclaim;
Thou sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I 'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

9 PART II. C. M. Worksop. 31.

Ver. 12. *The wisdom and equity of Providence.*

1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep councils known;
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6 Tho' saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

10 C. M. Palmyra, 203.

Prayers heard and saints saved.

1 WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage
And say with foolish pride,
'The God of heaven will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side?'

6 But thou for ever art our Lord,
And powerful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword
And perish'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray
And cause thine ear to hear;
He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world in fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

11 L.M. Angel's Hymn, 60.

God loves the righteous, and h the wicked.

1 MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry
'Fly like a timorous trembling dove
To distant woods or mountains fly?

2 If government be all destroy'd,
That firm foundation of our peace,
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redr

3 The Lord in heaven has fix'd his thr
His eyes survey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known
His eyelids search our spirits throu

4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their gr
What may the bold transgressors f
His very souls abhor their ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and de
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous s
Whose thoughts and actions are sinc
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

12 L.M. Kingsbridge, 88.

The saint's safety and hope in times.

1 LORD, if thou dost not soon ap
Virtue and truth will flee away
A faithful man amongst us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay

2 The whole discourse, when neigh
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profa

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph.
The God of vengeance will confou
The flattering and blaspheming t

4 'Yet shall our words be free,' th
'Our tongues shall be controll'd by
Where is the Lord will ask us wi
Or say, our tongues are not our

5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress'd,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often tried,
Void of deceit shall still appear:
Not silver, seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Tho' when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.

12 C. M. St. James, 163.

Complaint of a general corruption of manners.

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd!
'Are not our lips our own?' they cry,
'And who shall be our Lord?'

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is raised to seats of power and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemies grow bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given this sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7 'Yes,' saith the Lord, 'now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee:
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free.'

8 Thy word, like silver, seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promise sure.

13 L. M. Rippon, 188.

Pleading with God under desertion.

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide?
And I still pray, and be denied?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppprest,
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief:
If thou withhold thy heavenly light
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

13 C. M. Rochester, 459.

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts:
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep!
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud
If I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung:
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

14 PART I. C. M. Abridge, 201.

By nature all men are sinners.

1 FOOLS in their heart believe and say,
'That all religion 's vain;
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds the affairs of men.'

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There 's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear divinier fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

14 PART II. C. M. St. Ann's, 58.

The folly of persecutors.

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just;
And yet our foes deride trust;
That we should make thy name our
Great God, confound their pride.

4 Oh that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

15 C. M. Hammond, 226.

Characters of a saint.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns;
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

15 L. M. Portugal, 97.

Religion and justice, goodness and truth.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose hea
clean; m
Whose lips still speak the things
No slanders dwell upon his tongue
He hates to do his neighbour wron

3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eye

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always make his promise good
Nor dares to change the thing he sw
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be
While others gripe and grind the p
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his fa
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from

7 Yet, when his holiest works are d
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with th

16 PART I. L. M. Rothwell,

Confession of our poverty.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of
For succour to thy throne I fl
But have no merits there to plead
My goodness cannot reach to the

2 Oft have my heart and tongue con
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee b
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth ma
Some profit by the good we do:
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I k

4 Let others choose the sons of mi
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are

16 PART II. L. M. Angel's Hy

Christ's all-sufficiency.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrow
Who haste to seek some ido
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood

2 My God provides a richer cup
And nobler food to live upon:
He, for my life, has offer'd up
Jesus, his best-beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast:
By day his counsels guide me r
And be his name for ever bless
Who gives me sweet advice by

4 I set him still before mine eyes
At my right hand he stands pr
To keep my soul from all surp
And be my everlasting guard.

16 PART III. L. M. Wareham, 117.
Courage in death—hope of the resurrection.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

16 PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.
V. 1—8. *Support from God without merit.*

SAVE me, O Lord, from every foe;
In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by 't:
The saints the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

God is my portion and my joy,
His counsels are my light:
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye:
Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

16 PART II. C. M. St. James, 163.
The death and resurrection of Christ.

I SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart and tongue their joys express,
My flesh shall rest in hope.

My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are;
Nor quit my body to the grave
To see corruption there.

Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
Thy presence, joys unknown.

4 [Thus in the name of Christ the Lord,
The holy David sung,
And providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain:
Behold, the tomb its prey restores,
Behold, he lives again!

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

17 S. M. Newcastle, 20.
V. 13, &c. *Portion of saints and sinners.*

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold, the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God,
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There 's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death,
Dress'd in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

17 L. M. Bramcoate, 8.
The sinner's portion & saint's hope.

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lies below:
'T is all the happiness they know:
'T is all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life 's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
And in my Saviour's image rise. [prise,

18 Part I. L. M. Winchester, 136.

V. 1–6, 15–18. *Deliverance from despair.*

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death and the terrors of the grave
Stood round me with their dismal shade:
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress I call'd 'My God!'
When I could scarce believe him mine:
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.

5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath:
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still
In all the wars that devils wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

18 Part II. L. M. Job, 474.

Ver. 20—26. *Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear:
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I 've walk'd upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'T was never with a wicked heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But thro' thy grace that reigns within
I guard against my darling sin;

4 That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will:
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

5 [With an impartial hand the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say
Thou art more pure, more just than th
And men that love revenge shall kn
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

18 Part III. L. M. Ulverston.

Ver. 30, 35, 46, &c. *Rejoicing God; or, salvation and triu*

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy wo
Great Rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where 's a refuge like our God?

2 'T is he that girds me with his mig
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessed be my Rock!
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the sha

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints in Christ their h
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

18 Part I. C. M. Arlington.

Victory over temporal enemi

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we ador
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly to
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal rock,
And find a sure defence:
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our leader, shines in a
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd:
His voice, his frown, his angry loo
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our generals for the field
With all their dreadful skill,
Gives them his awful sword to wie
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 [He arms our captains to the fight
Though there his name 's forgot
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.]

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations b
For his own church's sake;
The powers that gave his people r
Shall of his care partake.]

18 Part II. C. M. Liverpool, 83.

The same.

1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'T is by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chased them thro' the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found.

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?

5 The rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever bless'd;
'T is his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

6 On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his blessings down;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

19 Part I. S. M. Cranbrook, 303.

The book of nature and Scripture.

BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

Ye British lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

[Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
So much allures the sight.

While of thy works I sing,
Thy glories to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

19 Part II. S. M. Reuben, 328.

God's word most excellent.

[For a Lord's-day morning.]

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 Oh, who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

19 Part III. L.M. Haydn's Creation, 1.

The books of nature & of Scripture.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess:
And the bless'd volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth begun its race
It touch'd and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

3 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

19 PART IV. 6 8's. New Court, 173.

The books of nature and of Scripture.

1 GREAT God, the heaven's well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom dress'd,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker, God;
All nature joins to show thy praise:
Thus God in every creature shines,
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress'd!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw,
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace pass'd
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

20 L. M. Doversdale, 130.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry;
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He, from his sanctuary, sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6 Oh, may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.

7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till the salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

21 C. M. Milbourn Port, 183.

Good kings the care of Heaven.

1 THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, bless'd with thy salvation, raise
To heaven his cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence thro' nations round
Has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.

3 Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely:
His mercy shall support the throne,
And all our wants supply.

4 But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate his mild command.

5 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just, but dreadful doom,
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare
And thus exalt thy fame:
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

21 L. M. Ayliffe-street, 241.
Ver. 1—9. *Christ exalted to the kingdom.*

DAVID rejoiced in God his strength,
Raised to the throne by special grace;
But Christ, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast raised his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.

Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine;
Bless'd with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

22 PART I. C. M. Crowle, 3.
Ver. 1—16. *The sufferings and death of Christ.*

WHY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
Thus David once, in anguish, spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

Though 't is thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found:
But I 'm a worm, despised of men,
And trodden to the ground.

Shaking the head, they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
'In vain he trusts in God,' they cry,
'Neglected and forlorn.'

But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word,
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threatening round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not a helper found?

PAUSE.

Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud;
As bulls of Bashan, fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

From earth and hell my sorrows meet
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thine hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

22 PART II. C. M. Charmouth, 28.
Ver. 20, 21, 27—31. *Christ's sufferings and kingdom.*

1 'NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
O Lord, protect thy Son;
Nor leave thy darling to engage
The powers of hell alone.'

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.

4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God:
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

22 L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in tears and blood
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;
'He rescued others from the grave;
Now let him try himself to save.

3 'This is the man did once pretend
God was his Father and his friend;
If God the blessed loved him so,
Why doth he fail to help him now?'

4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts,
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God hath left him in their power!

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

6 But God, his Father, heard his cry;
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high,
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

23 L. M. Langdon, 217.

God our Shepherd.

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well sup-
His providence and holy word [plied;
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food 's divinely bless'd.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd 's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.

7 [How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'T is a divine anointing, shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days:
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face and sing his praise.]

23 C. M. Providence, 367.

The same.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways:
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of [death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

23 S. M. Finsbury, 156.

The same.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right wa
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through dea
dark shade,
My Shepherd 's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

24 C. M. Liverpool, 83.

Dwelling with God.

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He raised its arches o'er the floods
And built it on the seas.

2 But who, among the sons of men,
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief c
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our souls, immortal powe
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of Glory 's near.

The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

24 L. M. Oswestry, 514.
The same.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds;
He raised the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

But there 's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
Who shall ascend that bless'd abode,
And dwell so near his Maker God?

He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh;
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour 's he.

Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

Raised from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a bless'd abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

25 PART I. S. M. Pelham, 334.
Ver. 1—11. *Waiting for pardon and direction.*

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair:
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

From the first dawning light,
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth:
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame:
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

25 PART II. S. M. Clapton, 55.
Ver. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Divine instruction.*

1 WHERE shall the man be found
That fears to offend his God;
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart;
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

25 PART III. S. M. Plymouth, 336.
Ver. 15—22. *Distress of soul.*

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

26 L. M. Uverston, 179.

Self-examination.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear
With hands well-wash'd in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thine holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have pass'd
Among the saints, and near my God.

27 PART I. C. M. Arabia, 324.

Ver. 1—6. *The church our delight and safety.*

1 THE Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires:
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

27 PART II. C. M. Abridge, 201.

Ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Prayer and hope.*

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
'Ye children, seek my grace,'
My heart replied without delay,
'I'll seek my Father's face.'

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear
Leave me to want, or die:
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grie
Had not my soul believed
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling sai
And keep your courage up:
He 'll raise your spirit when it fain
And far exceed your hope.

29 L. M. Wareham, 117.

Storm and thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fam
Give to the Lord renown and pow
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command

3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and w
Lay the wide forests bare around;
The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And, lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the floo
The Thunderer reigns for ever King
But makes his church his bless'd al
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there, the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hea

30 PART I. L. M. Bramcoate.

Sickness healed, and sorrow rem

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and sav
From the dark borders of the grav

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is
Let all your powers rejoice and bl
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days
Though grief and tears the night en
The morning-star restores the joy.

30 PART II. L. M. Peru, 516.

Ver. 6. *Health, sickness, & rec*

1 FIRM was my health, my day
bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be n
Fondly I said within my heart,
'Pleasure and peace shall ne'er d

2 But I forgot thine arm was stro
Which made my mountain stand so
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
'What can'st thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 'Hear me, O God of grace,' I said,
'And bring me from among the dead:'
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turned to joy and praises now:
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and heaven,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

31 PART I. C. M. Essex, 409.
V. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. *Deliverance from death.*

1 INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a double strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspired
To take away my life.

3 'My times are in thine hand,' I cried,
'Though I draw near the dust;'
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I 'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['T was in my haste, my spirit said,
'I must despair and die;
I am cut off before thine eyes,'
But thou hast heard my cry.]

6 Thy goodness how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!

7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He 'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

1 PART II. C. M. Exeter, 4.
Ver. 7—13, 18—21. *Deliverance from slander and reproach.*

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2 My life is spent with grief,' I cried,
'My years consumed in groans;
My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
And sorrow wastes my bones.'

3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear, on every side,
Seized and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE. Irish, 171.

5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain!

6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

32 S. M. Reuben, 328.
Forgiveness of sin upon confession.

1 O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er,
Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne:
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

32 C. M. Sprague, 166.
Free pardon and sincere obedience.

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin:
But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean.

2 Happy, beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharged;
And, from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarged.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress'd,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortured mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray:
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

32 Part I. L. M. St. Helena. 354.
Repentance and free pardon.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free:
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

32 Part II. L. M. Babylon Streams. 21.
A guilty conscience eased by confession.

1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thine Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat:
When floods of huge temptation roll
There shall they find a bless'd retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

33 Part I. C. M. Suffolk. 315.
Works of creation and providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim!
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bid the ampid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every ag
And in full glory shines.

33 Part II. C. M. Evans. 19
Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 BLEST is the nation where the L
Hath fix'd his gracious throne,
Where he reveals his heavenly word
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole earth behold:
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or me
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trus
When plagues of famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Amongst ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne:
For we have made thy word our ch
And trust thy grace alone.

33 Part I. 118th. Anniversary.
Works of creation and provide

1 YE holy souls in God rejoice, [ye
Your Maker's praise becomes
Great is your theme, your song-
new!
Sing to his name, his word, his wo
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and tru

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness pr
His word the heavenly arches sp
How wide they shine from north to s
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
Those watery treasures know their
In the vast storehouse of the de
He spake, and gave all nature be
And lives, and seas, and heaven
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rag

Vain are your thoughts, and weak your [hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

33 Part II. 113th. New Court, 17[illegible]
Creatures vain, & God all-sufficient.

O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God their Maker is unknown.

Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed or courage of a horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When deaths or dangers threatening stand;
Thy wakeful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust
When wars or famine waste the land.

In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne;
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

34 Part I. L. M. Bramcoate, 8
God's care of the saints.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
O fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

34 Part II. L. M. St. Peter's, 35[illegible]
Ver. 11—22. *Religious education.*

1 CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious [illegible]s,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regards his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

34 Part I. C. M. New York, 35
Ver. 1—10. *Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.*

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day,
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cried,
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

3 When threatening sorrows round me [stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears,
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

PAUSE

5 [O sinners! come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What his their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly bless'd their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust.

8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.]

34 Part II. C. M. Piety, 513.

Ver. 11—22. *Exhortations to peace and holiness.*

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And, that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead:
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation like a flood
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

35 Part I. C. M. Staughton, 265.

Ver. 1—9. *Prayer and faith of persecuted saints.*

1 NOW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw up thy spear, and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod:
But to my soul in mercy say,
'I am thy Saviour God.'

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race;
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known:
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

35 Part II. C. M. Canterbury, 19

V. 12—14. *Love to enemies.*

1 BEHOLD the love, the generous lo
That holy David shows:
Hark, how his sounding bowels mov
To his afflicted foes.

2 When they are sick his soul complai
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dear!
And fasting, mortified his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and cursed him on th
Yet still he pleads and mourns: [b
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears,
While sinners curse, the Saviour pra
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Israel's king,
Bless'd and beloved of God
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

36 L. M. Redemption, 243.

Ver. 5—9. *General providence a special grace.*

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God
Thy goodness in full glory shine
Thy truth shall break thro' every cl
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty sha
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort sprin
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lo
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

36 C. M. Charmouth, 28.
Ver. 1, 2, 5—7, 9. *Practical atheism exposed.*

WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
'Their thoughts believe there 's none.'

Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!
But there 's a hastening hour,
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy power.

Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

Above these heavens' created rounds
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

[From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.]

36 S. M. Peckham, 7.
Ver. 1—7. *The wickedness of man, and majesty of God.*

WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes.'

[He walks awhile conceal'd
In a self-flattering dream,
Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]

His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practise all that 's ill.

But there 's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice hid behind the cloud
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

37 PART I. C. M. Harrington, 143.
Ver. 1—15. *Cure of envy.*

1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that 's good;
So shall I dwell amongst the just,
And he 'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
The day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

37 PART II. C. M. Irish, 171.
Ver. 16, 21, 26—31. *Charity to the poor.*

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

40 L. M. Gloucester, 12.

Ver. 5—10. *Christ our sacrifice.*

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail

2 No blood of beasts, on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears,
Assumes a body well prepared,
And well performs a work so hard.

4 'Behold, I come,' the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes,
'I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 ''T is written in thy great decree,
'T is in thy book foretold of me,
I must fulfil a Saviour's part,
And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 'I 'll magnify thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw,
When on my cross I 'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky.

7 'The Spirit shall descend and show
What thou hast done, and what I do:
The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.'

41 L. M. Portugal, 97.

Ver. 1—3. *Charity to the poor; or, pity to the afflicted.*

1 BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And meet with pity to the poor—
Whose soul, by sympathising love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

42 PART I. C. M. Piety, 513.

Ver. 1—5. *Complaint of absence from public worship.*

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
'And where 's your God at last?'

4 'T is with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty han-
Can all thy woes remove:
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

42 PART II. L. M. Lebanon, 7[illegible]

Ver. 6—11. *Melancholy thoughts reproved.*

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray

4 I 'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, 'My God, my heavenly rock,
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke

5 I 'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ
And lead me to thine heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

44 C. M. Auburn, 517.

Ver. 1—3, 8, 15—26. *The church's complaint in persecution.*

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

But now our souls are seized with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
Nor have our steps declined the road
Of duty thou hast given;

Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruised us sore
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

We are exposed all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.

Awake, arise, Almighty Lord;
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

45 S. M. Sarah, 393.

Glory of Christ, and success of the Gospel.

MY Saviour, and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

[Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

6 [Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy Father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.

8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

45 C. M. Old Jersey, 15.

The personal glories & government of Christ.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike thro' thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

45 PART I. L. M. Coombs, 45.

Christ and his church.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour-King,
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit bless'd
His first-born Son above the rest.

45 Part II. L. M. St. Mark's, 65.
Christ and his church.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee, the favourite of his choice;
Let him be loved and yet adored,
For he 's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

46 Part I. L. M. Refuge, 489.
The church's safety and triumph.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade:
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

46 Part II. L. M. Bromley, 104.
God fights for his church.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage and kingdoms rise:
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought
What desolations he has made.

3 From sea to sea, through all the shore
He makes the noise of battle cease:
When from on high his thunder roars
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame:
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5 'Be still, and learn that I am God;
I 'll be exalted o'er the lands,
I will be known and fear'd abroad,
But still my throne in Zion stands.'

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

47 C. M. America, 265.
Christ ascending and reigning.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the Sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The British islands are the Lord's;
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords
Submit before his throne.

48 Part I. S. M. Lisbon, 547.
Ver. 1–8. *The church is the honour and safety of a nation.*

1 [GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

In every new distress
We 'll to his house repair,
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

8 PART II. S. M. Rothsay, 249.
Ver. 10—14. *Beauty of the church.*

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well:

The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

9 PART I. C. M. Brighton, 208.
Ver. 6—14. *The vanity of life and riches.*

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 't is his inward thought and pride,
'My house shall ever stand;
And that my name may long abide,
I 'll give it to my land.'

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost;
How soon his memory dies!
His name is written in the dust,
Where his own carcase lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their father say,
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die.

10 Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet break their sleep
In terror and despair.

49 PART II. C. M. Abridge, 201.
Ver. 14, 15. *Death and the resurrection.*

1 YE sons of pride, that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
When separate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
The inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I 'll repine no more.

49 L. M. Truro, 105.

Rich sinner's death—saint's resurrection.

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem one hour from death
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round:
That flesh, so carefully fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find the oppressor at their feet.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

50 PART I. C. M. Canterbury, 199.

Ver. 1–6. *Last judgment; or, the saints rewarded.*

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
'Judgment will ne'er begin;'
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear,
His justice and their doom.

5 'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
'That made their peace with God,
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And seal'd it with his blood.

6 'Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace.'

50 PART II. C. M. Great Milton, 12.

Ver. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Obedience is better than sacrifice.*

1 THUS saith the Lord, 'The spacious fields,
And flocks and herds are mine:
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.

2 'I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
To hope and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.

3 'Call upon me when trouble 's near,
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honour due to me.

4 'The man that offers humble praise,
He glorifies me best;
And those that tread my holy ways
Shall my salvation taste.'

50 PART III. C. M. Charmouth, 28.

Ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *The judgment of hypocrites.*

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 'Not for the want of bullocks slain
Will I the world reprove;
Altars, and rites, and forms are vain,
Without the fire of love.

3 'And what have hypocrites to do,
To bring their sacrifice?
They call my statutes just and true,
But deal in theft and lies.

4 'Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
And sin without control?
But I shall bring your crimes to light,
With anguish in your soul.'

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliverer there.

50 L. M. Job, 474.

Hypocrisy exposed.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defiled with lust, defiled with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

) dreadful hour when God draws near,
and sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
and no deliverer dare to rise.

0 10's. Madrid, 314.

The last judgment.

THE Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth,
alls the south nations, and awakes the north;
rom east to west the sounding orders spread,
hrough distant worlds and regions of the dead;
o more shall atheists mock his long delay;
is vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day!
ehold, the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
empests and fire attend him down the sky·
eaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
o hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:
But gather first my saints,' the Judge commands;
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

Behold, my covenant stands for ever good,
eal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood;
nd sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
hat paid the ancient worship or the new:
here's no distinction here; come, spread their thrones,
nd near me seat my favourites and my sons.

I their Almighty Saviour and their God,
am their Judge; ye heavens proclaim abroad
ly just eternal sentence, and declare
hose awful truths that sinners dread to hear;
inners in Zion, tremble and retire;
doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
o I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain,
Vithout the flames of love; in vain the store
f brutal offerings that were mine before;
ine are the tamer beast and savage breed,
locks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks' blood?
an I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
hy solemn chatterings, and fantastic vows?
re my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
laring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

Unthinking wretch! how could'st thou hope to please
God, a spirit, with such toys as these?
hile with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
hou lovest deceit, and dost thy brother wrong,
n vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
hieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

Silent I waited with long-suffering love,
ut didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
nd cherish such an impious thought within,
hat God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
ehold my terrors now, my thunders roll,
nd thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.'

inners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
wake before this dreadful morning rise;
hange your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
y to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend,
est, like a lion, his last vengeance tear
our trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

50 Old 50th, 233.

The last judgment.

1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 Mo more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day;
Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him,
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 'Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come
To hear my justice and the sinner's doom:
But gather first my saints,' the Judge commands,
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.'
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

4 'Behold, my covenant, stands for ever good,
Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new:'
There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

5 'Here,' saith the Lord, 'ye angels, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my favourites and my sons;
Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepared
Ere time began; 't is your divine reward.'
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 'I am the Saviour, I the Almighty God,
I am the Judge: ye heavens, proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear.'
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 'Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer and profane,
Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain;
Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saint's attire,
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.'
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

8 'Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain,
Without the flames of love; in vain the store
Of brutal offerings that were mine before.'
Earth is the Lord s; all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

9 'If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst or drink thy bullocks' blood?
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed;'
All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creation;
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

10 'Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?

Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?'
God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 'Unthinking wretch, how could'st thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong.'
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 'In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends;
While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
His harden'd soul divine instruction hates.'
God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13 'Silent I waited with long-suffering love;
But dust thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That the All-holy would indulge thy sin?'
See, God appears! all nations join t' adore him:
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 'Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;
Now, like a lion, shall my vengeance tear
Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near.'
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heaven rejoices,
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

Sinners, awake betimes, ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
Then join the saints, wake every cheerful passion,
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

51 PART I. L. M. St. Peter's, 359.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean?
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

51 PART II. L. M. Ulverston, 179

Original and actual sin confessed

1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fa
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling pries
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice
And make my broken bones rejoice.

51 PART III. L. M. Fawcett, 184.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways:
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

1 PART I. C. M. Staughton, 265.
Ver. 3—13. *Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.*

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes:
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanced, I grew
A juster prey for death.

Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

1 PART II. C. M. Hensbury, 323.
Ver. 14—17. *Repentance, and faith in the blood of Christ.*

O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

53 C. M. Ellenborough, 170.
Ver. 4—6. *Victory and deliverance from persecution.*

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seized with sad surprise;
For God's avenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first dispersed their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 Oh for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

55 C. M. St. George's, 166.
Ver. 1—8, 16, 22. *Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.*

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

55 S. M. Pelham, 335.

Ver. 15, 19, 22. *Dangerous prosperity.*

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my dawn breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

56 C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

Deliverance from oppression and falsehood.

1 O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace!

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust,
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults!
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

6 God counts the sorrows of his saints
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word,
How righteous all thy ways!"

10 Thou hast secured my soul from death,
O set thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employed for thee.

57 L. M. Perfection, 337.

Praise for protection, grace, and truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform!
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell,
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

58 113th. Raby, 270.

Warning to magistrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When th' injured poor before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands!

Iave ye forgot, or never knew,
'hat God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns;
'et you invade the rights of God,
nd send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

poison'd arrow is your tongue,
'he arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
'ou hear no counsels, cries, nor tears;
o the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

reak out their teeth, eternal God,
hose teeth of lions, dyed in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
s empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
efore the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

h' Almighty thunders from the sky,
heir grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
r snails that perish in their slime,
r births that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

hus shall the vengeance of the Lord
afety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
Sure there 's a God that rules on high,
God that hears his children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay.'

C. M. Walsal, 237.
Ver. 1, 5, 10, 12. *Humiliation for disappointments in war.*

ORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
ilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

e terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away,
ke men that totter drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

eat Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threatening hand;
heal the island thou hast broke,
Confirm the wavering land.

t up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
ve thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

with our armies to the fight,
ike a confederate God;
vain confederate powers unite
gainst thy lifted rod.

r troops shall gain a wide renown
y thine assisting hand;
s God that treads the mighty down,
nd makes the feeble stand.

S. M. Pelham, 333.
Ver. 1—6. *Safety in God.*

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

62 L. M. Lebanon, 29.
Ver. 5—12. *Faith in Divine grace and power.*

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
'All power is his eternal due,
He must be fear'd and trusted too.'

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

63 PART I. C. M. Leicester, 380.
Ver. 1—5. *The morning of a Lord's day.*

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I 've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day
I 'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

63 PART II. C. M. Newbury, 132.

Ver. 6—10. *Midnight thoughts recollected.*

1 'T WAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
'My God, my life, my hope,' I said,
'Bring thy salvation nigh.'

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

63 L. M. New Court, 173.

Longing after God.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 Not fruits nor wines, that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely bless'd,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'T would but a tiresome burden prove
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new deligh
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voi
While I have breath to pray or praise
This work shall make my heart rejoic
And spend the remnant of my days.

63 S. M. Matthias, 508

Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I 'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

65 PART I. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Ver. 1—5. *Public prayer and prai*

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes t
house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

gainst my will my sins prevail,
ut grace shall purge away their stain;
he blood of Christ will never fail
o wash my garments white again.

lest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
nd give him kind access to thee;
ive him a place within thy house,
o taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

et Babel fear when Zion prays;
abel, prepare for long distress,
hen Zion's God himself arrays
n terror and in righteousness.

ith dreadful glory God fulfils
hat his afflicted saints request;
nd with almighty wrath reveals
is love, to give his churches rest.

hen shall the flocking nations run
o Zion's hill, and own their Lord:
he rising and the setting sun
hall see the Saviour's name adored.

5 PART II. L. M. Wareham, 117.
Ver. 5—13. *The God of nature and grace.*

HE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mix'd with tears;
et when he comes with kind designs,
hrough all the way his terror shines.

n him the race of man depends,
ar as the earth's remotest ends,
here the Creator's name is known
y nature's feeble light alone.

ailors, that travel o'er the flood,
ddress their frighted souls to God,
hen tempests rage and billows roar
t dreadful distance from the shore.

e bids the noisy tempests cease;
e calms the raging crowd to peace,
hen a tumultuous nation raves,
ild as the winds, and loud as waves.

hole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
e settles in a peaceful form;
ountains establish'd by his hand,
rm on their old foundations stand.

ehold his ensigns sweep the sky,
ew comets blaze, and lightnings fly!
e heathen lands, with swift surprise,
om the bright horror turn their eyes.

his command the morning ray
miles in the east, and leads the day;
e guides the sun's declining wheels
er the tops of western hills.

asons and times obey his voice;
e evening and the morn rejoice
see the earth made soft with showers,
den with fruit, and dress'd in flowers.

9 'T is from his watery stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb
Each in his language speaks thy name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine:
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

65 PART I. C. M. Braintree, 25.
A prayer-hearing God.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

65 PART II. C. M. Miles-lane, 32.
The blessing of rain.

1 'T IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is Divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear:
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

65 PART III. C. M. Milbourn-port, 183.

The blessings of the spring.

(A psalm for the husbandman.)

1 GOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

66 PART I. C. M. Southwark, 238.

Governing power and goodness.

1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours, and your joys.

2 Say to the Power that shakes the sky,
'How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow.'

3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke the Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast proved our suffer
To make our graces shine; [sou
So silver bears the burning coals
The metal to refine.

8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promised place
By thine unerring hand.

66 PART II. C. M. Sidon, 341.

Ver. 13—20. *Praise to God for he ing prayer.*

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be pa
To that Almighty Power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hea
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While prayer employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God (his name be ever bless'd!)
Has set my spirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor reques
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

67 C. M. Missionary, 257.

The nation's prosperity, and the church's increase.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shi
With beams of heavenly grace:
Reveal thy power through all our coas
And show thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the favour'd land.]

3 When shall thy name, from shore
Sound all the earth abroad, [sho
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise
And British hearts rejoice.

5 He the great Lord, the sovereign Judg
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds he mad
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

od the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

8 PART I. L. M. Chard, 175.
Ver. 1—6, 32—35. *The vengeance and compassion of God.*

ET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
s smoke that sought to cloud the skies
efore the rising tempest flies.

He comes array'd in burning flames;
ustice and vengeance are his names;
ehold his fainting foes expire
ike melting wax before the fire.]

e rides and thunders through the sky;
is name Jehovah sounds on high;
ng to his name, ye sons of grace;
e saints, rejoice before his face.

he widow and the fatherless
y to his aid in sharp distress;
him the poor and helpless find
Judge that 's just, a Father kind.

e breaks the captives' heavy chain,
nd prisoners see the light again;
ut rebels that dispute his will
all dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

ingdoms and thrones to God belong;
own him, ye nations, in your song:
is wondrous names and powers rehearse;
is honours shall enrich your verse.

e shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
ow terrible is God in arms!
Israel are his mercies known,
rael is his peculiar throne.

oclaim him King, pronounce him blest:
e's your defence, your joy, your rest:
hen terrors rise, and nations faint,
d is the strength of every saint.

PART II. L. M. Berwick, 375.
Ver. 17, 18. *Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.*

ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
ose heavenly guards around thee wait,
ke chariots that attend thy state.

t Sinai's mountain could appear
re glorious when the Lord was there;
hile he pronounced his dreadful law,
d struck the chosen tribes with awe.

w bright the triumph none can tell,
en the rebellious powers of hell,
at thousand souls had captive made,
re all in chains like captives led.

ised by his Father to the throne,
sent the promised Spirit down
th gifts and grace for rebel men,
at God might dwell on earth again.

68 PART III. L. M. Coombs, 45.
Ver. 19—22. *Praise for temporal blessings.*

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground:
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'T is to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5 The Lord that bruised the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,—
There shall they taste his special love.

69 PART I. C. M. Walsal, 237.
Ver. 1—14. *The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.*

1 'SAVE me, O God; the swelling floods
Break in upon my soul:
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
Like mighty waters roll.

2 'I cry till all my voice be gone,
In tears I waste the day;
My God, behold my longing eyes,
And shorten thy delay.

3 'They hate my soul without a cause,
And still their number grows
More than the hairs around my head,
And mighty are my foes.

4 ''T was then I paid that dreadful debt
That men could never pay,
And gave those honours to thy law,
Which sinners took away.'

5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name.
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 'Now shall the saints rejoice and find
Salvation in my name,
For I have borne their heavy load
Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 'Grief, like a garment, clothed me round
And sackcloth was my dress,
While I procured for naked souls,
A robe of righteousness.

8 'Amongst my brethren and the Jews
I like a stranger stood,
And bore their vile reproach, to bring
The Gentiles near to God.

9 'I came in sinful mortals' stead,
To do my Father's will:
Yet when I cleansed my Father's house,
They scandalized my zeal.

10 'My fasting and my holy groans
Were made the drunkard's song;
But God, from his celestial throne
Heard my complaining tongue.

11 'He saved me from the dreadful deep,
Nor let my soul be drown'd:
He raised and fix'd my sinking feet
On well-establish'd ground.

12 ''T was in a most accepted hour
My prayer arose on high,
And for my sake my God shall hear
The dying sinner's cry.'

69 Part II. C. M. Carolina, 13.

Ver. 14—21, 26, 29, 32. *The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

1 NOW let our lips, with holy fear,
And mournful pleasure, sing,
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 'Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
Nor hide thy shining face;
Why should thy favourite look like one
Forsaken of thy grace?

4 'With rage they persecute the man
That groans beneath thy wound;
While for a sacrifice I pour
My life upon the ground.

5 'They tread my honour to the dust,
And laugh when I complain;
Their sharp, insulting slanders add
Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 'All my reproach is known to thee,
The scandal and the shame;
Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
And lies defiled my name.

7 'I look'd for pity, but in vain;
My kindred are my grief:
I ask my friends for comfort round,
But meet with no relief.

8 'With vinegar they mock my thirst;
They give me gall for food:
And sporting with my dying groans,
They triumph in my blood.

9 'Shine into my distressed soul,
Let thy compassions save;
And though my flesh sink down to death,
Redeem it from the grave.

10 'I shall arise to praise thy name,
Shall reign in worlds unknown;
And thy salvation, O my God,
Shall seat me on thy throne.'

69 Part III. C. M. Abridge, 2[illegible]

God glorified, and sinners sav[illegible]

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous gr[illegible]
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has raised us high[illegible]
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals brok[illegible]
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sou[illegible]
Than goats or bullocks' blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest:
They by his death draw near to thee
And live for ever bless'd.

5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on h[illegible]
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates:
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thy own Israel waits.

69 Part I. L. M. St. Paul's, 24[illegible]

Christ's passion, and sinners' salvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his brea[illegible]
While hosts of hell, and powers of dea[illegible]
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their cursed design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and lo[illegible]
Has made the curse a blessing prove[illegible]
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restored:
His sorrows made thy justice known
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to sha[illegible]

69 Part II. L. M. Virginia, 234.

Ver. 7, &c. *Christ's sufferings a[illegible] zeal.*

1 'T WAS for thy sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy l[illegible]
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defiled his sacred face.

he Jews, his brethren, and his kin,
bused the man that check'd their sin:
/hile he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
hey hate him, but without a cause.

'My father's house,' said he, 'was made
place for worship, not for trade:'
hen scatter'ng all their gold and brass,
e scourged the merchants from the
place.]

Zeal for the temple of his God
onsumed his life, exposed his blood:
eproaches at thy glory thrown
e felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

His friends forsook, his followers fled,
/hile foes and arms surround his head;
hey curse him with a slanderous tongue,
nd the false judge maintains the wrong.]

is life they load with hateful lies,
nd charge his lips with blasphemies;
hey nail him to the shameful tree;
here hung the man that died for me.

Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
isult his piety and groans:
all was the food they gave him there,
nd mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]

ut God beheld; and from his throne
arks out the men that hate his Son;
e hand that raised him from the dead
hall pour due vengeance on their head.

PART I. C. M. Arlington, 17.
Ver. 5—9. *The aged saint's reflection and hope.*

Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
hine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

y flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
With all those limbs of mine:
d from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

ill has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
hold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

st me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
d round me let thy glories shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

hen in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
ey 'll read thy love in every page,
n every line thy praise.

PART II. C. M. Northampton, 520.
Ver. 14—16, 22—24. *Christ our strength and righteousness.*

Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
here will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace!

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore:
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I 'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God:
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I 'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

71 PART III. C. M. Devizes, 14.
Ver. 17—21. *The aged Christian's prayer and song.*

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endured the grief;
But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

72 Part I. L. M. Thanksgiving, 19.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust:
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

72 Part II. L. M. Power, 478.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold, the islands, with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels, descend with songs again,
And earth, repeat the long Amen.]

73 Part I. C. M. Worksop, 31.

Saints happy, and sinners cursed

1 NOW I'm convinced the Lord is kin
To men of heart sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And border'd on despair.

2 I grieved to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath—
'How pleasant and profane they live!
How peaceful is their death!

3 'With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
They lay their fears to sleep;
Against the heavens their slanders ris
While saints in silence weep.

4 'In vain I lift my hands to pray,
And cleanse my heart in vain,
For I am chasten'd all the day,—
The night renews my pain.'

5 Yet while my tongue indulged complaint
I felt my heart reprove:
'Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
And grieve the men I love.'

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retired to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promised grace,
And think the wicked bless'd!

10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown;
That blessed hand that broke the snar
Shall guide me to thy throne.

73 Part II. C. M. Jersey, 15.

Ver. 23–28. *God our portion here and hereafter.*

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my fee
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me:
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

ehold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
ot all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

ut to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ:
y tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

3 L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60.
Ver. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. *The prosperity of sinners cursed.*

ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
o mourn, and murmur, and repine,
o see the wicked placed on high,
n pride and robes of honour shine!

ut oh, their end! their dreadful end!
hy sanctuary taught me so:
n slippery rocks I see them stand,
nd fiery billows roll below.

ow let them boast how tall they rise,
'll never envy them again;
here they may stand with haughty eyes,
ill they plunge deep in endless pain.

heir fancied joys, how fast they flee!
ust like a dream when man awakes;
heir songs of softest harmony
re but a preface to their plagues.

ow I esteem their mirth and wine
oo dear to purchase with my blood;
ord, 't is enough that thou art mine,
y life, my portion, and my God.

3 S. M. Harborough, 142.
The mystery of Providence unfolded.

SURE there 's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain,
hough men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
hile haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

[Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair;
heir wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
hrough all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God:
heir malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

But I, with flowing tears,
Indulged my doubts to rise;
s there a God that sees or hears
The things below the skies?"]

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in dark suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and power
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learn'd their end.

9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And oh that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine:
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

74 C. M. St. Stephen's, 292.
The church pleading with God, &c.

1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste;
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and [sang,
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,—
Sad tokens of their power.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear the buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
'Come, let us burn at once,' they cry,
'The temple and the priest.'

7 And still, to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn;
There 's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thy holy name profaned?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand?

11 What strange deliverance hast thou shown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,—
The darkness and the day?
Didst not thou bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy power form'd every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injured name?

16 Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest:
Plead thine own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

75 L. M. Derby, 169.

Power and government from God alone.

(Applied to the glorious revolution by King William, or the happy accession of King George to the throne.)

1 TO thee, most holy and most high,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave,
Her frame dissolved, her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave
To bear the pillars of the state.

3 He from thy hand received his crown,
And swore to rule by wholesome laws;
His foot shall tread the oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'T is God the Judge doth one advance,
'T is God that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne:
God, the great Sovereign of the earth,
Will rise and make his justice known.

7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just;
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

76 C. M. Providence, 10.

Israel saved and the Assyrians d stroyed.

1 IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints
His dwelling there he chose;
There he received their just complaint
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatening spear,
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd the Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms els
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'T was Zion's King that stopp'd t
Of captains and their bands; [brea
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7 What power can stand before thy sig
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with drea
ful light,
The earth lies still and fears.

8 When God in his own sovereign ways
Comes down to save the oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his prais
And he 'll restrain the rest.

9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown:
His terror shakes the proudest king,
And cuts an army down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel:
For Jacob's God hath not forsook
But dwells in Zion still.]

77 PART I. C. M. Ludlow, 84.

Melancholy assaulting, and hop prevailing.

1 TO God I cried with mournful voice
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.

2 Sad were my days and dark my night
My soul refused relief:
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increased my grief.

Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

I call'd thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoy'd before:
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand hath [wrought:
Thy hand is still the same.

I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

Grace dwelt with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

77 Part II. C. M. Bedford, 91.

Comfort derived from ancient providences.

HOW awful is thy chastening rod!'
(May thine own children say)
The great, the wise, the dreadful God,
How holy is his way!'

I'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppress'd:
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nations that he chose.

Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bid them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood
To make thine armies room.

Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows through the skies were [hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seized the world;
And his own saints adored.

10 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe, by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock,
Home to the promised land.]

78 Part I. C. M. Sidon, 341.

Providences of God recorded.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

78 Part II. C. M. Charmouth, 28.

Israel's rebellion and punishment.

1 O WHAT a stiff, rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the covenant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er that stubborn land.

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd in safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scaped the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Composed of shade and light;
By day it proved a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supplied;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provoked the Lord most high,
And dared distrust his hand;
'Can he with bread our host supply
Amidst this desert land?'

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caused his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepared
To vindicate his name.

78 PART III. C. M. Abridge, 201.

Punishment of luxury and intemperance.

1 WHEN Israel sins the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heavenly bread.

2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 't were angels' meat.

4 But they in murmuring language said,
'Manna is all our feast;
We loathe this light, this airy bread;
We must have flesh to taste.'

5 'Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,'
The Lord in wrath replied;
And sent them quails, like sand or dust
Heap'd up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burn'd with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastised, and still forgave,
Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolved to save
Possess'd the promised land.

78 L. M. Bramcoate, 8.

Ver. 32, &c. *Backsliding and forgiveness.*

1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jew forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoked him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consumed their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren sl
They mourn'd, and sought the L
again;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their prayers and vows before him
As flattering words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love.

6 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men who not deserved to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frai
He saw temptation still prevail;
The God of Abraham loved them stil
And led them to his holy hill.

80 L. M. Ulverston, 179.

The church's prayer under afflictio

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who dwelt between the cherubs dwe
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high, and guide us throug
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obe
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fe
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground

6 How did the spreading branches shoot
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and se
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is his beauty thus defaced?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

8 Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wert its strength and glory too;
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair branch of promise rose.

Fair branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
'rom David's stock, from Jacob's root!
Himself a noble vine, and we
'he lesser branches of the tree.

'T is thy own Son; and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand;
'hy first-born Son, adorn'd and bless'd
Vith power and grace above the rest.

Oh! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
Ve shall be saved and sigh no more.

1 S. M. Fonthill, 455.

Ver. 1, 8—16. *The warnings of God to his people.*

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise:
Iod is our strength, our Saviour God,
Let Israel hear his voice.

'From vile idolatry
Preserve my worship clean;
am the Lord who set thee free
From slavery and sin.

'Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I 'll supply them well:
ut if ye will refuse your God,
If Israel will rebel;

'I 'll leave them,' saith the Lord,
'To their own lusts a prey,
nd let them run the dangerous road—
'T is their own chosen way.

'Yet, oh, that all my saints
Would hearken to my voice!
oon I would ease their sore complaints,
And bid their hearts rejoice.

'While I destroy their foes,
I 'd richly feed my flock, [flows
nd they should taste the stream that
From their eternal Rock.'

L. M. Islington, 40.

God the supreme Governor.

MONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat:
e God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
hose gods on earth and all their ways.

hy will ye then frame wicked laws?
why support th' unrighteous cause?
hen will ye once defend the poor,
hat sinners vex the saints no more?

ey know not, Lord, nor will they know,
rk are the ways in which they go;
eir name of earthly gods is vain,
r they shall fall and die like men.

ise, O Lord, and let thy Son
ssess his universal throne,
d rule the nations with his rod:
is our Judge, and he our God.

83 S. M. Handel, 168.

A complaint against persecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice holds his peace,
And lets his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold, what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee
Lift up their threatening head.

3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

4 The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.

5 'Come, let us join,' they cry,
'To root them from the ground,
Till not the name of saints remain,
Nor memory shall be found.'

6 Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind:
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

84 PART I. L. M. Newport, 549.

The pleasure of public worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are.
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest:
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Bless'd are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate; [road
God is their strength, and through the
They lean upon their helper God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length:
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

84 PART II. L. M. St. Thomas, 272.

God and his church; or grace and glory.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee.

84 C. M. Nativity, 522.

Ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10. *Delight in ordinances of worship.*

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode:
When shall I tread thy courts and see
My Saviour and my God?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove:
O make me, like the sparrows, bless'd,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I 'd give them both away.

84 148th. Birmingham New, 55

Longing for the house of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords divinier joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence:
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

The Lord his people loves:
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee!

5 PART I. L. M. Berwick, 375.
Ver. 1—8. *Waiting for an answer to prayer.*

LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom:
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

5 PART II. L. M. Alfred, 509.
Ver. 9, &c. *Salvation by Christ.*

SALVATION is for ever nigh [Lord;
The souls that fear and trust the
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from
By his obedience, so complete, [heaven;
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

His righteousness is gone before
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

6 C. M. Halifax, 258.
Ver. 8—13. *A general song of praise to God.*

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their words like thine.

The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne!
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heavenly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

87 L. M. Horsley, 205.
The Church the birth-place of the saints.

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there!

89 PART I. L. M. Hamburg, 340.
The covenant made with Christ.

1 FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven, establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware and said,
'With thee my covenant first is made;
In thee shall dying sinners live,
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 'Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
Thy children shall be ever bless'd;
Thou art my chosen King, thy throne
Shall stand eternal, like my own.

4 'There's none of all my sons above
So much my image or my love;
Celestial powers thy subjects are,
Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 'David my servant, whom I chose
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
And raised him to the Jewish throne,
Was but a shadow of my Son.'

6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

89 PART I. C. M. Lydia, 327.

The faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there 's a nobler covenant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to his glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above:
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

89 PART II. C. M. London, 180.

Ver. 7, &c. *The power and majesty of God.*

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compared to thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging wind control,
And rule the boisterous deep.
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea, are thine,
And the dark world of hell:
How did thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

89 PART III. C. M. Otford, 106.

A blessed gospel.

1 BLESS'D are the souls that hear and [know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joys shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives!
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

89 PART IV. C. M. Tekoa, 33

Christ's mediatorial kingdom.

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision sa
And made his mercy known:
'Sinners, behold your help is laid
On my almighty Son.

2 'Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race:
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my grace.

3 'High shall he reign on David's thro
My people's better King;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

4 'My truth shall guard him in his wa
With mercy by his side,
While in my name, thro' earth and s
He shall in triumph ride.

5 'Me for his Father and his God
He shall for ever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode,
And I 'll support my Son.

6 'My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
At my right hand shall sit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.

7 My covenant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heavens his throne shall las
His seed endure as long.'

89 PART V. C. M. Cambridge New, 7

Ver. 30, &c. *The covenant of grac unchangeable.*

1 'YET,' saith the Lord, 'if David'
The children of my Son, [rac
Should break my laws, abuse my grac
And tempt mine anger down;

2 'Their sins I 'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart,
But I 'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.

3 'My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.

4 'Once have I sworn, I need no more,
And pledged my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.

5 'The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.

Sure as the moon that rules the night
His king'om shall endure,
ill the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observed no more.'

PART VI. L. M. Old 100th.
Ver. 47, &c. *Mortality and hope.*

EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life! how short the date!
/here is the man that draws his breath
afe from disease, secure from death?
ord, while we see whole nations die,
ur flesh and sense repine, and cry,
Must death for ever rage and reign?
r hast thou made mankind in vain?
Where is thy promise to the just?
re not thy servants turn'd to dust?'
ut faith forbids these mournful sighs,
nd sees the sleeping dust arise.
hat glorious hour, that dreadful day,
ipes the reproach of saints away,
nd clears the honour of thy word:
wake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

PART VII. 113th. Raby, 270.
Ver. 47, &c. *Life, death, and the resurrection.*

HINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
ho can secure his vital breath
gainst the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?
ord, shall it be for ever said,
he race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?'
e not thy servants, day by day,
nt to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?
ast thou not promised to thy Son,
nd all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair;
r ever blessed be the Lord,
hat faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.
r ever blessed be the Lord,
ho gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach, and pain;
t all below and all above
in to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.

L. M. Babylon Streams, 23.
A mournful song at a funeral.

HROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
gh was thy throne ere heaven was made,
earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
'Return, ye sinners, to your dust.'

4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life 's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower
Cut down and wither'd in an hour!]

6 [Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive
We rather sigh and groan than live.

7 But oh, how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

90 PART I. C. M. Liverpool, 83.
Ver. 1—5. *Man frail and God eternal.*

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
'Return ye sons of men;'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood
And lost in following years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

8 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 't is night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

90 PART II. C. M. Crowle, 3.

Ver. 8—12. *Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin.*

1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'T is but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil and pain.

5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne!

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

90 PART III. C. M. Mt. Pleasant, 551.

Ver. 13, &c. *Breathing after heaven.*

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

90 S. M. Shirland, 304.

Ver. 5, 10, 12. *The frailty and shortness of life.*

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month and every day
'T is mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of bless'd eternity.

91 PART I. L. M. Refuge, 489.

Ver. 1—7. *Safety in public diseases and dangers.*

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, 'My God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower:
I, that am form'd of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust.'

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So, when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

91 PART II. C. M. Smyrna.

Ver. 9—16. *Protection from death, guard of angels, &c.*

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'T will raise his saints on high.

3 He 'll give his angels charge, to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 'Because on me they set their love,
I 'll save them,' saith the Lord;
I 'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

7 'My grace shall answer when they call;
In trouble I'll be nigh;
My power shall help them when they fall
And raise them when they die.

8 'Those that on earth my name have known,
I 'll honour them in heaven;
There my salvation shall be shown,'
And endless life be given.'

92 PART I. L. M. Berwick, 375.

For the Lord's-day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

92 PART II. L. M. Derby, 169.

Ver. 12, &c. *The church is the garden of God.*

1 LORD, 't is a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live,
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

93 L. M. Wareham, 117.

The eternal and sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high;
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

93 6's. 10's. Old 50th.

The same.

1 THE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high,
His robes of state are strength and majesty.
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablished by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is the eternal King: thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign;
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heaven they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling [ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still,
And the mad world submissive to his will;
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand,
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand;
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

93 6.6.8. Old 122nd. Prescott-st., 254

The same.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry spite
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down:
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

(*Repeat the 4th stanza to complete the tune.*)

94 Part I. C. M. Canterbury, 199.

Ver. 1, 2, 7—14. *Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed.*

1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, 'The Lord nor sees nor hears;'
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Bless'd is the man thy hands chastise
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

94 Part II. C. M. Submission, 30

Ver. 16—23. *God our support and comfort.*

1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite
And all my hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3 'Alas! my sliding feet,' I cried,
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud
And cut the sinners off.

95 C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

A psalm before prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high and gods below,
When once compared with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep
And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

Now is the time he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
'Ye shall not see my rest.'

95 S. M. Falcon-street, 309.
A psalm before sermon.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound:
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

The Lord, in vengeance dress'd,
Will lift his hand and swear,
'You that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there.'

95 L. M. Tranquillity, 350.
Ver. 1—3, 6—11. *A warning to delaying sinners.*

COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King: rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew:

Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless, unbelieving brood,
That tired the patience of their God.

Thus, saith the Lord, 'How false they prove!
Forget my power, abuse my love;
Since they despise my rest, I swear,
Their feet shall never enter there.'

6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates:
Believe, and take the promised rest:
Obey, and be for ever bless'd.]

96 C. M. Hephzibah, 77.
Ver. 1—10, &c. *Christ's first and second coming.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue:
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

96 113th. Raby, 270.
The God of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read thy word:
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name!
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

97 Part I. L. M. Power, 478.

Ver. 1—5. *Christ reigning in heaven.*

1 HE reigns: the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

97 Part II. L. M. Buxton, 347.

Ver. 6—9. *Christ's incarnation.*

1 THE Lord is come, the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

97 Part III. L. M. Alfred, 509.

Grace and glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

97 C. M. Trinity, 181.

Ver. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. *Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.*

1 YE islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise:
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown
And a rich harvest bear.

98 Part I. C. M. Hensbury, 323.

Praise for the gospel.

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd:
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations bless'd.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first,
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues:
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

98 Part II. C. M. Missionary, 257.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

99 Part I. S. M. Sutton Colefield, 55.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

Jesus the Saviour, reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine:
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

How holy is his name;
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

99 PART II. S. M. Clapton, 55.
A holy God worshipped with reverence.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet!
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he 's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

100 PART I. L. M.
A plain translation. Old 100th.
Praise to our Creator.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God: 't is he alone
Both life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pasture live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good: the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

100 PART II. L. M.
A Paraphrase. Denmark, 243.
The same.

SING to the Lord with joyful voice:
Let every land his name adore;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

PAUSE.

2 Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;*
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

3 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strav'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

5 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

6 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

101 L. M. Portugal, 97.
The magistrate's psalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song,
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am raised to bear the sword,
I 'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 [I 'll search the land and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth, and trust:
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and favourites still.]

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spared.

7 The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be suppress'd.

101 C. M. Salem, 139.
A psalm for a master of a family.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;

* *Or,* Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;

Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise:
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong
By falsehood or by force;
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue
I 'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I 'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust.
The servants I 'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I 'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I 'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I 'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

102 Part I. C. M. Walsal, 352.

Ver. 1–13, 20, 21. *A prayer of the afflicted.*

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face.
But answer lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag like withering grass,
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.

6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown:
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
That long-expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

102 Part II. C. M. Lydia, 327.

Ver. 13–21. *Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice
And comes to exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

102 Part III. L. M. Antiquity, 331

Ver. 23–28. *Man's mortality, and Christ's eternity.*

1 IT is the Lord, our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage,
'Our Father and our Saviour live;
Christ is the same through every age.'

4 'T was he this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be changed at his command.

he starry curtains of the sky,
ike garments, shall be laid aside:
ut still thy throne stands firm and high:
hy church for ever must abide.

efore thy face thy church shall live,
nd on thy throne thy children reign:
his dying world shall they survive,
nd the dead saints be raised again.

103 PART I. L. M. Horsley, 205.

Ver. 1—7. *Blessing God for his goodness.*

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that roam abroad;
et all the powers within me join
n work and worship so divine.

less, O my soul, the God of grace;
is favours claim thy highest praise;
hy should the wonders he hath wrought
e lost in silence and forgot?

T is he, my soul, that sent his Son
o die for crimes which thou hast done;
e owns the ransom; and forgives
he hourly follies of our lives.

he vices of the mind he heals,
nd cures the pains that nature feels;
edeems the soul from hell, and saves
ur wasting life from threatening graves.

ur youth decay'd his power repairs;
is mercy crowns our growing years;
e satisfies our mouth with good,
nd fills our hopes with heavenly food.

e sees the oppressor and the oppress'd,
nd often gives the sufferers rest:
ut will his justice more display
n the last great rewarding day.

His power he show'd by Moses' hands,
nd gave to Israel his commands;
ut sent his truth and mercy down
o all the nations by his Son.

et the whole earth his power confess,
et the whole earth adore his grace:
he Gentile with the Jew shall join
n work and worship so divine.]

103 PART II. L. M. Old 100th.

Ver. 8—18. *God's tender mercy to his people.*

THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
e takes his mercy for his throne,
nd thence he makes his glories known.

ot half so high his power hath spread
he starry heavens above our head,
s his rich love exceeds our praise,
xceeds the highest hopes we raise.

ot half so far hath nature placed
he rising morning from the west,
s his forgiving grace removes
he daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins:
And while his rod corrects his saints
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes:
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no heavy loads impose,
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies:
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

103 PART I. S. M. Sharon, 553.

Ver. 1—7. *Praise for spiritual & temporal mercies.*

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins,
'T is he relieves thy pain,
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave:
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

103 PART II. S. M. Compassion. 554.

Ver. 8—18. *Abounding compassion of God.*

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide,
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

103 PART III. S. M. Westminster, 307.

Ver. 19—22. *God's universal dominion.*

1 THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high:
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

104 L. M. Simeon New, 355.

Glory of God in creation.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise,
When, clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

Note. This psalm may be sung to the tune of the Old 112th or 127th psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza, viz.,—

Great is the Lord: what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th psalm.

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are poised, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood
Which high above the mountains stood
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confined to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound
And in their channels wait their round
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE I.

9 God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching showers
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with generous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.

12 O bless his name, ye Britons, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength impart
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Raised in the forest by his hands:
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell:
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face
And when thick darkness veils the day
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift,—that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And every land thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of nature stands
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their dust return:
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waste of time and death.

His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke!
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

While haughty sinners die accursed,
Their glory buried with their dust,
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

105 Abridged. C.M. Cambridge New, 74.

The plagues of Egypt.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame.
That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind,
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 'Thy seed shall make all nations bless'd,'
(Said the Almighty voice,
'And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
The type of heavenly joys.'

5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims thro' the countries round
Securely they removed;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reproved.

7 'Touch mine anointed, and my arm
Shall soon revenge the wrong;
The man that does my prophets harm
Shall know their God is strong.'

8 Then let the world forbear its rage
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,
And thus provoked their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10 He call'd for darkness; darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He turn'd each lake and every stream
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread:
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.

12 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew:
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke
The flower of Egypt died;
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground;
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

18 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ our rock maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

106 Part I. L. M. Oswestry, 514.

Ver. 1--5. *Praise to God; or, Communion with saints.*

1 TO God, the great, the ever-bless'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Bless'd are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

106 Part II. S. M. St. Clair, 99.

Ver. 7, 8, 12–14, 43–48.
Israel punished and pardoned.

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow:
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduced them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He saved them from their foes:
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who loved their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

107 Part I. L. M. Newport, 549.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They traced the desert, wandering round
A wild and solitary ground.

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage,
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

5 In their distress to God they cried,
God was their Saviour and their guide
He led their march far wandering round
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground

6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107 Part II. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies,
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

3 He 'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round their head.

He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

107 Part III. L. M. Kingsbridge, 88.

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

The glutton groans and loathes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature, with heavy loads oppress'd,
Would yield to death to be released.

Then how the frighted sinners fly
To God for help, with earnest cry! [breath,
He hears their groans, prolongs their
And saves them from approaching death.

No medicines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word, and heals.

O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

107 Part IV. L. M. St. Mark's, 65.

Deliverance from storms and shipwreck.

WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till God command, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.

Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!

When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm: and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

107 Part IV. C. M. New York, 33.

The mariner's psalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves:
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again:
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath,
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears:
There let their vows be paid.

7 'T is God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those who see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

107 Part V. L. M. Rochford, 22.

Colonies planted; or, nations blessed and punished.

A Psalm for New England.

1 WHEN God, provoked with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green;
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids the oppress'd and poor repair,
And build them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are bless'd: but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barbarous hands;

6 Their captive sons, exposed to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn;
The country lies unfenced, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

9 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

109 [C. M. Brighton, 208.

Ver. 1—5. 31. *Love to enemies, from the example of Christ.*

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song:
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued:
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love my enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage
Who slander and condemn.

110 PART I. L. M. Peru, 516.

Christ exalted and multitudes converted.

1 THUS the Eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son, 'Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 'From Zion shall thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 'That day shall show thy power is great
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines.'

4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

110 PART II. L. M. Bramcoate.

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

1 THUS the great Lord of earth and heaven
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore:
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
And change from hand to hand no more.

2 'Aaron and all his sons must die;
But everlasting life is thine,
To save for ever those that fly
For refuge from the wrath Divine.

3 'By me Melchizedek was made
On earth a king and priest at once:
And thou, my heavenly Priest, shalt plead,
And thou, my King, shalt rule my saints.

4 Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and success.

5 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead
And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Though while he treads his glorious way
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

110 C. M. Arabia, 324.

The same.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do?
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree
Nor changes what he swore:
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

4 'Melchizedek, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man who Abraham bless'd
Was but a type of thee.'

Jesus our Priest for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain.
Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

11 PART I. C. M. Lydia, 327.
The wisdom of God in his works.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise the Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his covenant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise
But learn to read thy name.

To fear thy power, to trust thy grace
Is our divinest skill:
And he 's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

11 PART II. C. M. Gt. Milton, 212.
The perfections of God.

GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure:
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin:
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

12 113th. Raby, 270.
The blessings of the liberal man.

THAT man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 His liberal favours he extends,—
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he 's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives, and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground,
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that 's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies:
Tho' waves and tempests roar around,
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations cross'd;
They and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

112 L. M. New Sabbath, 122.
The blessings of the pious and charitable.

1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.

4 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word:
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispersed his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God:
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

112 C. M. Mount Pleasant, 551.

Liberality rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind:
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

113 113th. Raby, 270.

The majesty and condescension of God.

1 YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.

113 L. M. Fordingbridge, 555.

God sovereign and gracious.

1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty:
Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promised seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense
despairs,
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

114 L. M. Wells, 102.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's
hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage owned
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains skook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide,
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai felt?

5 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: see him here:
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

115 L. M. Wareham, 117.

The true God our refuge.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

2 Stretch forth in all thy dreadful name,
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, 'Where 's the God you 've served
so long?'

e God we serve maintains his throne
ove the clouds, beyond the skies,
rough all the earth his will is done,
: knows our groans, he hears our cries.

t the vain idols they adore
e senseless shapes of stone and wood:
best a mass of glittering ore,
silver saint, or golden god.

'ith eyes and ears they carve their head,
af are their ears, their eyes are blind!
vain are costly offerings made,
d vows are scattered in the wind.

eir feet were never made to move,
r hands to save when mortals pray:
rtals that pay them fear or love
em to be blind and deaf as they.]

Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
y help, thy refuge, and thy rest!
e Lord shall build thy ruins up,
d bless the people and the priest.

e dead no more can speak thy praise,
ey dwell in silence and the grave;
t we shall live to sing thy grace,
d tell the world thy power to save.

5 6-10's. New 50th, 86.
Popish idolatry reproved.

Psalm for the 5th of November.

OT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
power and grace, thy truth and justice, claim
nortal honours to thy sovereign name.
ne through the earth, from heaven thy blest abode,
let the heathen say, 'And where 's your God?
ven is thine higher court; there stands thy throne;
through the lower worlds thy will is done:
God framed all this earth, these heavens he spread, [made;
fools adore the gods their hands have
kneeling crowd, which looks devout, behold
ir silver saviours, and their saints of gold.
in are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
molten image neither sees nor hears;
ir hands are helpless, nor their feet can move, [nor love;
y have no speech, nor thought, nor power,
sottish mortals make their long complaints
their deaf idols and their moveless saints.
rich have statues well adorn'd with gold;
poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
h tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
p'd from a tree, or broken from a rock;
ple and priest drive on the solemn trade,
trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]
ieaven and earth amazed; 't is hard to say
ch is more stupid, or their gods or they;
rael, trust the Lord! he hears and sees,
knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:
worship does a thousand comforts yield;
s thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.

6 O Britain, trust the Lord! thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had closed our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise;
But we are saved and live; let songs arise,
And Britons bless the God that built the skies.

116 Part I. C. M. Harrington, 143.
Recovery from sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I 'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chased my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 'My God,' I cried, 'thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust.'

5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bid my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I 'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

116 Part II. C. M. Newbury, 131.
Ver. 12, &c. *Vows made in trouble paid in the church.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record:
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

117 C. M. Missionary, 257.

Praise to God from all nations.

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land:
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

117 L. M. Denbigh, 54.

The same.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue,

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

117 S. M. Bradley Church, 442.

The same.

1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word:
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

118 PART I. C. M. Farnham, 421.

Ver. 6—15. *Deliverance from a tumult.*

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

2 'T is safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.

4 'T is through the Lord my heart is strong;
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days;
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

118 PART II. C. M. St. Michael's,1

Ver. 17—21. *Public praise for deliverance from death.*

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant c
And rescued from the grave;
Now shall he live; and none can die
If God resolve to save.

2 Thy praise, more constant than befor
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastised him so
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among the assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise:
There we have told thee our complain
And there we speak thy praise.

118 PART III. C. M. Evans, 190

Ver. 22, 23. *Christ the foundat of his church.*

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-ston
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and pries
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall res
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withsto
Yet must this building rise:
'T is thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

118 PART IV. C. M. Arnold's, 26

Ver. 24—26. *The Lord's day.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath ma
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints his triumphs sprea
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bless'd be the Lord who comes to u
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's nam
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he re
Shall give him nobler praise.

118 S. M. Cambridge, 48.
Ver. 22—27. *An hosanna for the Lord's day.*

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
et God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son:
et on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.

The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
his day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made:
et us rejoice, and sing, and pray:
Let all the church be glad.

Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
less him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

We bless thine holy word,
Which all his grace displays:
nd offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

118 L. M. Foundling, 556.
Ver. 22—27. *The Lord's day.*

O! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
ut God hath built his church thereon,
n spite of envy and the Jews.

reat God, the work is all divine,
he joy and wonder of our eyes;
his is the day that proves it thine,
he day that saw our Saviour rise.

inners, rejoice; and saints, be glad;
Iosanna, let his name be bless'd;
thousand honours on his head,
Vith peace, and light, and glory rest!

n God's own name he comes to bring
alvation to our dying race:
et the whole church address their King
Vith hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

119 PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.
The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Vho never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

lest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
Vith their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law,
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accursed;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are:
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

119 PART II. C. M. Piety, 513.
Secret devotion and spiritual mindedness.

Ver. 147, 55.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee:
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

119 PART III. C. M. Hammond, 226.
Professions of sincerity, repentance, &c.

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I chose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord:
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place:
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

119 Part IV. C. M. Braintree, 250.

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89—91.

6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine:
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140. 9, 116.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

119 Part V. C. M. Sprague, 16

Delight in Scripture.

Ver. 97.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'T is my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

119 Part VI. C. M. Staughton, 2

Holiness & comfort from the wo

Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments rig
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
'How sweet thy comforts be!'
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoi
Have joys compared to mine.

119 Part VII. C. M. St. James's.

Imperfection of nature, and p
fection of Scripture.

Ver. 96, paraphrased.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,

But, Lord, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

I 've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go!

Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word:
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

119 Part VIII. C. M. Follett, 187.

The excellency and variety of Scripture.

Ver. 111, paraphrased.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest:
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

119 Part IX. C. M. Bedford, 91.

Desire of knowledge.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due:
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess'd my wandering ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain:
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes show
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

7 [In vain the proud deride me now,
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

119 Part X. C. M. St. Stephen's, 292.

Pleading the promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

119 Part XI. C. M. Frome, 255.

Breathing after holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
No covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

119 Part XII. C. M. Walsal, 237.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Ver. 153.

1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear:
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me
Nor let the proud oppress:
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

4 My eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
'When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
And make my comforts rise?'

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy name.

119 Part XIII. C. M. Canterbury, 199.

Holy fear and tenderness of conscience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinners' way.

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord:
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

119 Part XIV. C. M. Arnold's, 26

Benefit of afflictions, and suppo under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And my deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found, 't is good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weigh
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are righ
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chastening rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

119 Part XV. C. M. Newbury, 13

Holy resolutions.

Ver. 93.

1 O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.
o meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ:
Iy soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.
Iow would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.
Iy lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
'll speak thy word, though kings shall hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.
Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.
Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

119 Part XVI. C. M. Abridge, 201.
Prayer for quickening grace.

Ver. 25, 37.
MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.
When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.
Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

Ver. 159, 40.
Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace!

Ver. 93.
Then shall I love thy gospel more
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt thy quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

119 Part XVII. L. M. Ripon, 188.
Courage and perseverance under persecution.

Ver. 143, 28.
1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word;
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.
2 The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.
3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

119 Last Part. L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Sanctified afflictions.

Ver. 67, 59.
1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God.

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.
3 'T is good for me to bear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'T is good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.
4 The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.
5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.
6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

120 C. M. Abingdon, 42.
Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever-bless'd,
Pity my suffering state:
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue?

6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

121 L. M. Newport, 549.
Divine protection.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives: the everlasting God, [flood;
That built the world, that spread the
The heavens, with all their hosts, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely bless'd,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch: no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go and still return
Safe in the Lord: his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour
Angels that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

121 C. M. Hensbury, 323.
Preservation by day and night.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Not scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come:
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

121 148th. Sovereignty, 362.
God our Preserver.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath;
I 'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

122 C. M. Zion Church, 518.
Going to church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.''

I love her gates, I love the road:
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

He hears our praises and complaints:
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants bless'd!

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

22 6. 6. 8. Prescott St. 254.

The same.

HOW pleased and bless'd was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

(*Repeat the 4th stanza to complete the tune.*)

23 C. M. Trinity, 181.

Pleading with submission.

O THOU, whose grace and justice reign
Enthroned above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasures live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies:
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

124 L. M. Bampton, 275.

A song for the fifth of November.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men to make our lives a prey
Rose like the swelling of the tide;

2 The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll;
We had been swallow'd deep in death:
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escaped the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare;
Who saved us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies;
He that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

125 C. M. Trinidad, 428.

The saint's trial and safety

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

125 S. M. Handel, 168.

The saint's trial and safety.

1 FIRM and unmoved are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
To God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
It's fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint:
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there
Where bolder sinners dwell.

126 L. M. Oswestry, 514.

Surprising deliverance.

1 WHEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme,
The grace beyond our hope so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so:
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

126 C. M. Follet, 181.

The joy of a remarkable conversion.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 'Great is the work,' my neighbours cried,
And own'd the power divine:
'Great is the work,' my heart replied,
'And be the glory thine.'

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night!
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

127 L. M. Duke Street, 557.

The blessing of God.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread:

3 'T is all in vain, till God hath bless'd
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How sweet our daily comforts prove
When they are season'd with his love

127 C. M. Foster, 96.

God all in all.

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare
In vain, till God has bless'd;
But, if his smiles attend your care
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

128 C. M. Milbourn Port, 183.

Family blessings.

1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and reverent awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,—
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

[Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.]

The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

29 C. M. Bangor, 231.

Persecutors punished.

UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nursed in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.

Their cruel plough had torn my flesh,
With furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye
Measured the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

How was their insolence surprised,
To hear his thunders roll;
And all the foes of Zion seized
With horror to the soul!

Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

[What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despised in death.]

[So corn that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

It springs and withers on the place;
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

30 C. M. Jersey, 15.

Pardoning grace.

OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

8 There 's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslaved:
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

130 L. M. Perfection, 337.

The same.

1 FROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raised my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

131 C. M. Huddersfield, 202.

Humility and submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

132 L. M. Alfred, 509.

Ver. 5, 13—18. *At the settlement of a church, &c.*

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God,—
A dwelling for th' Eternal mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest:
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence bless'd.

3 'Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever,' (saith the Lord:)
'Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 'Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provisions shall be fed.

5 'Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

6 'The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing:
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King,

7 'Jesus shall see a numerous seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are clothed with shame.'

132 C. M. Salem, 139.

Ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. *A church established.*

1 [NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion placed his name,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.]

PAUSE. Missionary, 257.

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bless'd.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

133 C. M. Piety, 513.

Brotherly love.

1 LO, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree:
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heaveniy peace, with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole;

3 'T is like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'T is pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

133 S. M. Reuben, 328.

Love and worship in a family.

1 BLESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are on
Whose kind designs to serve and plea
Through all their actions run.

2 Bless'd is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vow
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spre
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills,
The saints are bless'd above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

133 6. 6. 8. Yates, 85.

The blessings of friendship.

1 HOW pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move;
And each fulfil their part,
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

'T is like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume, [feet.
Ran through his robes, and bless'd his

Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

(Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.)

34 C. M. Submission, 362.

Daily and nightly devotion.

YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power.
And bless his wondrous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the starry sky.

The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace:
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

35 Part I. L. M. Newport, 549.

Ver. 1—4, 14, 19—21. *God's goodness to his church.*

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait;
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

Praise ye the Lord: the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

The Lord himself will judge his saints:
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks the oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known the Almighty God.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love:
People and priests, exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

135 Part II. L. M. Horsley, 205.

Ver. 5—12. *The works of creation, providence, &c.*

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers, and every throne;
Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heaven, or hell his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'T was he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their own country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell:
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

135 C. M. Ebenezer New, 200.

Praise due to God, not to idols.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand:
He bids the vapours rise:
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All power that gods or kings have
Is found with him alone; [claim'd,
But heathen gods shall ne'er be named
Where our Jehovah 's known.

5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot
Such as their makers gave: [talk,
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 O Britain, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

136 C. M. Lydia, 327.

God's wonders of creation, providence, &c.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord,
His mercies still endure:
And be the King of kings adored,
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea, he framed alone:
How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light;
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night;
His works are all divine.

4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead:
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led:
How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might;
And gave the tribes a passage through;
His power and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his ways;
And brought his saints through desert ground;
Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promised land;
And faithful is his word.]

8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move;
How sad a state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

9 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails;
From death and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

136 148th. St. Petersburgh, 141.

The same.

1 GIVE thanks to God most High
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure:
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 [He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

5 His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two,
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his host he drown'd;
And brought his Israel safe
Through a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.]

8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly King,
And let this spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

136 Abridged. L. M. Southampton, 228.

The same.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When lords and kings are known no

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When sun and moon shall shine no

The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He saw the gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within;
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When death and sin shall reign no

He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

138 L. M. Attwaters, 311.

Restoring and persevering grace.

[WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I 'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

Angels, that make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

I 'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I 'll sing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused thro' all my soul.

The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand:
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins:
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

139 PART I. L. M. Broadway, 381.

The all-seeing God.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PAUSE I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwells't enthroned in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night.
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PAUSE II.

11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 'O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.'

139 Part II. L. M. Broadway, 381.

The wonderful formation of man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame:
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were named,
And what thy sovereign counsels framed
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,)
Was copied with unerring art.

4 At last, to show my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I 've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

139 Part III. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Sincerity professed, and grace tried.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy [will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

139 Part I. C. M. Ann's, 58.

God is everywhere.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and hig
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire
Forgotten and unknown!
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of deat
And make the grave resign.

8 If, wing'd with beams of morning ligh
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand which must support my fligh
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy lav
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hou
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee!

139 Part II. C. M. London, 180.

The wisdom of God in the form tion of man.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stan
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 't is thy work, I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features traced,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts ha
Was copied by thy art. [la

eaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and
Show me thy wondrous skill; [wind,
ut I review myself and find
Diviner wonders still.

y awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
ord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

39 PART III. C. M. Ephesus, 378.
Ver. 14, 17, 18. *The mercies of God innumerable.*

An evening psalm.

ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
ot all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

y flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
nd hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

hese on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

41 L. M. Portugal, 97.
Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5. *Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.*

A morning or evening psalm.

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house;
nd let my nightly worship rise
weet as the evening sacrifice.

atch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
rom every rash and heedless word;
or let my feet incline to tread
he guilty path where sinners lead.

may the righteous, when I stray,
mite and reprove my wandering way!
heir gentle words, like ointment shed,
hall never bruise, but cheer my head.

hen I behold them press'd with grief,
'll cry to heaven for their relief:
nd by my warm petitions prove
ow much I prize their faithful love.

42 C. M. Liverpool, 83.
God is the hope of the helpless.

TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief:
n long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

y soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
y God, who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.

n every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
hile friends and strangers pass'd me by
Neglected or unknown.

hen did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
'Thou art my portion when I die,
Be thou my refuge here.'

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I 've an Almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

143 L. M. Babylon Streams, 23.
Complaint of heavy afflictions.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God.
Hear, when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known!

2 Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold, thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down, in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen;
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God for ever hide his love?

7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears:
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain
And flesh that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

144 PART I. C. M. Glasgow, 376.

Ver. 1, 2. *Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.*

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield!
He sends his Spirit with his word
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

144 PART II. C. M. Ludlow, 84.

Ver. 3—6. *Vanity of man, and condescension of God.*

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust?

2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace?

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

144 PART III. L. M. Derby, 169.

Ver. 12—15. *Grace above riches, or the happy nation.*

1 HAPPY the city, where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country where the sheep,
Cattle and corn, have large increase:
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But more divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

145 L. M. Ellesmere, 98.

The greatness of God.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear:
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I 'll proclaim
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclai
The sound and honour of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous dee
Thy greatness all our thoughts exce
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

145 PART I. C. M. Leicester, 38

Ver. 1—7, 11, 13. *The greatn of God.*

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy nam
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknov
And let his praise be great:
I 'll sing the honours of thy throne.
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tong
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy nam
And children learn thy ways:
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly st
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is managed by thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

145 PART II. C. M. Arlington, 17

The goodness of God.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies; [shin
Through the whole earth his bou
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning wo
To cheer the souls he loves.

reatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim!
ut saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

145 PART III. C. M. Streatham, 218.
Ver. 14, 17, &c. *Mercy to sufferers.*

ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all:
hy strengthening hands uphold the [weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

hen sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
eneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

he Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth;
oly and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

e knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
nd, their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

is mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
e saves the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
ut none that serve the Lord shall say,
They sought his aid in vain.]

y lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
et all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

146 L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.
Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
n work so pleasant, so divine,
ow while the flesh is mine abode,
nd when my soul ascends to God.

raise shall employ my noblest powers
hile immortality endures:
y days of praise shall ne'er be past,
hile life and thought and being last.

hy should I make a man my trust?
rinces must die and turn to dust;
heir breath departs, their pomp, and power,
nd thoughts all vanish in an hour.

appy the man whose hopes rely
n Israel's God: he made the sky,
nd earth and seas, with all their train,
nd none shall find his promise vain.

is truth for ever stands secure;
e saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
e sends the labouring conscience peace,
nd grants the prisoner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

146 113th. Raby, 270.
Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath:
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints; he knows them well:
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I 'll praise him while he lends me breath.
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147 PART I. L. M. St. Olave's, 176.
Divine nature, providence, and grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 't is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names!
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high.
Who spreads his cloud all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him:

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

147 PART II. L. M. Old 100th.

Summer and winter.

1 O BRITAIN, praise thy mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
He bid the ocean round thee flow!
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

2 Thy children are secure and bless'd:
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest:
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains:
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground:
His hail descends with clattering sound;
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold?

5 He bids the southern breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call the Britons to his praise.

6 To all the isle his laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known:
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land; praise ye the Lord.

147 C. M. Eythorn, 313.

Ver. 7—9, 13—18. *Seasons of the year.*

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below:
He makes the grass the mountains crown
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word and melts the snow
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

148 Proper Metre. Resurrection,

Praise to God from all creatur

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and sc
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light;
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last:
In different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's power.

Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye the Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word:
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear:
Beasts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.

Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.

Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above,
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

148 Paraphrased. L. M. Ragland, 204.

Universal praise to God.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note. This psalm may be sung to the tune of old 112th or 127th psalm, if these two lines be ed to every stanza (viz.,)

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the long metre.

2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare:
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from every hill
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you:
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
Oh, for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings!

10 Wide as his vast dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11 Jehovah! 't is a glorious word;
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

148 S. M. Sacred Song, 524.

Universal praise.

1 LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God:
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be express'd;
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I. Thrapstone, 353.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise:
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.

12 By all the earth-born race
His honours be express'd:
But saints, that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand
Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and withering age
Their feeble voices try.

15 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him bless'd;
But saints that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

149 C. M. Christchurch, 420.

Praise God, all his saints.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, that lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
Even on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill the tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their song
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascend
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friend
Who humbly loved him here.

7 Then shall they rule, with iron rod,
Nations that dared rebel;
And join the sentence of their God
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remain;
Praise ye and love the Lord.

150 C. M. Leicester, 380.

Ver. 1, 2, 6. *A song of praise.*

1 IN God's own house pronounce h
His grace he there reveals; [prais
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bless'd;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

END OF THE PSALMS.

THE

CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

L. M. Old 100th.

'O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
honour, praise, and glory given,
all on earth, and all in heaven.

C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

ET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored, [known,
here there are works to make him
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M. D. Newington, 61.

HE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
ho saves by his redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.

o praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
he One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

S. M. Falcon Street, 209.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

113th. New Court, 173.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

148th. Resurrection, 72.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

In Three Books.

I. COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.
II. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.
III. PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY I. WATTS, D.D.

A New Edition,

CONTAINING

THE SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS.

"And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God," &c.—Rev. v. 9.

"Soliti essent (i. e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere."—Plin. in Epist.

PREFACE.

ıe greatest part of the following composures are suited to the general state of ɜ Gospel, and the most common affairs of Christians: I hope there will be very v found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of ɜm but may well be adapted to some seasons, either of private or of public worip. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit, and conditions of our ɜ, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the riety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, our ›nder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence d conduct of the blessed Spirit; all conversing with God the Father, by the new d living way of access to the throne, even the person and the mediation of our rd Jesus Christ. To him also, even to the Lamb that was slain, and now lives, ıave addressed many a song; for thus doth the holy Scripture instruct and teach to worship, in the various short patterns of Christian psalmody described in the ›velation. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted points of Chrisnity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and sing his ıises with understanding, Psalm xlvii. 7. The contentions and distinguishing ›rds of sects and parties are excluded, that whole assemblies might assist at the rmony, and different churches join in the same worship without offence.

If any expressions occur to the reader, that savour of an opinion different from own, yet he may observe, these are generally such as are capable of an extene sense, and may be used with a charitable latitude. I think it is most agreee, that what is provided for public singing, should give to sincere consciences little disturbance as possible. However, where any unpleasing word is found, that leads the worship may substitute a better; for (blessed be God) we are not ıfined to the words of any man in our public solemnities.

The whole is divided into three books.

In the first, I have borrowed the sense, and much of the form of the song, from ne particular portions of Scripture, and have paraphrased most of the doxologies in New Testament that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical; and many ›ts of the Old Testament also, that have a reference to the times of the Messiah. these I expect to be often censured for a too religious observance of the words Scripture, whereby the verse is weakened and debased, according to the judgment the critics: but as my whole design was to aid the devotion of Christians, so ›re especially in this part: and I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two ends, ., assist the worship of all serious minds, to whom the expressions of Scripture ever dear and delightful; and gratify the taste and inclination of those who nk nothing must be sung unto God but the translations of his own word. Yet ı will always find in this paraphrase dark expressions enlightened, and the vitical ceremonies and Hebrew forms of speech changed into the worship of the spel, and explained in the language of our time and nation; and what would bear such an alteration is omitted and laid aside.

The second part consists of hymns, whose form is of mere human composure; I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have ught some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this thod had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any poems in the book that capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, haps they may be found in this part; but except they lay aside the humour criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of

pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection; and the light exceeded the heat: yet, I hope, in many of them the reader will find that devotion dictated the song, and the head and hand were nothing but interpreters and secretaries to the heart; nor is the magnificence or boldness of the figures comparable to that divine licence which is found in the eighteenth and sixty-eighth Psalms, several chapters of Job, and other poetical parts of Scripture: and in this respect I may hope to escape the reproof of those who pay a sacred reverence to the Holy Bible.

I have prepared the third part only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, we might sing a hymn after we had partaken of the bread and wine. Here you will find some paraphrases of Scripture, and some other compositions. There are above a hundred hymns, in the two former parts, that may very properly be used in this ordinance, and sometimes, perhaps, appear more suitable than any of these last; but there are expressions generally used in these, which confine them only to the table of the Lord; and therefore I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the Lord, who inhabits the praises of Israel, shall refuse to smile upon this attempt for the reformation of psalmody among the churches, yet I humbly hope that his blessed Spirit will make these composures useful to private Christians; and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations, to assist the devout and the retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compensation of my labours; my heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory. This was my hope and vow in the first publication, and it is now my duty to acknowledge to him with thankfulness, how useful H has made these compositions already to the comfort and edification of societies and of private persons; and upon the same grounds I have a better prospect, and a bigger hope of much more service to the church, by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in Zion shall favour it with his continued blessing.

Note. In all the longer hymns, and in some of the shorter, there are several stanzas included in crotches thus, [ ]: which stanzas may be left out in singing, without disturbing the sense.

In the early copies of these Hymns there were several founded on passages in the Psalms. When the author published his "Imitation of the Psalms of David," he extracted these from his Hymn-book, and inserted them in their proper places in that volume. This occasioned several vacancies, as it was judged expedient to retain the original numbers of the remaining Hymns, in the subsequent editions, for the convenience of those who were possessed of the former ones. The vacancies referred to are in Book I. Nos. 4, 22, 23, 31, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 43, 44, 46, 47. All of which are in this edition supplied, by the insertion of Hymns composed by the same author, and printed at the end of his "Sermons on various subjects, Divine and Moral." It is presumed this undertaking (which has often been suggested) will be generally received as a valuable improvement, especially as there was an evident want of Hymns on the more practical subjects of Christianity, to which the principal of these relate.

HYMNS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1 C. M. Hampshire, 511.
A new song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 6, 8—10, 12.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
epare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

t elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
ith vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

ose are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
sus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

ternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
ho but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal?

e shall fulfil thy great decrees,—
The Son deserves it well;
, in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell!]

ow to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
lvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

ou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
ast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

e worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
en shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

2 L. M. Redemption, 243. Peru, 516.
The Deity and humanity of Christ. John i. 1, &c. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad,
om everlasting was the Word;
ith God he was; the Word was God,
d must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone.

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

3 S. M. Mount Ephraim, 185.
The nativity of Christ. Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway:
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 'Go, humble swains,' said he,
'To David's city fly;
The promised infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie

6 'With looks and hearts serene
Go visit Christ your King;'
And straight a flaming troop was seen:
The shepherds heard them sing:

7 'Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Goodwill to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!'

8 [In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

9 'Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth!
Goodwill to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!']

4 PART I. C. M. Southwark, 238.
The nativity of Christ. Luke ii. 10. &c.

1 'SHEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the region of the skies—
Salvation 's born to-day.

2 'Jesus, the God, whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you:
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 'No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 'Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.'

7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose our useless tongues
When they forget to praise.

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there 's a Saviour born.

4 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97. Ely, 446.
The inward witness to Christianity.
1 John v. 10.

1 QUESTIONS and doubts be heard no more,
Let Christ and joy be all our theme;
His Spirit seals his gospel sure,
To every soul that trusts in him.

2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within:
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

3 'T is God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow and own thy doctrine true.

4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blo
Finds peace and pardon at the cross:
The sinful soul, averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

5 Learning and wit may cease their stri
When miracles with glory shine:
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty and divine.

5 C. M. Charmouth, 28. George's, 1
Submission. Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'T is God that lifts our comforts hig
Or sinks them in the grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we 'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

6 C. M. Irish, 171. Abridge, 201
Triumph over death. Job xix. 25—

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence ju
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my sk
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones agai
He clothes them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

C. M. Milbourne Port, 183.
The invitation of the gospel. Isa. lv. 1, 2.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never die.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join:
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;

Come, naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.]

Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

C. M. Evans, 190. Essex, 409.
The safety of the church. Isa. xxvi. 1—6.

HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 [What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave,
Their lofty heads shall bow.]

7 [On Babylon our feet shall tread,
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.]

9 C. M. Newbury, 131. Warwick, 471.
The promises of the covenant of grace. Isa. lv. 1, 2; Zech. xiii. 1; Mic. vii. 19; Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat,
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

6 And, lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls,
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatenings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolved by love:

8 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refined,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

10 S. M. Reuben, 328. Lonsdale, 298.
The blessedness of gospel times. Isa. lii. 2, 7, 8, 10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!

Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
'Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ:
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

12 L. M. Wareham, 117. Zorah, 113.

The humble enlightened, & carnal reason humbled. Luke x. 21, 22.

1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoiced,
And spoke his joy in words of praise:
'Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas:

2 'I thank thy sovereign power and love,
That crowns my doctrine with success:
And makes the babes in knowledge learn
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 'But all this glory lies conceal'd
From men of prudence and of wit;
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

4 'Father, 't is thus, because thy will
Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
'T is thy delight t' abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 'There 's none can know the Father right,
But those who learn it from the Son;
Nor can the Son be well received
But where the Father makes him known.'

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
That deals his graces as he please;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions, or decrees.

12 C. M. Weston Flavel, 27.

Free grace in revealing Christ. Luke x. 21.

1 JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days,
His spirit once rejoiced aloud,
And tuned his joy to praise.

2 'Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
That hath reveal'd thy Son
To men unlearned, and to babes
Has made thy gospel known.

3 'The mysteries of redeeming grace
Are hidden from the wise,
While pride and carnal reasoning join
To swell and blind their eyes.'

4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sovereign will.

13 L. M. Derby, 169. Cambray, 49

The Son of God incarnate. Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

1 THE lands that long in darkness lay
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

2 The Virgin's promised Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear,
What shall his names or titles be?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

3 [This Infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and adored;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet
And reign to ages yet unknown.

14 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Peru, 51

Christ's unchangeable love. Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'T is God that justifies their souls:
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ that suffer'd in their stead
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

ɔt all that men on earth can do,
ɔr powers on high, nor powers below,
all cause his mercy to remove,
wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

L. M. Luton, 30. Peters, 359.
Christ our strength. 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

ET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
hen I rejoice in deep distress,
aning on all-sufficient grace.

glory in infirmity,
at Christ's own power may rest on me:
hen I am weak, then am I strong,
ace is my shield, and Christ my song.

can do all things, or can bear
l sufferings, if my Lord be there;
veet pleasures mingle with the pains,
hile his left hand my head sustains.

it if the Lord be once withdrawn,
d we attempt the work alone,
hen new temptations spring and rise,
e find how great our weakness is.

o Samson, when his hair was lost,
et the Philistines to his cost;
ook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
ade feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

C. M. Great Milton, 212. Glasgow, 376.
Hosanna to Christ. Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

OSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
is natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

e root of David, here we find,
And offspring is the same:
ternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

ess'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven!
osannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given!

et mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
est rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

C. M. Harrington, 143. Irish, 171.
Victory over death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
o triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers!

yful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
here is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?

sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside:
he law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ my ransom died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

18 C. M. Ludlow, 84. Burford, 198.
Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

19 C. M. Bedford, 91. Auburn, 517.
Death made desirable. Luke ii. 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here,—
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child;

3 'Now I can leave this world,' he cried;
'Behold, thy servant dies;
I 've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 'This is the light prepared to shine
Upon the gentile lands,
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands.'

5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while ye hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

20 C. M. Essex, 409. Zion Ch., 519.
Spiritual apparel. Isa. lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE, my heart; arise, my tongue;
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'T is he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine:
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine;

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
That earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

21 C. M. James, 163. Piety, 513.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men. Rev. xxi. 1—4.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God re-
That holy, happy place, [sides,
The New Jerusalem comes down
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 'The God of glory down to men
Removes his throne above;
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 'His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and [tears,
And death itself, shall die.'

6 How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

22 Part I. L. M. Peru, 516.

Christ the Eternal Life. Rom. ix. 5.

1 JESUS, our Saviour and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

2 All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our surety and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

3 Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
Th' eternal life and Jesu's name;
A word of thy almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

4 But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and taste thy love.

22 Part II. C. M. Sprague, 166.

Flesh and spirit. Rom. vii. 1.

1 WHAT vain desires, and passions vain
Attend this mortal clay!
Oft have they pierced my soul with pain
And drawn my heart astray.

2 How have I wander'd from my God!
And, following sin and shame,
In this vile world of flesh and blood
Defiled my nobler frame!

3 For ever blessed be thy grace,
That form'd my soul anew,
And made it of a heaven-born race,
Thy glory to pursue.

4 My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains;
But views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.

5 Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
To part with every lust;
And charge my flesh, whene'er it rise
To leave them in the dust.

6 My purer spirit shall not fear
To put this body on:
Its tempting powers no more are there
Its lusts and passions gone!

23 Part I. L. M. Bloomsbury, 41.

Absent from the body, and present with the Lord. 2 Cor. v. 8.

1 ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought
From pains and fears and all their springs.

2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day,
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

3 Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul,
Where feet nor wings could never climb
Beyond the heavens where planets roll
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4 I go where God and glory shine,
His presence makes eternal day;
My all that 's mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

23 Part II. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

A hopeful youth failing short of heaven. Mark x. 21.

1 MUST all the charms of nature then
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?

2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
And thought he wanted nothing new.

But mark the change! thus spake the Lord: [day.'
'Come, part with earth for heaven to-
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

Poor virtues that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure;
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure!

Ah foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear?
Are life and heaven so cheaply sold?

In vain the charms of nature shine
If this vile passion govern me:
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

24 L. M. Paul's, 246. Patrick, 235.

The rich sinner dying. Psa. xlix. 6, 9; Eccl. viii. 8; Job iii. 14, 15.

IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glittering roofs and downy beds.

The lingering, the unwilling soul,
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell,
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without distinction lie,
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

25 L. M. Derby, 169. Ely, 446.

A vision of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6—9.

ALL mortal vanities begone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
Behold, amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.

Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.

Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel sound
Address their honours to his name.

'The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
'Worthy art thou alone,' they cry,
'To read the books, to loose the seals.'

6 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our teacher and our king!'

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs:
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made favourites of their God.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That died for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be adored,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

26 C. M. Tiverton, 109. Tekoa, 334.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ. 1 Pet. i. 3—5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There 's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

27 C. M. Stephens, 292. Abridge, 201.

Assurance of heaven. 2 Tim. iv. 6—8, 18.

1 [DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see,
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design:
And to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

28 C. M. Tunbridge, 103. Tekoa, 324.

Christ's triumph over the enemies of his church. Isa. lxiii. 1—3, &c

1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate?

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'T is some victorious king;
'T is I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
That your salvation bring.'

3 'Why, mighty Lord,' thy saints inquire,
'Why thine apparel red?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?'

4 'I by myself have trod the press,
And crush'd my foes alone;
My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
My fury stamp'd them down.

5 'T is Edom's blood that dyes my robes
With joyful scarlet stains;
The triumph that my raiment wears
Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 'Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
That dare insult my saints;
I have an arm to avenge their wrongs,
An ear for their complaints.'

29 C. M. Staughton, 265. Auburn, 517.

The ruin of Antichrist. Isa. lxiii. 4—7.

1 'I LIFT my banner,' saith the Lord,
'Where Antichrist has stood;
The city of my gospel foes
Shall be a field of blood.

2 'My heart has studied just revenge,
And now the day appears,
The day of my redeem'd is come,
To wipe away their tears.

3 'Quite weary is my patience grown,
And bids my fury go:
Swift as the lightning it shall move,
And be as fatal too.

4 'I call for helpers, but in vain:
Then has my gospel none?
Well, mine own arm has might enough
To crush my foes alone.

5 'Slaughter and my devouring sword
Shall walk the streets around;
Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
And stagger to the ground.'

6 Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing
And our deliverer praise.

30 L. M. Finsbury, 156. Perfection, 337

Prayer for deliverance unanswered. Isa. xxvi. 8—20.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our souls' desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restore the light.

3 Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A voice of mercy to his friends,
A mighty voice before him goes:
But threatening thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

31 PART I. C. M. Condescension, 116.

Condescending grace. Psa. cxxxviii. 6.

1 WHEN the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul
With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty songs?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign and all free:
Great God, how searchless are thy ways,
How deep thy judgments be!

31 PART II. C. M. Wiltshire, 110.

The Christian life. Col. iii. 3.

1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!

is hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

is conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
o form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

e waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
et earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

is pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
here neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

e wants no pomp nor royal throne
To rise his figure here:
ontent and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.

e looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day:
ut patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

C. M. Handel's Hymn, 96.
Strength from heaven. Isa. xl. 27—30.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where 's our courage fled?
as restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

ave we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
nd can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

reasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
e gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

ere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
ut we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

he saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
ill their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

C. M. London, 180. Langshaw, 424.
The righteousness of God. Gen. xviii. 25.

HALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer, God?
hall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

hat if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
ay not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

hat if his gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
he prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the foolish and the poor
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.

5 Do some that own his sacred name
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus shall never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

34 PART I. L. M. Oswestry, 514.
The gospel the power of God to salvation. Rom. i. 16.

1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain;
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

34 PART II. C. M. Devizes, 14.
None excluded from hope. Rom. i. 16.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak:
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow:
'T is not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share:
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers;
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

5 Come all ye vilest sinners, come,
He 'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

6 His doctrine is almighty love:
There 's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

35 Part I. L. M. Bampton. 275.

Salvation by faith alone. Rom. i. 16. Eph. ii. 8, 9.

1 NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven:
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven.

2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdued.

4 O may thy grace its power display:
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

35 Part II. C. M. Charmouth. 28.

Truth, sincerity, &c. Phil. iv. 8.

1 LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise:
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie
In all the shapes it wears:
They live in truth; and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

5 While hypocrites and liars fly
Before the Judge's frown,
His faithful friends, who fear a lie,
Receive th' immortal crown.

36 C. M. Gainsboro', 29. Irish. 171.

A lovely carriage. Gal. v. 22.

1 O 'T IS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree,
To act a useful part.

2 When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek
Nor let their fury rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their frame is prudence mix'd with love
Good works fruit their day:
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

5 Such was the Saviour of mankind;
Such pleasures he pursued;
His flesh and blood were all refined,
His soul divinely good.

6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow
In such a heart as mine?
Thy grace my nature can renew,
And make my soul like thine.

37 Part I. L. M. Angel's Hymn. 6[illegible]

Christ's humiliation, exaltation, & triumph. Phil. ii. 8, 9. Mark xv. 20, 24, 29. Col. ii. 15.

1 THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A pattern for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim immutable love—
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay!

4 What black reproach defiled his name
When with our sins he took our shame!
He whom adoring angels bless'd,
Is made the impious rebel's jest.

5 He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans;
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death!

6 But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

7 Thus were the hosts of death subdued
And sin was drown'd in Jesu's blood;
Thus he arose and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

8 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

37 Part II. C. M. Cambridge New, 7[illegible]

Zeal and fortitude. Rom. i. 16.

1 DO I believe what Jesus saith,
And think his gospel true?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith
And practise virtue too.

uppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal,
hat I may make thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.

f men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
hine is the power, the praise is thine,
My Saviour and my God.

hus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace;
hey cast their honours at thy feet,
And own their borrow'd rays.

7 PART III. C. M. Ephesus, 378.
Holy fortitude. 2 Tim. ii. 3.

AM I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
nd shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Iust I be carried to the skies
On lowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

re there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
s this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

ure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

hy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
hey see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
n robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

8 PART I. C. M. Harmonia, 392.
The atonement of Christ.
Rom. iii. 25.

HOW is our nature spoil'd by sin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
he way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.

n vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own;
Jesus, there 's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

he threatenings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread;
f God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.

But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answer'd these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by Jesu's hands.

5 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation through his name.

6 'T is by thy death we live, O Lord;
'T is on thy cross we rest:
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever bless'd.

38 PART II. L. M. New Sabbath, 122.
The universal law of equity.
Matt. viii. 12.

1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
'To do to all men just the same
As we expect or wish from them.'

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind or memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 How bless'd would every nation be,
Thus ruled by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

4 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy bless'd maxims be our guide.

39 C. M. Michael's, 119.
God's tender care of his church.
Isa. xlix. 13, &c.

1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song:
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Zion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

5 'Yet,' saith the Lord, 'should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Zion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 'Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engraved her name;
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame.'

40 L. M. Islington, 40. Job, 474.

The blessedness of glorified saints.
Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 'WHAT happy men, or angels, these,
That all their robes are spotless white?
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heavenly light?'

2 From torturing racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood, they came;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ, the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud hosannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Measure their bless'd eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb, that fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Through the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

41 C. M. Devizes, 14. Warwick, 471.

The martyrs glorified.
Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 'THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?'

2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesu's dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

42 C. M. London, 180. Ann's, 58.

Divine wrath and mercy.
Nahum i. 1, &c.

1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire;
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.

2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasured for his foes.

3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees
Are forced into a flame,
But kindled, oh, how fierce they blaze
And rend all nature's frame.

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.

5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hailstones hurl'd
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That shakes the solid world?

6 Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on thy throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down

7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour,
While we, beneath thy sheltering wings
Thy just revenge adore.

43 PART I. L. M. Melcombe, 325.

Jesus our Surety and Saviour.
1 Pet. i. 18; Gal. iii. 13; Rom. v. 2

1 ADAM, our Father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead;
The fiery law speaks all despair;
There 's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2 But oh, unutterable grace!
The Son of God takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies
Stretches his arms, and bleeds and dies

3 Justice was pleased to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood
What unknown racks and pangs he bore
Then rose; the law could ask no more

4 Amazing work! look down, ye skies
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes:
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above
And bow to this mysterious love.

5 Lo, they adore the incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns

6 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the flaming hosts adored;
And say, dear Conqueror, say how long
Ere we shall rise to join their song

end down a chariot from above,
Vith fiery wheels, and paved with love:
aise us beyond the ethereal blue,
o sing and love as angels do.

3 PART II. L. M. Lebanon, 79.
The Christian's treasure.
1 Cor. iii. 21.

HOW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come:
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

All things are ours; the gifts of God:
The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise:
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

I would not change my bless'd estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father, I wait thy daily will:
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

4 PART .I L. M. Bab. Streams, 23.
Christ's dying, rising, and reigning.
Luke xxiii. 27, 29, 44—46. Matt. xxvii. 50, 57; xxviii. 6, &c.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here 's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

Say, 'Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save:
Then ask the monster, 'Where 's thy sting?
And 'Where 's thy victory, boasting [grave?'

44 PART II. C. M. Salem, 139.
The true improvement of life.

1 AND is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and seasons given?
O let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.

2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
By my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.

4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys:
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name
Where'er I spend my days.

6 On earth let my example shine,
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss supremely great.

45 C. M. Arabia, 324. Trinity, 181.
The last judgment. Rev. xxi. 5—8.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

2 ['I am the first, and I the last,
Through endless years the same·
I AM, is my memorial still,
And my eternal name.

3 'Such favours as a God can give
My royal grace bestows;
Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
Where life and pleasure flows.]

4 ['The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
I 'll own him for a son;
The whole creation shall reward
The conquests he has won.

5 'But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
And all the lying race,
The faithless and the scoffing crew,
That spurn at offer'd grace;

6 'They shall be taken from my sight,
Bound fast in iron chains,
And headlong plunged into the lake
Where fire and darkness reigns.']

7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head!

8 May I with those for ever dwell,
Who here were my delight,
While sinners banish'd down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

46 PART I. C. M. Sprague, 166.

God glorious, and sinners saved.
Rom. i. 30; v. 8, 9. 1 Pet. iii. 22.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Our souls are fill'd with awe divine
To see what God performs.

4 When sinners break the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
O the dear mysteries of his cross,
The triumph of his groans!

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

46 PART II. L. M. Wells, 192.

The privileges of the living above the dead.

1 AWAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels, cannot do.

2 Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there:
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown:
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promised crown!

47 C. M. Windsor, 247.

Death of kindred improved.

1 MUST friends and kindred drop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow, with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God,
Our helper and our friend,
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

48 L. M. Berwick, 375. China, 300.

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 28, &

1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears
Let every trembling thought be gone
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 't is a straight and thorny road
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 Thee, mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

49 C. M. Follett, 191. Tekoa, 324.

The works of Moses and the Lamb.
Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd:
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promised land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home
To see his Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

C. M. Anniversary, 296. Irish, 171.
The song of Zacharias, &c. Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

OW be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
s mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

ow he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
e makes the branch of promise grow,
The promised horn arise.

ohn was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
e herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

e makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
hile grace divine, and heavenly love,
In its own glory shines.

Behold the Lamb of God,' he cries,
That takes our guilt away;
saw the Spirit o'er his head,
On his baptising day.]

e every vale exalted high,
Sink every mountain low:
e proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

he heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord;
d all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

Behold the morning-star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
e marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet.'

S. M. Hopkins, 157. Handel, 168.
Persevering grace. Jude 24, 25.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
et all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
reserves us safe from sin and death.
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
efore the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
hall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer-God
Wisdom and power belongs,
nmortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

52 L. M. Portugal, 97. Peru, 516.
Baptism. Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
'Go, teach the nations, and baptize.'
The nations have received the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon the eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his covenant, with his seals,
To bless the distant British lands.

3 'Repent, and be baptized,' he saith,
'For the remission of your sins;'
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit, from our God,
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the Great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

53 L. M. Perfection, 337.
The Holy Scriptures. Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by the sweet conveyance given.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye British isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land,) praise ye the Lord.

54 L. M. Fordingbridge, 555.
Saints beloved in Christ. Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners through his Son!

2 'Christ be my first elect,' he said;
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
'Blameless in love, a holy seed.'

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart:
Nor shall our souls be thence removed,
Till he forgets his first-beloved.

55 C. M. Hammond. 221.

Sickness and recovery. Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 WHEN we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song:
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If He that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
'Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years.'

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands:
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

56 C. M. Church-street, 519. Sidon, 341.

The song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3; xvi. 19; xvii. 6.

1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name:
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dare refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Through all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sovereign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

57 C. M. Abridge, 201. Tekoa, 334.

The first and second Adam. Rom. v. 12, &c.; Psa. li. 5; Job xiv. 4.

1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that 's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind,
How obstinate our will!

3 Conceived in sin, oh, wretched state
Before we draw our breath:
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

5 Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be:
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean.
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust!

58 L. M. Redemption, 243. Paul's, 2-

The devil vanquished. Rev. vii.

1 LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael stood
Chief general of th' Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast
Their courage sinks, their weapons fa

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blow
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assumed his reigning pow
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies to rise no mor

5 'T was by thy blood, immortal Lamb
Thine armies tred the tempter down
'T was by thy word and powerful na
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice, ye heavens; let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly w
Raise your Deliverer's name on high

L. M. Old 100th. Antiquity, 331.
Babylon fallen. Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

N Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon:
'rophets, rejoice, and all ye saints,
d shall avenge your long complaints.'

e said, and dreadful as he stood,
e sank the millstone in the flood:
hus terribly shall Babel fall,
us, and no more be found at all.'

L. M. Derby, 169. Dryden's, 326.
The Virgin Mary's song.
Luke i. 46, &c.

UR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice:
hile we repeat the virgin's song,
ay the same Spirit tune our voice!

he Highest saw her low estate,
d mighty things his hand hath done:
's overshadowing power and grace
akes her the mother of his Son.

t every nation call her blest,
d endless years prolong her fame;
t God alone must be adored:
bly and reverend is his name.]

those that fear and trust the Lord
s mercy stands for ever sure:
om age to age his promise lives,
d the performance is secure.

e spake to Abra'm and his seed,
n thee shall all the earth be blest:'
e memory of that ancient word
y long in his eternal breast.

t now no more shall Israel wait,
more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
, the desire of nations comes!
hold, the promised seed is born!

L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Duke-st., 557.
Christ coming to judgment.
Rev. i. 5—7.

OW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
humble honours paid below,
d strains of nobler praise above.

was he that cleansed our foulest sins,
d wash'd us in his richest blood;
is he that makes us priests and kings,
d brings us rebels near to God.

Jesus, our atoning Priest,
Jesus, our superior King,
everlasting power confess'd,
d every tongue his glory sing.

hold, on flying clouds he comes,
d every eye shall see him move;
ough with our sins we pierced him once,
en he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

62 C. M. Triumphant, 437.
Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation. Rev. v. 11, &c.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne
And to adore the Lamb.

63 L. M. Newport, 549. Kimbolton, 251.
Christ's humiliation and exaltation.
Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honour shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charged with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

64 S. M. Bradley Ch., 442. Gosport, 53.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1. Gal. iv. 6.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown:
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne:
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

65 L. M. Old 109th. Perfection, 337.

The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the Lord. Rev. xi. 15—18.

1 LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more:
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear,
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

66 L. M. Mark's, 65. Ely, 446.

Christ the King at his table.
Sol. Song i. 2, &c.

1 LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine interest in his heavenly love:
The voice that tells me, 'Thou art mine,'
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spread the savour of thy name!
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms;
My soul shall fly into thine arms!
Our wandering feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice
To speak thy praises, and our joys:
Our memory keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are
And black as Kedar's tents appear,
Yet, when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 [While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]

7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree
Such is a dying Christ to me;
And while he seizes my soul his guest
Thy bosom, Lord, shall be my rest.

8 [No beams of cedar, or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare
And here we wait, until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

67 L. M. Perfection, 337.

Seeking the pastures of Christ.
Sol. Song i. 7.

1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow.

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these kiss my soul will come
Til my Beloved leads me home.]

68 L. M. Antigua, 120. Berwick, 375.

The banquet of love.
Sol. Song ii. 1—7.

1 BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The lily which the valleys bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit, and healing leaves.

2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

eneath his cooling shade I sat,
o shield me from the burning heat;
f heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
o feed my eyes, and please my taste.

Kindly he brought me to the place
Vhere stands the banquet of his grace;
Je saw me faint, and o'er my head
he banner of his love he spread.

Vith living bread and generous wine
e cheers this sinking heart of mine;
nd opening his own heart to me,
e shows his thoughts how kind they be.]

never let my Lord depart,—
ie down and rest upon my heart:
charge my sins not once to move,
or stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

L. M. China, 300. Foundling, 556.
Christ's invitation. Sol. Song ii. 8, &c.

THE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
e leaps, he flies to my relief.

low through the veil of flesh I see,
Vith eyes of love he looks at me;
ow in the gospel's clearest glass
e shows the beauties of his face.

ently he draws my heart along,
oth with his beauty and his tongue;
Rise,' saith my Lord, 'make haste away,
o mortal joys are worth thy stay.

The Jewish wintry state is gone,
e mists are fled, the spring comes on,
e sacred turtle-dove we hear
oclaim the new, the joyful year.

e immortal vine of heavenly root
lossoms and buds, and gives her fruit.'
o, we are come to taste the wine;
ur souls rejoice and bless the vine.

nd when we hear our Jesus say,
Rise up, my love, make haste away!'
ur hearts would fain outfly the wind,
nd leave all earthly loves behind.

L. M. Langdon, 217. Monmouth, 382.
Christ inviting, and the church's answer. Sol. Song ii. 14, &c.

HARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his favourites nigh;
om caves of darkness and of doubt
e gently speaks and calls us out.

ly dove, who hidest in the rock,
hine heart almost with sorrow broke,
ft up thy face, forget thy fear,
d let thy voice delight mine ear.

'hy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
y graces in thy count'nance meet;
ough the vain world thy face despise,
is bright and comely in mine eyes.'

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and of praise.]

5 [I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds:
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my side.]

71 L. M. New Sabbath, 122.
Christ found, and brought to the church. Sol. Song iii. 1—5.

1 OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I arise, and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
'Where did you see my soul's delight?'

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

4 [I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Zion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierced for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

72 L. M. Derby, 169. Alfred, 509.
The coronation of Christ, & espousals of the church. Sol. Song iii. 2.

1 DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Placed on the head of Solomon.

2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

4 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6 Oh that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

73 L. M. Horsley, 205, Simeon, 357.

The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ. Sol. Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

1 KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word;
'Lo, thou art fair, my love,' he cries,
'Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.'

2 ['Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
Salutes mine ear with secret joys;
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk nor honey taste so well.']

3 'Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
I will behold no spot in thee.'
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms.

4 Defiled and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.

5 'My sister and my spouse,' he cries,
'Bound to my heart by various ties,
Thy powerful love my heart detains
In strong delight and pleasing chains.'

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men,
To Zion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

74 L. M. Kimbolton, 251. Refuge, 489.

The church the garden of Christ. Sol. Song iv. 12—15; v. 1.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow
To make the young plantations grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit Divine! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

5 [Let my Beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast.
'I come, my spouse, I come,' he cri
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleased to smell our poor perfum
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

7 'Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
The blessings that my Father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove
And drink abundance of my love.'

8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongue c
give.]

75 L. M. New Court, 173. Sion, 3

The description of Christ the Beloved. Sol. Song v. 9—16.

1 THE wondering world inquires to kn
Why I should love my Jesus so:
'What are his charms,' say they, 'ab
The objects of a mortal love?'

2 Yes! my Beloved to my sight
Shows a sweet mixture, red and whit
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 [His head the finest gold excels:
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory like a crown adorns
These temples once beset with thorns

5 Compassions in his heart are found
Hard by the signals of his wound;
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear

6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands that on the tr
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for n

7 Though once he bow'd his feeble kne
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul

Iis mouth, that pour'd out long complaints, [saints:
Iow smiles, and cheers his fainting
Iis countenance more graceful is
'han Lebanon with all its trees.

All over glorious is my Lord,
Iust be beloved, and yet adored;
Iis worth if all the nations knew,
ure the whole earth would love him too.

6 L. M. Walton, 352. Power, 478.
Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth. Sol. Song vi. 1—3, 12.

WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
Vhat beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Vhere he is gone they fain would know,
'hat they may seek and love him too.

Iy best Beloved keeps his throne
n hills of light, in worlds unknown:
ut he descends and shows his face
n the young gardens of his grace.

In vineyards planted by his hand,
Vhere fruitful trees in order stand:
Ie feeds amidst the spicy beds,
Vhere lilies show their spotless heads.

Ie has engross'd my warmest love,
Io earthly charms my soul can move;
have a mansion in his heart,
Or death nor hell shall make us part.]

He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
nd shows me where his glories are:
Io chariots of Amminadib
he heavenly rapture can describe.

may my spirit daily rise
n wings of faith above the skies,
ill death shall make my last remove,
'o dwell for ever with my love.]

7 L. M. Truro, 105. Peter's 359.
The love of Christ to the church. Sol. Song vii. 5—13.

NOW in the galleries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says:
How fair my saints are in my sight!
Iy love how pleasant for delight!'

Kind is thy language, sovereign Lord.
here 's heavenly grace in every word;
rom that dear mouth a stream divine
lows, sweeter than the choicest wine.

uch wondrous love awakes the lip
f saints that were almost asleep,
o speak the praises of thy name,
nd make our cold affections flame.

hese are the joys he lets us know
n fields and villages below:
ives us a relish of his love,
ut keeps his noblest feast above.

n Paradise, within the gates,
higher entertainment waits;
ruits new and old laid up in store,
'here we shall feed, but thirst no more.

78 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Oswestry, 514.
The strength of Christ's love. Sol. Song viii. 5—7.

1 [WHO is this fair one in distress
That travels from the wilderness;
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.]

3 'O let my name engraven stand,
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

4 'Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.

5 'But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impress'd
As a fair signet on my breast.

6 'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy count'nance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 'Come, my Beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay:
Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.'

79 L. M. Portugal, 97. Dryden's, 326.
A morning hymn. Psalm xix. 5, 8; lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day—
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way

4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.]

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

80 L. M. Tranquillity, 350.
An evening hymn. Ps. iv. 8; iii. 5, 6.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things,
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

81 L. M. Fawcett, 184. Eversley, 335.
A song for morning or evening.
Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

82 L. M. Paul's, 246. Buxton, 347.
God far above creatures. Job iv. 17—21.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God:
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne:
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and perish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow:
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

83 C. M. Ludlow, 84. Walsal, 237.
Afflictions and death. Job v. 6—8.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes—
A sad inheritance!

2 As sparks break out from burning coals
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace:
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

84 L. M. Rushden, 468. Simeon, 325.
Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ. Isa. xlv. 21—25.

1 JEHOVAH speaks! let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours and his names.

2 'I am the last, and I the first,
The Saviour God, and God the just:
There 's none beside pretends to show
Such justice and salvation too.

3 'Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands,
Light, life, and heaven are in my hands.

4 'I by my holy name have sworn,
Nor shall the word in vain return;
To me shall all things bend the knee,
And every tongue shall swear to me.'

5 'In me alone shall men confess
Lies all their strength and righteousness;
But such as dare despise my name,
I 'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 'In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
Of Israel from their sins be freed,
And, by their shining graces prove
Their interest in my pardoning love.'

85 S. M. Bradley Ch., 442. Lisbon, 347.
The same.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne!
'Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.

2 'Ye dying souls that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recovering grace.'

Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own
Our righteousness and strength is found
In thee, the Lord, alone.'

In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

6 C. M. Mary's, 532. Charmouth, 28.

God holy, just, and sovereign. Job ix. 2—10.

HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

To vindicate my words and thoughts
I 'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise
Or tempt the unequal war?

[Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind;
There 's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

7 L. M. Rochford, 22. Peru, 516.

God dwells with the humble and penitent. Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
'I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

'But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

'The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live,
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

'[When I contend against their sin
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.'

O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.]

88 L. M. Leeds, 19. Doversdale. 430.

Life the day of grace and hope. Eccles. ix. 4, &c.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward:
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour that God has given,
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that 's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

89 L. M. Perfection, 337.

Youth and judgment. Eccles. xi. 9.

1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.

2 Pursue the pleasures you design, [wine,
And cheer your hearts with songs and
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due [thro':
Shall strike your hearts with terror
How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured grace?

5 Almighty God! turn off their eyes,
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

90 C. M. Brighton, 208. Piety, 513.

The same.

1 LO, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires:
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I 'd give all mortal joys away
To be for ever bless'd.

91 L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60. Old 100th.

Advice to youth. Eccles. xii. 1, 7. Is. lxv. 20.

1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, 'My joys are gone!'

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

92 S. M. Henley, 38. Matthias, 548.

Christ the wisdom of God. Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation was begun.

3 [Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 'When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.

5 'When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.]

6 'Upon the empty air
The earth was balanced well;
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.

7 'My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.

8 'Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies.'

93 L. M. Wareham, 117. Old 100th.

Christ, or wisdom, obeyed or resisted. Prov. viii. 34—36.

1 THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
'Bless'd is the man that hears my word;
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 'The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life and the favour of the Lord.

3 'But the vile wretch that flies from me
Doth his own soul an injury;
Fools that against my grace rebel
Seek death, and love the road to hell.'

94 C. M. Bath, 417. Turvey, 538.

Justification by faith. Rom. iii. 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

95 C. M. Hensbury, 323.

Regeneration. John i. 13; iii. 3, &c.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death:
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

96 C. M. Gainsboro', 29. Auburn, 517.
Election excludes boasting.
1 Cor. i. 26—31.

BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of nobler race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of Grace.

He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

He calls the fool, and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast
But in the Lord alone.

97 L. M. Antiquity, 331. Langdon, 217.
Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c.
1 Cor. i. 30.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, 'The Lord our righteousness.'

Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

98 S. M. Fonthill Abbey, 455.
The same.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven,
But, in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.

Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

99 C. M. Harrington, 143. Ann's, 58.
Stones made children of Abraham.
Matt. iii. 9.

1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race;
(Their fathers now with God.)

2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new-created sons.

3 Such wondrous power doth he possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness;
The world obey'd and came.

100 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Leeds, 19.
Believe and be saved.
John iii. 16—18.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and life;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

101 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Pierrpont, 329.
Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner. Luke xv. 7, 10.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew:
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

102 L. M. Lebanon, 79. Pierrpont, 329.

The beatitudes. Matt. v. 2—12.

1 [BLESS'D are the humble souls that
Their emptiness and poverty; [see
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.]

2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]

3 [Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war,
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

4 [Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.]

5 [Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
And meet with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]

6 [Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are
From the defiling power of sin; [clean,
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]

7 [Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

8 [Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

103 C. M. Wiltshire, 110. Bath, 417.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.
2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I 'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I 've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

104 C. M. Sidon, 341. Bath Chapel, 26.

State of nature and of grace.
1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud;
Nor thieves, nor slanderers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesu's blood,
We 're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.

4 O for a persevering power
To keep thy just commands!
We would define our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

105 C. M. Halifax, 258. Hampshire, 509.

Heaven invisible and holy.
1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
Nor wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

106 S. M. Shirland, 304. Plymouth, 336.

Death to sin by the cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucified
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

107 L. M. Luton, 30. Antiquity, 331.

The fall and recovery of man; or Christ and Satan at enmity.
Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1 DECEIVED by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father, fell,
When Satan, in the serpent hid;
Proposed the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threatening: death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race received the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
'Let everlasting hatred be
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 'The woman's seed shall be my Son,
He shall destroy what thou hast done;
Shall break thy head, and only feel
Thy malice raging at his heel.'

5 [He spake, and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the powers below.]

108 S. M. Mansfield, 154. Pelham, 333.

Christ unseen and beloved. 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

109 L.M. Kingsbridge, 88. Duke-st., 557.

The value of Christ and his righteousness. Phil. iii. 7—9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss,
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesu's sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne:
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

110 C. M. Irish, 171. Mt. Pleasant, 551.

Death and immediate glory. 2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high:

And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall,
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'T is he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

5 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

111 C. M. Newbury, 131. Auburn, 517.

Salvation by grace. Titus iii. 3—7.

1 [LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns my feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

3 ['T is not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done:
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding through his Son.]

4 'T is from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'T is by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'T is through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

112 C. M. Bath, 417. Gratitude, 383.

Looking to Jesus. John iii. 14—16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 'Look upward in the dying hour,
And live,' the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns;
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring gentile lives.

113 C. M. America, 265. Brodsworth, 414.

The blessing of Abraham.
Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm, and his seed!
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.'

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor, from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

114 C. M. Suffolk, 315. Barnsley, 416.

The same. Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive-wood;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

115 C. M. Stephens, 292. Durham, 400.

Conviction of sin by the law.
Rom vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was
And felt no inward dread;
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were vain.]

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

116 L. M. Mark's, 65. Justification, 306.

Love to God and our neighbour.
Matt. xxii. 37—40.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
'Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.

2 'Then shall thy neighbour next in place
Share thine affections and esteem,
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him.'

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love;

4 But oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

117 L. M. Paul's, 246. Windle, 347.

Election sovereign and free.
Rom. ix. 21—24.

1 [BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please:
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

2 Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?]

3 May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will;
Choose some to live while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

4 [What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?

5 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?]

6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

ut, O my soul, if truths so bright
hould dazzle and confound thy sight,
et still his written will obey,
nd wait the great decisive day.

hen shall he make his justice known,
nd the whole world, before his throne,
Vith joy, or terror, shall confess,
he glory of his righteousness.

118 S.M. Peckham, 7. Westminster, 307.
Sins against the law and gospel.
ohn i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6; x. 28, 29.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Vere brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.

The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

119 C. M. Gainsboro', 29. Ann's, 58.
The different success of the gospel.
1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16.
1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

120 C. M. Piety, 513. Broomsgrove, 316.
Faith of things unseen.
Heb. xi. 1, &c.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word:
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

121 C. M. George's, 2. Hensbury, 323.
Children devoted to God.
Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

(For those who practise Infant Baptism.)

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
'I 'll be a God to thee!
I 'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me.'

2 Abra'm believed the promised grace
And gave his son to God:
But water seals the blessing now
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, Eternal King!
Thine ancient truths embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

122 L. M. New Sabbath, 122. Peru, 516.
Believers buried with Christ in baptism. Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord,
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again:
The various lusts we served before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

123 C. M. Staughton, 265. Trinidad, 428.
The repenting prodigal.
Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2 'I die with hunger here,' he cries,
'I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies;
And bounteous are his hands.

3 'I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face—
Father, I 've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace.'

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 'Take off his clothes of shame and sin,'
The father gives command,
'Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

7 'A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found.'

124 L. M. Fordingbridge, 555.

The first and second Adam.
Rom. v. 13, &c.

1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own the unhappy name
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2 Adam the sinner: at his fall,
Death like a conqueror seized us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son
Who join'd our nature to his own:
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 [By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.

6 Where sin did reign and death abound
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.]

125 C. M. New York, 33. Warwick, 471.

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted.
Matt. xii. 20. Heb. iv. 15, 16; v. 7.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 [He 'll never quench the smoking fla
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

126 L. M. Rothwell, 174. Simeon, 35

Charity and uncharitableness
Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT different food, or different dres
Compose the kingdom of our Lor
But peace, and joy, and righteousness
Faith and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong,
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence
Meekness and love our souls pursue.
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

127 L. M. Rowles, 73. Walton, 352.

Christ's invitation to sinners
Matt. xi. 28—30.

1 'COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 'They shall find rest that learn of me;
I 'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 'Bless'd is the man whose shoulder
take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.'

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zea
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

128 L. M. Wells, 102. Simeon, 355.

The apostles' commission.
Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c

1 'GO, preach my gospel,' saith th
Lord,
'Bid the whole earth my grace receive
He shall be saved that trusts my word
He shall be damn'd that won't believe

'I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

'Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid, [pheme,
Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-

'Teach all the nations my commands,
I 'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy and I defend.'

He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the furthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

129 L. M. Bampton, 275.

Submission and deliverance.
Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command:
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

'Abra'm, forbear!' the angel cried,
'Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.'

Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

130 L. M. Horsley, 205. Oswestry, 514.

Love and hatred.
Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

Clamour, and wrath, and war, begone,
Envy and spite for ever cease,
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

131 L. M. Portugal, 97. Peru, 516.

The Pharisee and publican.
Luke xviii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father! let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

132 L. M. Truro, 105. Oldham, 527.

Holiness and grace.
Titus ii. 10—13.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and [love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

133 C. M. Hammond, 226.

Love and charity.
1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 [Malice, and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endure the wrong.]

4 [She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time:
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

134 L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.

Religion vain without love.
1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

135 L. M. Bloomsbury, 413.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

136 C. M. Abridge, 201. Glasgow, 376.

Sincerity and hypocrisy.
John iv. 24. Psa. cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 GOD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

137 L. M. Langdon, 217. Oldham, 527.

Salvation by grace in Christ.
2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours given,
He saves from hell, we bless his name,
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'T was his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known:
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

138 C. M. Piety, 513. Missionary, 257.

Saints in the hands of Christ.
John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust,
If I am found in Jesu's hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

139 L. M. Old 100th. Peru, 516.

Hope in the covenant.
Heb. vi. 17—19.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

140 C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

A living and a dead faith.

MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.

141 S. M. Falcon-street, 209.

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ. Isa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

WHO has believed thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion grief.

They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 't was their grief upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

'T was for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of justice pleased to bruise
His best-beloved Son.

'But I 'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;
My pleasure,' saith the God of grace,
'Shall prosper in his hand.'

6 ['His joyful soul shall see
The purchase of his pain,
And by his knowledge justify
The guilty sons of men.]

7 ['Ten thousand captive slaves,
Released from death and sin,
Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
And own his power divine.]

8 ['Heaven shall advance my Son,
To joys that earth denied;
Who saw the follies men had done,
And bore their sins and died.']

142 S. M. Fonthill Abbey, 455.

The same. Isa. liii. 6—12.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away,
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

6 'I 'll give him,' saith the Lord,
'A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honours long.'

143 C. M. Devizes, 14. Essex, 409.

Characters of the children of God.

1 SO new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive:
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

3 [Not all the flattering baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqueror, can produce
A thousand victories.]

5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

6 [Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!

9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne:
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, 'My Father, God!'
With an unwavering tongue.

144 C. M. Naomi, 477. Gratitude, 383.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born to God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

145 C. M. Bradford, 268. Warwick, 471.

Christ and Aaron. Heb. ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems, and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

4 Their priesthood ran thro' several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands,
Eternal as thy days.]

5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.]

7 Jesus the King of Glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

146 L. M. New Sab., 122. Newport, 549.

Characters of Christ, borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.

1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]

3 [Is he compared to wine or bread?
Dear Lord! our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.]

4 [Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]

5 [Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.]

6 [Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine.]

7 [Is he a head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives;
The saints below and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

8 [Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

9 [Is he a fire? He 'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

10 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.]

[Is he a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]

2 [Is he a door? I 'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

3 [Is he design'd the corner-stone,
For men to build their heaven upon?
I 'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

4 [Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]

5 [Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]

6 [Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]

7 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

8 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

147 L. M. Redemption, 243. Ely, 446.

The names and titles of Christ.

['TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord:
Nor art, nor nature, can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.]

The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh;
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injured love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.

But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and Life of men:
Nor bears those characters in vain.

With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part;
A Friend and Brother he appears,
And well fulfils the name he wears.

At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove,
His rich variety of love.

148 148th. Resurrection, 72.

The same.

1 [WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word:
Nature and art can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's eternal Son
Inherits and partakes the throne.]

3 The sovereign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd the Word of God;
He rules the earth with iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love:
Awakes his wrath without delay,
As lions roar and tear their prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and Life of men:
Nor will he bear those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part:
He is a Friend and Brother too!
Divinely kind, divinely true.

7 At length the Lord the Judge
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints completely prove
The heights and depths of all his love.

149 L. M. Antigua, 120. Alfred, 509.

The offices of Christ.

1 JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But oh, what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 [The Angel of the Covenant stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.]

4 [Great Prophet, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeased, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.]

5 [My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

6 [I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wandering soul among his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

7 [My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

8 [Jesus, my great High Priest, has died,
I seek no sacrifice beside:
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by:
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

10 [My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.]

12 [Should death, and hell, and powers unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.]

150 148th. Burnham, 396. Grove, 125.

The same.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But oh, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.]

4 [Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.]

5 [Be thou my counsellor,
My pattern and my guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.]

6 [I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names
His bosom bears the tender lambs.]

7 [To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause,
He answers and fulfils
His father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set!
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

8 [Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood, and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn his heart, his love away.]

10 [My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing;
Thine is the pow'r; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.]

11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.]

12 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

END OF BOOK I.

HYMNS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

1 L. M. Coombs, 45. Leeds, 19.
A song in praise to God from Great Britain.

NATURE with all her powers shall sing
God the Creator and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

[Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]

[All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force and own his name:
Whilst with our souls and with our voice
We sing his honours and our joys.]

[To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.]

5 [This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand:
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.

6 He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]

7 Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders through the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

8 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of the Eternal Name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]

9 Then let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

10 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

2 C. M. London, 180. Walsal, 237.
The death of a sinner.

1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Lingering about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay,
Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains:
Tortured with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insured his love!

3 C. M. Canterbury, 199. Abridge, 201.
The death and burial of a saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

4 L. M. Wareham, 117. Sampson, 107.
Salvation in the cross.

1 HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, (for that 's my last defence,)
If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

5 Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

5 L. M. Truro, 105. Simeon, 355.
Longing to praise Christ better.

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the Man that groan'd and died
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

3 My passions rise and soar above,
I 'm wing'd with faith, and fired with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

6 C. M. Irish, 171. Naomi, 447.
A morning song.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound.
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou lengthen'st out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

7 C. M. Staughton, 265. Glasgow, 376.
An evening song.

1 DREAD Sov'reign! let my evening [song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 [Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.]

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for Him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

8 C. M. Sprowston, 365. Piety, 513.
A hymn for morning and evening.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand:
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word,
And every day and every hour
We lean upon the Lord.

The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.

Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

9 C. M. Newbury, 131. Warwick, 471.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood!]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away
'T is all that I can do.

10 C. M. Salem, 139. Mt. Pleasant, 551.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.

3 There 's nothing round this spacious [earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.]

6 Had I the pinions of a dove
I 'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

11 L. M. Ripon, 188. Power, 478.

The same.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away—
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair,
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous [seas.
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine [eyes:
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

12 C. M. Bethlehem, 426.

Christ the substance of the Levitical priesthood.

1 THE true Messiah now appears,
Thy types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love:
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 'Father,' he cries, 'forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;'
And then he shows his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

13 L. M. Simeon's Song, 438.

The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of this world.

1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop, and every dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3 Now, from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last
Till all his saints are gather'd in;
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again!

5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There 's a new heaven and earth for you.

14 S. M. Henley, 38. Reuben, 328.

The Lord's-day.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

15 L. M. Broadway, 381. Chard, 175.

The enjoyment of Christ: or, delight in worship.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In flourishing rows at thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

16 L. M. China, 300.

The same.

1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say, 'My God is mine,'
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees;
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

17 C. M. Angels' Song, 450.

God's eternity.

1 RISE, rise, my soul and leave the ground,
Stretch all my thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise the eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime:
Eternity 's his dwelling place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.

The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures, look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day
When the old creation dies.

18 L. M. Chard, 175. Broadway, 381.

The ministry of angels.

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of Glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 'Go,' saith the Lord, 'my Gabriel, go,
Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.'

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of Hosts!
Wait on thy wandering church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

19 C. M. Ann's, 58. Bath, 417.

Our frail bodies, and God our preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we 'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to the almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose;
'Let blood,' said he, 'flow round the veins,
And round the veins it flows.]

6 While we have breath to use our tongues,
Our Maker we 'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

20 C. M. Turvey, 538. Brodsworth, 414.

Backslidings and returns.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 [Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust thee from my arms.]

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go!

7 [Sin's promised joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands:
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

9 [Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.]

10 [Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

21 L. M. Derby, 169. St. Olave's, 176.

A song of praise to God the Redeemer.

1 LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold, a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulf where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son proposed his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord!
To thee be endless honours given:
Thy wondrous name shall be adored
Round the wide earth and wider heaven.

22 L. M. Angel's H., 60. Buxton, 347.

With God is terrible majesty.

1 TERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high:
How awful is thy thundering hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sank him down.

3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
'With endless burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God?'

4 Tremble ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye, bless'd saints, that love him too,
With reverence bow before his name,
Thus all his heavenly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

23 L. M. New Sab., 122. Foundling, 556.

The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove!
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love!

24 L. M. Old 100th. Sampson, 107.

The evil of sin visible in the fall of angels and men.

1 WHEN the Great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tuned his praise,
And every bending throne adored.

2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat;
Amongst the morning stars he sung,
Till sin destroy'd his heavenly state.

3 ['T was sin that hurl'd him from his throne;
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies:
'How art thou sunk in darkness down,
Son of the morning, from the skies!']

4 And thus our two first parents stood
Till sin defiled the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bower,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the cursed name, that in one hour
Spoil'd six days' labour of a God!]

6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief.
That such a foe should seize thy breast,
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief:
Oh may he slay this treacherous guest.

7 Then to thy throne, victorious King!
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise;
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

25 C. M. Leicester, 380.

Complaining of spiritual sloth.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upwards our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love
We 'll fly and take the prize.

26 L. M. Lebanon, 79. Job, 474.

God invisible.

1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
Oh, 't is beyond a creature-mind
To glance a thought half-way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The Great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

The Lord of Glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

27 L. M. Wareham, 117. Chard, 175.

Praise ye him all his angels.
Psa. cxlviii. 2.

1 GOD! the eternal awful name
That the whole heavenly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'T is not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing,
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign King.

4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array:
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

6 [Sing of his power and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly javelins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair.]

8 [Shout to your King, you heavenly host;
You that beheld the sinking foe:
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let every distant nation hear;
And, while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

28 C. M. Matthews, 34. Windsor, 247.

Death and eternity.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
Converse awhile with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few;
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

3 But oh, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh for some guardian angel nigh
To bear it safe above.

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into my dust.

29 C. M. Eythorne, 303. Wanley, 308.

Redemption by price and power.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

30 S. M. Pelham, 334. Lonsdale, 298.

Heavenly joy on earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 [The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But favourites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry!
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

31 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Old 100th.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul shall stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

32 C. M. Abridge, 201. Submission, 364.

Frailty and folly.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our day runs thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel
That break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

33 C. M. Jerusalem, 379.

The blessed society in heaven.

1 RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run,
Through every heavenly street,
And say, there 's nought below the sun
That 's worthy of thy feet.

2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3 There, on a high majestic throne,
The Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon,
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

7 [But oh, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!

8 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there?]

34 C. M. Devizes, 14. Warwick, 471.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

35 C. M. Evans, 190. Arabia, 324.
Praise to God for creation and redemption.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to the United Three,
The Undivided One.

'T was he, (and we 'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word,
'T is he restores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

36 S. M. Ryland, 48. Sutton Colefield, 532.
Christ's intercession.

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone,
To appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice call for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
'Hosanna to the God of grace
That lays his thunder by.]

6 'On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above:'
But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

37 C. M. Gratitude, 383. Piety, 513.
The same.

1 LIFT up your eyes to the heavenly seats
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'T was well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeased stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring,
The Priest with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

4 [Let papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast:
We 've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to the heavenly host.]

5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne:
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens ev'ry groan.

6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

38 C. M. America, 265. Auburn, 517.
Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

3 'T is love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

39 C. M. Walsal, 237. Irish, 171.
The shortness and misery of life.

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
'Evil and few,' the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'T is but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run thro' the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

40 C. M. Miles Lane, 32. Acton, 287.

Comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
Even when he hides his face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why my soul these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possess'd;
I praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

41 L. M. Coombs, 45. Newport, 549.

A sight of God mortifies us to the world.

1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!]

3 Oh might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

42 C. M. Devizes, 14. Harmonia, 392.

Delight in God.

1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand;
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward to the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat:

3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues;
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While Jesus shines with quickening grace,
We sing and mount on high!
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wandering she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop, and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.]

43 L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.

Christ's sufferings and glory.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above,
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came to atone Almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]

4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt:
While weighty sorrows press'd him down
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The almighty captive prisoner lay,
The almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6 Lift up your eyes ye sons of light,
Up to the throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face!

7 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

44 L. M. Antiquity, 331.

The vengeance of God.

1 WITH holy fear and humble song.
The dreadful God our souls adore:
Reverence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.

2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.

4 There Satan the first sinner lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands:
In vain the rebel strives to rise, [hands.]
Crush'd with the weight of both thy

There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.

Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

45 L. M. Rothwell, 174. Perfection, 337.

God's condescension to our worship.

THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But the heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion 's all divine.

46 L. M. Bodenham, 309. Power, 478.

God's condescension to human affairs.

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]

3 [God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.]

4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never raised so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

7 Oh, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

47 L. M. Pancras, 360. Peter's, 359.

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God in the person of his Son
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 't is a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!—
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

48 C. M. Sprague, 166. Auburn, 517.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
When we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

49 C. M. James, 163. Ephesus, 378.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk thro' her darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

50 L. M. Intercession, 482.

Comforts under sorrows and pains.

1 NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And show my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2 But oh, it swells my sorrows high
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name;
I 'd rather have it there impress'd
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

51 L. M. Paul's, 246. Broadway, 381.

God the Son equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 [Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is One of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

52 C. M. Stephens, 292. Durham, 400.

Death dreadful, or delightful.

1 DEATH, 't is a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a God of sovereign love
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

53 C. M. Otford, 106. Warwick, 471.

The pilgrimage of the saints.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4 [Our souls shall tread the desert thro'
With undiverted feet,
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

7 [By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road,
Thro' dismal deeps and dangerous snares
We make our way to God.]

Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still!
Forget these troubles of the way,
And reach at Zion's hill.

[See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome travellers home!]

0 There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

1 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear,
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

2 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

54 C. M. Knaresboro', 280. Lydia, 327.
God's presence is light in darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights;

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I 'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

55 C. M. Stephens, 292.
Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're travelling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

56 C. M. Crowle, 3. Ephesus, 378.
The misery of being without God in this world.

1 NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
Well, they may search the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hastening on to you
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer 's mine.

57 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Oswestry, 514.
The pleasures of a good conscience.

1 LORD, how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven within and peace

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grovelling in the dust below,
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we 'll aspire to glory too.

58 C. M. Bedford, 91. Burford, 198.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 't is!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 [The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, 'They 're here,'
But only say, 'They 're past.']

3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.]

4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'T is sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name adored!

7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

59 C.M. Hammond, 226. Ashbourne, 399.

Paradise on earth.

1 GLORY to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through,
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

2 [Glory to God that stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see 't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'T is a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

6 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

7 But ah, how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!

8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt, and darkness here?

9 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go;
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

60 L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.

The promises our security.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And, there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round,
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5 Whence then shall doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comfort that our Maker gives.

6 Oh for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own!

7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

61 C. M. Charmouth, 28. Abridge, 201.

A thought of death and glory

1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

[And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

[How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load!
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

62 C. M. Ann's, 58. Harmonia, 392.
God the thunderer: or, the last judgment and hell. Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, August 20, 1697.

SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore;
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his power.

His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

What shall the wretch the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord;
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

63 C. M. Walsal, 237. Bangor, 231.
A funeral thought.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears, attend the cry;
'Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all our towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours!'

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We 'll rise above the sky.

64 L. M. Peter's, 359. Refuge, 489.
God the glory and defence of Zion.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome nor hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

65 C. M. Angels' Song, 450.
The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

66 C. M. Prospect, 299. Jerusalem, 379.
A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

67 C. M. Abridge, 201. Glasgow, 376.

God's eternal dominion.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity with all its years
Stands present in thy view!
To thee there 's nothing old appears;
Great God! there 's nothing new.

5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

68 C. M. Arlington, 17. Glasgow, 376.

The humble worship of heaven.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I 'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal All.

6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While 'less than nothing,' I could boast,
And 'vanity confess.']

7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

69 C. M. Handel's, 96. Gratitude, 383.

The faithfulness of God in the promises.

1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim 'salvation from the Lord
For wretched dying men;'
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 [Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.]

5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

7 He said, 'Let the wide heaven be spread,'
And heaven was stretch'd abroad:
'Abra'm, I 'll be thy God,' he said,
And he was Abra'm's God.

8 O might I hear thine heavenly tongue
But whisper, 'Thou art mine!'
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

70 L. M. Doversdale, 430. Old 100th.
God's dominion over the sea.
Ps. cvii. 25, &c.

GOD of the seas! thy thundering voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.

If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.

The scaly flocks amidst the sea
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay:
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

[The larger monsters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still and fears,
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

How is thy glorious power adored
Amidst these watery nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.

[What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride, [tide.
They curse the hand that smoothes the

Anon they plunge in watery graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescued them!]

Oh for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land:
Great Judge! descend, lest men deny
That there 's a God that rules the sky.

71 C. M. Tiverton, 109. Liverpool, 83.
Praise to God from all creatures.

THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

'T was his right hand that shaped our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angelic songs.

Let grovelling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tributes bring.

Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature, roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

72 C. M. Follett, 181. Weybridge, 92.
The Lord's day: or, the resurrection of Christ.

1 BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

73 C. M. Bolton, 433.
Doubts scattered: or, spiritual joys restored.

1 HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, begone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

74 S. M. Beaumont, 526.
Repentance from a sense of divine goodness.

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh:
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

75 C. M. Ulm, 407. Hampshire, 511.
Spiritual and eternal joy.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 [Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode:
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

76 C. M. Halifax, 258. Mt. Pleasant, 551.
The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down,
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode,
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise,
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

77 L. M. Coombs, 45. Walton, 352.
The Christian warfare.

1 [STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on,
March to the gate of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes,
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]

3 [What tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite,
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.]

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

78 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Piety, 513.
Redemption by Christ.

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son,
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days,
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

79 C. M. Messiah, 293. Sprowston, 365.
Praise to the Redeemer.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

[In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed project tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves
Are raised above the skies.]

O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

[Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

80 S. M. Saxony, 441. Ryland, 348.
God's awful power and goodness.

OH, the almighty Lord!
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heavens adore.

Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne:
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.

Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre 's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Zion well;
And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
That sits enthroned above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

81 C. M. Walsal, 237.
Our sin the cause of Christ's death.

1 AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
Oh the cursed deeds my sins have done,
What murderous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seized God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace,
I 'll wound my God no more;
Hence from my heart, ye sins, begone,
For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I 'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.

82 C. M. Angels' Song, 450.
Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 't was before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace,
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar,
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing,
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

83 C. M. Ann's 58. Sprague, 106.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
'Awake, my dreadful sword;
Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
My fellow,' saith the Lord.

2 Vengeance received the dread command,
And armed, down she flies;
Jesus submits to his Father's hand,
And bows his head and dies.

3 But oh the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance law!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he
Who seemed to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy,
The Saviour and the King.

84 S. M. Peckham, 7. Sarah, 393.

The same.

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring,
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man, we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt,
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That heinous murderers spilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murderous weapons dyed.]

4 [The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

85 C. M. New York, 33. Twyford, 432.

Sufficiency of pardon.

1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are those that waste your [faith,
And nourish your despair?

2 What though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its cursed foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase.

5 It rises high and drowns the hills,
'T has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

86 C. M. Windsor, 247. David's, 186.

Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.

1 OUR sins, alas, how strong they be!
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
The heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall swell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

87 C. M. Bedford, 91. Bradford, 268.

The divine glories above our reason.

1 HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright,
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise
Toward the celestial throne,
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the Almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies!

4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls
And awfully adore,
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our labouring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep the immortal string.]

88 C. M. Angel's Song, 450. Ashley, 152.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

89 C. M. America, 265. Jerusalem, 379.

Christ's victory over Satan.

1 HOSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies:
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescued sheep:
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

3 Hosanna to our conquering King,
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

90 C. M. Grove House, 143.

Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
'Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.'

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

91 C. M. Zion Church, 518.

The glory of Christ in heaven.

1 OH the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and powers, rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!]

7 This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unseen, adore:
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God!

9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

92 C. M. Michael's, 119. Jerusalem, 579.

The church saved, and her enemies disappointed.

Composed on the 5th of Nov. 1694.

1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run;
Ye British skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal King.

3 Thy power the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd;
Praise to the Lord that broke the snare,
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious power;
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

93 S. M. Lowell, 260. Sarah, 393.

God all, and in all. Psa. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where we dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 't is hell.]

3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'T is heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]

4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 [To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

94 C. M. Sprowston, 365. Bath, 417.

God my only happiness. Ps. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love!
My everlasting all!
I 've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior ccd!
There 's nothing here deserves my joys,
There 's nothing like my God.]

3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'T is thy sweet beams create my noon!
If thou withdraw, 't is night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roil,
If my Redeemer show his head,
'T is morning with my soul.]

5 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
O! what 's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

95 C. M. Newbury, 131. Windsor, 247.

Look on him whom they pierced and mourn.

1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspired his death,
And used the Roman sword.

2 O the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His sacred body tore.

3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuse,
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews:

4 'T was you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5 'T was you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head:
Break, break, my heart, O burst, mine [eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown my eyes
In undissembled woe.

96 C. M. Irish, 171. Trinity, 181.

Distinguishing love.

1 DOWN headlong from their native [skies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursued them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a sinking world.

3 O love of infinite degree!
Immeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal darling die,
To save a traitorous race?

4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us wretches higher?

5 O for this love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

97 L. M. Walton, 352. Rothwell, 174.

The same.

1 FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them down;
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2 Amazing work of sovereign grace
That could distinguish rebels so;
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, almighty love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heavenly day.

98 C. M. Stephen's, 292. Glasgow, 376.

Hardness of heart complained of.

1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And every grace lies buried deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood,
My heart it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

99 C. M. Staughton, 265. Tekoa, 334.

The book of God's decrees.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before our God!
Whate'er his sovereign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.

2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There 's not a sparrow or a worm
But 's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attends the course I run,
'T is he provides those rays
And 't is his hand that hides thy sun,
If darkness cloud my days

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb.

100 L. M. Ulverston, 179.

The presence of Christ is the life of the soul.

1 HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sovereign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul, 'depart!'

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learn'd no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven, without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ, my love.]

9 [My God! and can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exiled,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10 Impossible! for thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

101 C. M. Sprague, 166. Submission, 362.

The world's three chief temptations.

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food
To indulge a sordid lust.]

4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There 's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls,

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

102 L. M. Babylon Streams, 23.

A happy resurrection.

1 NO, I 'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign,
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying withering limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day,
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

5 [Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

103 C. M. Devizes, 14. Sidon, 341.

Christ's commission.
John iii. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

104 S. M. Compassion, 554. Henley, 38.

The same.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons [down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast wrought,
And love and praise thy name.

105 C. M. Stephen's, 292. Mary's, 532.

Repentance flowing from the patience of God.

1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'T is boundless, 't is amazing love
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries, 'Forbear!'
And straight the thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

106 C. M. Walsal, 237. Ludlow, 84.

Repentance at the cross.

1 OH, if my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'T was for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God—
Those sins that pierced and nail'd his [flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed,
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I 'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

107 C. M. Canterbury, 199.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, 'Depart?'

3 [The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]

4 [What! to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!]

5 Oh wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 Oh tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands!

8 [Give me one kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

108 C. M. Hammond, 226. Hensbury, 323.

Access to the throne of grace by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 't was a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd 'consuming fire,'
And Vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son:
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

109 L. M. Stirling, 317. Job, 474.

The darkness of providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns without a smile:
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Thro' seas, and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still must we lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

110 S. M. Wirksworth, 158.

Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

111 C. M. Evans', 190. N. Victory, 584.

Thanksgiving for victory, or, God's dominion and our deliverance.

1 ZION rejoice, and Judah sing;
The Lord assumes his throne;
Let Britain own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Emperes are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions arm'd with power and pride
Descend to watery death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

6 [Long may the king, our sovereign, live,
To rule us by thy word;
And all the honours he can give
Be offered to the Lord.]

112 L. M. Horsley, 205. Sion, 358.

Angels ministering to Christ and saints.

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.

3 His orders run through all their hosts;
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard the British coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In traveling the heavenly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

113 C. M. Irish, 171. Messiah, 293.

The same.

1 THE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The servants waiting round his throne,
The ivory and the gold!

2 But, mighty God, thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
A shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.

4 And, when oppress'd with pains and
On the cold ground he lies, [fears,
Behold a heavenly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]

5 Now to the hands of Christ our King
Are all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.

6 Pleasure and praise run thro' their host
To see a sinner turn:
Then Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there 's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 Oh! could I say without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

114 C. M. Tunbridge, 103.

Christ's death, victory, and dominion.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
''T is finish'd!' said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 ''T is finish'd!' our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints, from his propitious eye,
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

115 C M. James's, 163. Portsea, 284.

God the avenger of his saints.

1 HIGH as the heavens above the ground,
Reigns the Creator, God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.

4 Then let the sovereigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

116 C. M. Grove House, 143.

Mercies and thanks.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine,
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

117 L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Living and dying with God present.

1 I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven a while.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

118 L. M. Paul's, 246. Old 100th.

The priesthood of Christ.

1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
'Revenge!' the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from every vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels that deserve his sword
Become the favourites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

119 C. M. Devizes, 14. Portsea, 284.
The Holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

120 S. M. Ephraim, 185. Sarah, 393.
The law and gospel joined in Scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
The epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasured here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold his blood:
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.

6 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

121 L. M. Bampton, 275. Job, 474.
The law and gospel distinguished.

1 THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 't is the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that sins but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law,
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

122 L. M. Portugal, 97. Oswestry, 514.
Retirement and meditation.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,—
One sovereign word can draw me hence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity begone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

123 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Newport, 549.
The benefit of public ordinances.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer hears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord,

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gaul'd with inward stings,)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

124 C. M. Gainsboro', 29. Essex, 409.
Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands
Can bring us safe to heaven.

2 'T is not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus on Jordan's yonder side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and died,
Short of the promised land.

5 Israel, rejoice, now Joshua* leads,
He 'll bring your tribes to rest:
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

125 L.M. Angel's H., 60. Hamburgh, 340.
Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.

1 LIFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've done;
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies;
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

126 C.M. Cambridge N., 74. Arabia, 324.
God glorified in the gospel.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near,
While power, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

127 L. M. New Sab., 122. Buxton, 347.
Circumcision and Baptism.

1 THUS did the sons of Abra'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let every saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

128 C. M. Charmouth, 28. Sidon, 341.
Corrupt nature from Adam.

1 BLESS'd with the joys of innocence
Adam our Father stood,
Till he debased his soul to sense,
And ate the unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

129 L. M. Wells, 102. Alfred, 509.
We walk by faith, not by sight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

* Joshua, the same with Jesus.

3 Cheerfu, we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray:
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

130 C. M. George's, 2. Everton, 479.

The new creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories show:
'Behold, I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.

2 'Nature and sin are pass'd away,
And the old Adam dies:
My hands a new foundation lay:
See the new world arise.

3 'I 'll be a Sun of Righteousness,
To the new heavens I make:
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake.'

4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within:

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

131 L. M. Derby, 169. Duke-street, 557.

The excellency of the Christian religion.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord:
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon:
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 [Not the feign'd fields of heathenish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refined.]

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I 'd cast them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

132 C. M. Harrington, 143.

The offices of Christ.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King:
How sweet are his commands
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways:
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

133 L. M. Mark's, 65. Peru, 516.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin,
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

134 C. M. Frome, 255. Follett, 181.

Circumcision abolished.

1 THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
'I will be God of Abra'm be,
And of his numerous race.'

2 He said, and with a bloody seal,
Confirm'd the words he spoke;
Long did the sons of Abra'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.

3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4 The God of Abra'm claims our praise,
His promises endure,
And Christ the Lord in gentler ways
Makes the salvation sure.

135 L. M. Switzerland, 431.
Types and prophecies of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promised seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room.

2 Abra'm the saint rejoiced of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses the man of God foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceased;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promised seed.

136 L. M. Osnaburgh, 332.
Miracles at the birth of Christ.

1 THE King of Glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth!

2 About the young Redeemer's head,
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The Eastern sages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire, [name.
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore the eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

137 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Sion, 583.
Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the blind their sight receive;
Behold the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son:
The Father vindicates his cause
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies; the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

138 L. M. Coombs, 45. Power, 478.
The power of the gospel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live:
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

[4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

5 [Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb:
While the wild world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

139 L. M. Portugal, 97. Reed's, 78.
The example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

140 C. M. Mount Pleasant, 551.
The examples of Christ and the saints.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

141 C. M. Braintree, 25. Salem, 139.
Faith assisted by sense.

1 MY Saviour God, my Sovereign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He 'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

142 S. M. Vermont, 134. Shirland, 304.
Faith in Christ our sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

143 C. M. Auburn, 517. Jersey N., 15.
Flesh and spirit.

1 WHAT different powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state?
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
Where sin and Satan reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light
Till perfect day arise,
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace:
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

144 L. M. Doversdale, 430.
The effusion of the Spirit; or, the success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
From east to west, from south to north:
'Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
Go, spread the mystery of his cross.'

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of Grace, my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

145 C. M. Bethlehem, 426.
Sight through a glass, and face to face.

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glass between.

2 Oh, that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a divinier light.

3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

146 L. M. Lebanon, 79. Buxton, 347.

The vanity of creatures; or, no rest on earth.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within with restless fires;
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 't is a poor relief we gain
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

147 C. M. Jersey, 15.

The creation of the world. Gen. i.

1 'NOW let a spacious world arise,'
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confused, and drown'd the land;
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold, the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep the almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.]

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was framed of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounced it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

148 C. M. Salem, 139. Warwick, 471.

God reconciled in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'T is by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again,
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

149 C. M. Burford, 198. Perfection, 337.

Honour to magistrates; or, government from God.

1 ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 [The crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bless'd.]

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.

5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne,
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

150 C. M. Bath, 417. Submission, 364.

The deceitfulness of sin.

1 SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our [hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

151 L. M. Antigua, 120. Berwick, 375.

Prophecy and inspiration.

1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure,
This is thy word, and must endure.

152 C.M. Arabia, 324. Mt. Pleasant, 551.

Sinai and Zion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke:
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, the living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever bless'd.

153 C. M. Abridge, 201. Trinidad, 428.

The distemper, folly, and madness of sin.

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead,
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind
Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But Heaven prevents the fall.]

6 [The man possess'd among the tombs
Cuts his own flesh, and cries;
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

154 L. M. Paul's, 246. Old 100th.

Self-righteousness insufficient.

1 'WHERE are the mourners,'* saith the Lord,
'That wait and tremble at my word,
That walk in darkness all the day?
Come make my name your trust and stay.

2 ['No works nor duties of your own
Can for the smallest sin atone;
The robes that nature may provide
Will not your least pollutions hide.†

3 'The softest couch that nature knows
Can give the conscience no repose:
Look to my righteousness, and live;
Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 'Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
With your own hands, to warm your souls,
Walk in the light of your own fire,
Enjoy the sparks that ye desire:

5 'This is your portion at my hands;
Hell waits you with her iron bands,
Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
In death, in darkness, and despair.'

155 C. M. Tunbridge, 103. Tekoa, 334.

Christ our Passover.

1 LO! the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

* Isa. l. 10, 11. † Isa. xxviii. 20.

2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed
To break the Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Jnstice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procured
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

156 C. M. Stephen's, 292. Sprague, 166.

Presumption and despair.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath:
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption, or despair.

3 Now he persuades, 'How easy 't is
To walk the road to heaven!'
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
'They cannot be forgiven.'

4 [He bids young sinners, 'Yet forbear
To think of God, or death:
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath.'

5 He tells the aged, they must die,
And 't is too late to pray,
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.']

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

157 C. M. Ann's, 58. Sprague, 166.

The same.

1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he 'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish him alone.

3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love,
But the old serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove.

4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

158 L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60.

Few saved: or, the almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and Apostate.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there.
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

159 C. M. Irish, 171. Suffolk, 315.

An unconverted state; or, converting grace.

1 [GREAT King of glory and of grace
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first Father's name.]

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that 's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engaged in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]

4 We live estranged afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be restored?
Such nature made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

160 L. M. Thanksgiving, 19.

Custom in sin.

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'T will not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

161 C. M. Ephesus, 378. Bath, 417.

Christian virtues; or, the difficulty of conversion.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'T is but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 [Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry,)
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.]

6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

162 C. M. Wiltshire, 110. Piety, 513.

Meditation of heaven; or, the joy of faith.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

163 C. M. Wanly, 308. Auburn, 517.

Complaint of desertion and temptations.

1 DEAR Lord, behold our sore distress;
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace,
And let thy foes be slain.

2 [The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble sheep:
Reveal the glory of thy power,
And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An Advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's powerful sword
To slay our deadly foes;
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

164 C. M. Abridge, 201. Sprague, 100.

The end of the world.

1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

3 Nature shall be dissolved and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

165 C. M. Arlington, 17. Sidon, 341.

Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]

4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

5 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 [Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high:
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

166 C. M. Tucker's, 285. Warwick, 471.

The Divine perfections.

1 HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 [The great Invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

4 [Speak we of strength? His arm is strong,
To save, or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.]

6 [Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 't will be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

167 L. M. New Creation, 12.

The Divine perfections.

1 GREAT God, thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 [Earth, and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

3 His sovereign power what mortal knows?
If he command, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

6 [The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

7 [Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.]

8 [His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and died
T' engage his justice on our side.]

9 [Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

10 O tell me, with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God, and I 'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

168 L. M. Sterling, 317. Old 100th.

The same.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty:
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

169 148th. Portsmouth New, 144.

The same.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;

The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine
With beams so bright
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 Though all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs:
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
'My Father and my Friend?'
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my powers
And praise the Lord.

170 L. M. N. Creation, 411. Old 100th.

God incomprehensible & sovereign.

1 [CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind? *
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven, 't is deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
Born like a wild young colt he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And swells and snuffs the empty wind.

4 God is a King of power unknown,
Firm as the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

6 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon:*
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.†

7 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

8 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

* Job xi. 7, &c.

* Job xxv. 5. † Job xxvi. 11, &c.

END OF BOOK II.

HYMNS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1 L. M. Old 100th. Wareham, 117.
The Lord's supper instituted.
1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 'This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;'
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine:
'T is the new covenant in my blood.'

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn:
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 Do this,' he cried, 'till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.'

7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]

2 S. M. Shirland, 304. Matthias, 548.
Communion with Christ, and with saints. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God.

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our powers be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

3 C. M. Irish, 171. Mt. Pleasant, 551.
The new testament in the blood of Christ.

1 'THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good.'
He said: and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name:
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of his name
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

4 C. M. Condescension, 116. Mary, 532.
Christ's dying love; or, our pardon bought at a dear price.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 [When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.]

3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to his throne;
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

6 [Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he died;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.]

7 [Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesu's dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

5 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Ann's, 58.
Christ the Bread of Life.
John vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'T is he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who eat that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.]

4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come:
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

6 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Sion, 358.
The memorial of our absent Lord.
John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood,
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
To wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

7 L. M. Job, 474. Melcombe, 35.
Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ. Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

8 C. M. Suffolk, 315. Salem, 139.
The Tree of Life.

1 COME, let us join a joyful tune,
To our exalted Lord,

Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshment here ye found
From this immortal food.

3 The tree of life, that near the throne,
In heaven's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

4 [Hovering amongst the leaves there
The sweet celestial Dove; [stands
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

5 ['T is a young heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

6 New life is spread thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming weapon stand
And guard all Eden's trees:
There 's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruit as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power,
To raise and heal the dead.

9 S. M. Peckham, 7. Sarah, 393.

The Spirit, the water, and the blood.
1 John v. 6.

1 [LET all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]

4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.

6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decrees,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood:
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
A witness to my heart.]

10 L. M. Wareham, 117. Job, 474.

Christ crucified: the Wisdom and Power of God.

1 NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad:
And every labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God:

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart, [join,
Where grace and vengeance strangely
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart
To make the purchased pleasures mine.

5 O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

11 C. M. Sprague, 166. Glasgow, 376.

Pardon brought to our senses.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says, that 'I am his,
And my Beloved 's mine.'

3 'Here,' says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,
'See here the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I died.'

4 [He smiles, and cheers my mournful
And tells of all his pain; [heart,
'All this,' says he, 'I bore for thee,'
And then he smiles again.]

5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 [Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

12 L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60. Peru, 516.

The Gospel feast.
Luke xiv. 16, &c.

1 [HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But at the gospel-call we came,
And every want received supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5 [What shall we pay the eternal Son,
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down
To bring us wanderers back to God?

6 It cost him death to save our lives,
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pitied rebels when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.]

13 C. M. Stephen's, 292. Auburn, 517.

Divine Love making a feast, and calling in the guests.
Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
'Lord, why was I a guest?

4 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there 's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?'']

5 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 [Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

14 L. M. Rochford, 22. Newport, 549.

The song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28; *or, a sight of Christ makes death easy.*

1 NOW have our hearts embraced our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips should learn that joyful song
Were but our hearts prepared like his:
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And, at thy word, depart in peace.

3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.

4 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

5 He is our light; our morning-star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown,
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near the throne.

15 C. M. Naomi, 477. Maidstone, 196.

Our Lord Jesus at his own table.

1 [THE memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;
How rich he spread his royal board,
And bless'd the food, and sung.

2 Happy the men that eat this bread,
But doubly bless'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great favourite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.]

4 Down from the palace of the skies
Hither the King descends;
'Come, my beloved, eat,' he cries,
'And drink salvation, friends.

5 ['My flesh is food and physic too,
A balm for all your pains:
And the red streams of pardon flow
From these my pierced veins.']

6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

7 [Come the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at the heavenly feast.]

16 C. M. Abridge, 201. Crowle, 3.

The agonies of Christ.

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine,
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compared with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love;
Each of us hope he died for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

5 But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and [wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns should sound like those [above,
Could we our voices raise:
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

17 S.M. Falcon-st., 209. Bradley Ch. 442.

Incomparable food: or, the flesh and blood of Christ.

1 [WE sing the amazing deeds
That grace divine performs:
The eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 't is thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things,
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam sought
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5 The angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us the Almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace;
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ;
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the highest.

18 L. M. Portugal, 97. Duke-st., 557.

The same.

1 JESUS, we bow before thy feet,
Thy table is divinely stored:
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'T is living bread; we thank thee, Lord!

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 't is generous wine;
Mingled with love the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart or warm the head,
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Joy to the Master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless;
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

19 L. M. Bampton, 275. Doversdale, 439.

Glory in the cross; or, not ashamed of Christ crucified.

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

20 C. M. Devizes, 14. Providence, 10.

The provisions for the table of our Lord; or, the tree of life and river of love.

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.

2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to 't.

3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice,
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use
In rivulets of love.]

4 The food 's prepared by heavenly art,
The pleasure 's well refined;
They spread new life thro' every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine,
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

21 C. M. Biggleswade, 422.

The triumphant feast for Christ's victory over sin, death, and hell.

1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.]

3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And oh! what melting words he says
To every humble ear.

5 'For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I died;
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side.

6 'These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.

7 ['Justice unsheathed its fiery sword,
And plunged it in my heart;
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
And most tormenting smart.

8 'When hell and all its spiteful powers
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours
I gave my own away.

9 'But while I bled, and groan'd, and died,
I ruin'd Satan's throne;
High on my cross I hung, and spied
The monster tumbling down.

10 'Now you must triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh and blood:
And live eternal ages bless'd,
For 't is immortal food.'

11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

22 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Oswestry, 514.

The compassion of a dying Christ.

1 OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
Oh that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of Heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threatenings sets us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood:
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine:
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

23 C. M. Ludlow, 84. Langshaw, 424.

Grace and glory by the death of Christ.

1 [SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh! 't is impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

24 C. M. New York, 33. Sidon, 341.

Pardon and strength from Christ.

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred cup:
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace:
He bought a large supply.

5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the memory of his name
More than the wine we taste.]

25 C. M. Epsom, 193. Piety, 513.

Divine glories and graces.

1 HOW are thy glories here display'd,
Great God, how bright they shine,
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice:
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight.
And every tear be dry.

DOXOLOGIES.

I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman church; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of Christian worship. I have added also a few Hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner and for the same end.

26 L. M. Coombs, 45. Old 100.

A song of praise to the ever-blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, & Spirit.

1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love;
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God!
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

27 C. M. Irish, 171. Mt. Pleasant, 551.

1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his favourites, to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

28 S. M. Sutton Colefield, 552.

1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and [death
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within!

5 To the great One in Three
That seal this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

29 L. M. Old 100. Crucifixion, 339.

1 GLORY to God the Trinity, [known;
Whose name has mysteries un-
In essence One, in person Three:
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are join'd
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

30 C. M. Ashbourne, 399.

1 THE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

31 S. M. Vermont, 134. Sarah, 393.

1 LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

32 L. M. Wareham, 117. Job, 474.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

33 C. M. New Court, 173. Oswestry, 514.

Or thus:

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

34 C. M. Anne, 58. New Victory, 584.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him [known
Or saints to love the Lord.

35 C. M. Arlington, 17. Auburn, 517.

Or thus:

HONOUR to thee, Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

36 S. M. Sutton Colefield, 552.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

37 S. M. Sharon, 553.

Or thus.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

38 148th. Portsmouth New, 144.

A song of praise to the blessed Trinity.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe.
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
Their faith prevails,
And love adores.

39 148th. Birmingham New, 550.

TO him that chose us first
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse,
To save rebellious man;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.

The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address
The Spirit's name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.

Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise
His honours high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

40 148th. Swithin's, 44.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we sing.

41 148th. Sovereignty, 362.
Or thus:

TO our eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine
Three mysteries in One;
Salvation, power,
And praise be given,
By all on earth,
And all in heaven.

42 L. M. Derby, 169. Shoels, 309.

HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

43 C. M. Christ Church, 420.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace,
Zion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came:
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

44 S.M. Falcon-st.,209. Bradley Ch., 442.

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down
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2 To Christ the anointed King
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

45 148th. Chelsea, 112. Casterton, 18.
Carmarthen, 35.

1 HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim;
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
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THE END.

Tyler & Reed, Printers, Bolt-court, London.

COMPREHENSIVE EDITION.

A

SELECTION OF HYMNS,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

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A GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS;

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LONDON:
WILLIAM WHITTEMORE,
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PREFACE.

THIS Selection of Hymns has, for upwards of half a century, had a very extended circulation. Since it was first published, in 1787, successive additions have been made to it, greatly increasing its usefulness and acceptability.

Notwithstanding the number of Hymns added to former editions, the churches and congregations using "The Selection" needed a still farther increase of Hymns, for the varied circumstances of Public, Social, Family, and Private Worship. To meet to some considerable extent this demand, in addition to the incorporation of former improvements, the present edition is enriched by nearly FOUR HUNDRED ADDITIONAL HYMNS, which have been interspersed throughout the volume, under the several general divisions of subjects, as parts under the number affixed to the former Hymns, it being considered inexpedient to make any alteration in the numbering. The greater portion of those now added have been inserted in the latter sections of the volume, particularly under the following heads :—Before and After Sermon,—the Ordinances,—Missionary and Church Meetings,—Domestic and Parental Piety,—Maternal Associations,—the Young,—the Aged,—Affliction,—Death and Funeral Occasions,—the Second Coming of Christ,—the Day of Judgment,—Heaven, &c.; upon which subjects it is impossible to have too many good Hymns.

It may not be too much to say, in reference to this large number of additional Hymns, that for their scriptural sentiment, poetic excellence, elevated piety, devotional tendency, metrical variety, general appropriateness, and practical utility, they will not suffer by comparison with any similar number of Hymns published. They do honour to the volume in which they are incorporated, and to the age we live in; and to their authors the churches of Christ are under unspeakable obligation. Indeed, it is hardly possible to attach too much importance to this department of Christian literature. The Hymn Book, as an eminent writer* most truly and eloquently remarks, "claims and commands access to the closet and the sanctuary, and is even admitted to companionship with the volume of inspiration. It is the chief mean and channel of the church's praise—it is the settled expression of her views of gospel doctrine—it is the regulated utterance of her experience of the power of truth—it is the mirror of her moral likeness—it is her poetical liturgy, and it enters essentially into all her spiritual exercises and enjoyments."

With these, and the following remarks of the same writer, the Editor of the present work most fully sympathizes: "Such considerations surround the enterprise with awe, and fill the mind of an editor with reverence. He feels that he is engaged in a

* Dr. Campbell.

solemn work—he considers that he is forming an instrument for the sublimest and holiest of purposes—he knows that its utility depends upon the Divine approbation, and that the Eternal Spirit will approve and bless it only in so far as it is the faithful expounder of his own work, and in full harmony with his own word."

Dr. Rippon's Selection has long been all that has been so well stated in the above paragraph. The present edition rests its claims to the continued support of the churches and congregations upon the following grounds :—

1st. *Its comprehensiveness*, comprising as it does, not less than ELEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY HYMNS, exclusive of the "SACRED MELODIES," which form a kind of supplement to the work, and are, as is there stated, intended only for uses less public, though not less important and sacred, which it is hoped will profit the soul, while they please and gratify a poetical and musical taste.

2nd. *Its metrical variety*, which, as singing classes are now being generally formed, for the purpose of improving the character of congregational singing, will be found of no small service in supplying appropriate words to almost every tune which has found a place in the several published collections of Congregational Psalmody. This volume, as the Index of Metres shows, contains Hymns in about ONE HUNDRED DIFFERENT METRES.

3rd. *Facility of reference*, it having, besides an Analysis of Contents and most copious and carefully collated Indices of the First Lines of Hymns—of Metres—of Subjects—and of Scripture Texts—*also an Index of the First Line of* EVERY *Verse*, which in a Collection so extensive as the present, will be a great convenience to those upon whom it devolves to select and read the Hymns in public worship, as well as to those who, either in the sanctuary or in private, may wish to find a Hymn of which they have only a partial recollection.

4th. *Its cheapness*; considering the vast quantity of matter it contains, is without a parallel in the hymnology of the Christian church. It will, therefore, be manifest, that a considerable sale is required to meet the amount of capital embarked in this undertaking: such a sale is most confidently anticipated, because it will have a most powerful claim upon all our churches, inasmuch as—

5th. *The appropriation of the entire profits of all future issues of this and the largest size of the Comprehensive Edition of Dr. Rippon's Selection*, after the liabilities incurred in this enterprise are discharged, and the present design of publication accomplished, will be for the benefit of the widows and orphans of our Ministers and Missionaries. May it please the great Head of the church to continue to make this work a powerful instrument in advancing the interests of his kingdom and the glory of his holy name. Amen.

January 1, 1844

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Hymn 199—Doversdale, 430.

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A

SELECTION OF HYMNS.

GOD.

1 L. M. Addison's, Tune 1.

A song of praise. STENNETT.

1 TO God, the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath, your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame
To celebrate its Builder's fame.

3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
As through the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sovereignty of God.

4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And thro' the night the praise prolong.

5 The listening earth with rapture hears
The harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.

6 But man, endow'd with nobler powers,
His God in nobler strains adores:
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

2 L. M. Old Hundredth, 100.

The unity of God. Deut. iv. 4.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest,
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

3 L. M. Paul's, 246. Fawcett, 184.

The spirituality of God.
John iv. 24. NEEDHAM

1 THOU art, O God! a Spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair?
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?

4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone,
Ours is the God that made the heavens;
Jehovah he, and God alone.

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

4 L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60. Gould's, 272.

Eternity of God. Ps. xc. STEELE.

1 LORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great Father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night!

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom;
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And, with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

6 O make our sacred pleasures rise
In sweet proportion to our pains,
Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.

7 Let thy almighty works appear
With power and evidence divine;
And may the bliss thy servants share
Continued to their children's sons.

8 Thy glorious name, for mercy,
Let all our hearts and lives declare;
Beneath thy kind protection blest,
May all our labours own thy care!

5 L. M. Angel's Hy. 60. Melcombe, 325.
Immortality of God.
Ps. cii. 25—28. DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name!
And low and trembling while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unimpaired survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
Which shines with unimpair'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see;
While grace secures us as a mode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

6 C. M. Bedford, 91. Averidge, 291.
The Infinite. WATTS.

1 THY names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.

2 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous things thy grace:
Immortal day leaps from thine eyes
And Gabriel veils his face.

3 Thine Essence is a vast abyss
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 The mysteries of creation lie
Beyond creation's minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds;

5 Reason may raise the stately hills,
And stretch them pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overwhelms our soul.

6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

7 L. M. Warham, 117. Broadway, 281.
The omnipotence of God.
Ps. cxxxv. MERRICK.

1 YE servants of your God, his praise
In songs of highest praise, proclaim;
Ye who, on his commands attent,
The courts of Israel's Lord frequent.

2 Him praise—the everlasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices rear:
What name like his the heart can cheer?

3 Thy greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest,
With awful gratitude impress'd,
Nor know, among the sons of time,
A power that shall contend with thine:

4 O thou, whose all-disposing sway
The heavens, the earth, and seas, obey;
Whose mighty arm, through all extent,
Sinks through all depth, and height transcends:

5 From earth's low margin to the skies,
Now, bids the pregnant vapour rise;
The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
And gluts with showers the narrow'd lands:

6 Now, from thy storehouse, built on high,
Permits the imprison'd winds to fly,
And, guided by thy will, to sweep
The surface of the foaming deep.

7 Him praise—the everlasting King
And mercy's unexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices pay
What name like his the heart can cheer?

8 PART I. C. M. Chesnuth, 28.
The omnipresence and omniscience of God. Ps. cxxxix.

1 LORD! thou with an unerring beam
Surveyest all my powers:
My rising steps are written by thee:
By thee my resting hours.

2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee:
Around, at home, still I 'm inclosed
With thine immensity.

3 To thee, the hiding-place of my
In open view lay good;
Nor stirring a step from my side
Without thy knowing eye.

4 Behind I glance, and there art there:
Before me, shines thy hand:
Me, it is too strong knowledge, and
Sentence my tender frame.

5 Such knowledge, greater far than man's,
Of my Almighty's mind;
Nor can my reasoning spirit view
Its heavenly source find.

PAUSE.

6 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight,
Or where, through nature's spacious [range,
Shall I elude thy sight?

7 Scaled I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul:
Plunged I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.

8 If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood,—

9 Thither thine hand, all-present God!
Must guide the wondrous way,
And thine omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.

10 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon
Before thy piercing sight.

11 'The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee!'

8 PART II. C. M. Malvern, 404.
The power of God. H. K. WHITE.

1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 [Howl, winds of night, your force com-
Without his high behest, [bine!
Ye shall not in the mountain-pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.]

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate your God.

9 C. M. Abridge, 201. Trinity, 181.
Divine sovereignty. WATTS.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his councils shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown:
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why;
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise;

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

10 PART I. 7's. Alcester, 213.
The majesty of God. B. FRANCIS.

1 GLORY to th' eternal King,
Clad in majesty supreme!
Let all heaven his praises sing,
Let all worlds his power proclaim.

2 Through eternity he reigns,
In unbounded realms of light:
He the universe sustains
As an atom in his sight.

3 Suns on suns, through boundless space,
With their systems move or stand;
Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs rise at his command.

4 Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die,
All forms nothing, nothing all—
At the movement of his eye.

5 O let my transported soul
Ever on his glories gaze!
Ever yield to his control,
Ever sound his lofty praise!

10 PART II. C. M. Hammond, 226.
The majesty of God. STERNHOLD.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

11 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Islington, 40.
The wisdom of God. BEDDOME.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;

Nor let a murmuring thought arise!
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confess'd
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

12 PART I. C. M. Liverpool, 83.

Goodness of God. Nah. i. 7. STEELE.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'T is here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'T is here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

12 PART II. C. M. Staughton, 264.

God is love. 1 John iv. 8.

1 AMID the splendours of thy state,
My God, thy *Love* appears,
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature, through all her ample round,
Thy boundless *Power* proclaims,
And, in melodious accents, speaks
The *Goodness* of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite,
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs—
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy *Love* supremely shines.

6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above—
The joyful and transporting news,
That God the Lord is *Love*.

13 L. M. Derby, 169. Portugal, 97.

Loving-kindness of God. MEDLEY.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good.

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day:
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

14 C. M. Michael's, 119. Piety, 513.

Divine condescension. WATTS.

1 WHEN the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways,
How deep thy judgments be!

15 11's. Geard, 156. Broughton, 172.
The mercy of God.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I 'll sing and its wonders I 'll tell;
'T was Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine!

16 7's. Firth's, 146. Rest, 282.
The long-suffering of God.

1 LORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell?
Still doth thy good Spirit strive—
With the chief of sinners dwell?
Tell it unto sinners, tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer.
Tell it, &c.

3 O the length and breadth of love!
Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me.
Tell it, &c.

4 See a bush that burns with fire,
Unconsumed amidst the flame!
Turn aside the sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am.
Tell it, &c.

5 See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death so near!
I to God the glory give.
Ever tell—to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

17 C. M. Bedford, 91. Abridge, 201.
The holiness of God. NEEDHAM.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 Heaven's brightest lamps, with him compared,
How mean they look, and dim!
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compared with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

4 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

5 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach:
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou, holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

18 L. M. Green's Hund. 89. Old 100th.
Judgment and mercy. BEDDOME.

1 GREAT God, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I 'll speak, of thee I 'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threatenings and thy promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel:

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threatening rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restored:

4 While these excite my fear and joy,
While these my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord! the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

19 L. M. Portugal, 97. Wells, 102.
The faithfulness of God. NEEDHAM.

1 YE humble saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God:
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should *him* tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3 He will not his great self deny;
A God all truth can never lie:
As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frighted rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source!
Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd;

5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth both pass away,—
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, God gave his Son
To die for crimes which men had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

20 L. M. Wareham, 117. Simeon, 357.

God self-sufficient. WATTS.

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor man can learn, nor angels teach!
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon;
No ebb his sea of glory knows!
His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty time let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

21 C. M. Gainsboro', 29. Naomi, 477.

Harmony of the Divine perfections.
Ps. lxxxv. 10. STENNETT.

1 WHEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclosed his kind design
To rescue our apostate race
From misery, shame, and sin;

2 Quick through the realms of light and bliss
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.

3 Yet, 'midst their joys, they paused awhile;
And ask'd with strange surprise,
'But how can injured justice smile,
Or look with pitying eyes?

4 'Will the Almighty deign again
To visit yonder world;
And hither bring rebellious men,
Whence rebels once were hurl'd?

5 'Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,
Aloud for mercy call;
But, ah! must truth and righteousness
To mercy victims fall?'

6 So spake the friends of God and man,
Delighted, yet surprised:
Eager to know the wondrous plan
That wisdom had devised.]

7 The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus replied,
'In me let mercy be rewarded
And justice satisfied.

8 'Behold! my vital blood I pour
A sacrifice to God;
Let angry justice now no more
Demand the sinner's blood:'

9 He spake, and heaven's high arches rung
With universal praise;
He died! the friendly angels sung,
Nor cease their rapturous lays.

22 PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.

Doctrine and use of the Trinity.
Eph. ii. 18. WATTS.

1 FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease,
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

22 PART II. 7's. Stoel, 164.

To the Trinity.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Self-existent Deity,
By the hosts of heaven adored,
Teach us how to worship thee:
Only uncreated mind!
Wonders in thy nature meet;
Perfect unity combined
With society complete.

2 All perfection dwells in thee,
Now to us discovered known,
Three in one, and one in three,
Great Jehovah, God alone!
Be our all, O Lord divine!
Father, Saviour, vital Breath!
Body, spirit, soul be thine,
Now, and at, and after death.

3 Glorious thou in holiness,
Father, didst thy rights maintain,—
Truth and grace at once express,
When thy only Son was slain.
Here is deepest wisdom seen;
Here the richest stores of grace;
Mildest love, and vengeance keen;
O how bright their mingled rays!

4 Fearful thou in praises too,
Loving Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb!
We with joy and rev'rence view
All thy glory, all thy shame!—
Be thy death the death of sin,
Be thy life the sinner's plea;
Save me, teach me, rule within,—
Prophet, Priest, and King to me.

5 Wonder-working Spirit, thine
Th' efficacious grace we sing;
Set on us thy seal divine,
Safely to thy kingdom bring:
Mortify sin, root and deed,
Daily strengthen every grace;
Send us, urge us on with speed,
And let glory crown the race!

23 L. M. Paul's, 246. Angel's Hymn, 60.
Incomprehensibility of God. WATTS.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores—
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

2 From thy great self thy being springs:
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

6 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!

7 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

24 L. M. Lebanon, 79. Mark's, 65.
Moral perfections of God imitated.
Matt. v. 48. NEEDHAM.

1 GREAT Author of th' immortal mind!
For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed a hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O may the grace that pardons me
Constrain me to forgive like thee!

25 L. M. Gloucester, 12. Bromley, 104.
The Divine perfections celebrated.
Ps. lxxxix. cxlv. MERRICK.

1 MY grateful tongue, immortal King!
Thy mercy shall for ever sing;
My verse, to time's remotest day,
Thy truth in sacred notes display.

2 O say what strength shall vie with thine?
What name among the seats divine,
Of equal excellence possess'd,
Thy sov'reignty, great God, contest?

3 Thee, Lord, heaven's host their leader own;
Thee, might unbounded, Thee alone,
With endless majesty has crown'd;
And faith unsullied vests thee round.

4 The heaven above and earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great possessor know:
By thee, this orb to being rose,
And all that nature's bounds enclose.

5 From thee, amid the aerial space,
The north and south assume their place;
'T is thine the ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will its swelling tide.

6 O blest the tribes, whose willing ear
Awakes the festal shout to hear;
Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
Thy favouring beams around them spread.

7 How shall they joy, from day to day,
Thy boundless mercy to display,
Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord,
With holy confidence record!

8 O wise in all thy works! thy name
Let man's whole race aloud proclaim;
And grateful through the length of days,
In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

26 L. M. Old 100th. Buxton, 347.
God exalted above all praise. WATTS.

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step around thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, but man below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

27 PART I. L.M. Lofty Praise, 408.

A summary view of the creation.
Gen. i. NEEDHAM.

1 LOOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes
To Him who dwell's above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who form'd the mighty universe.

2 He spoke, and from the womb of night,
At once sprang up the cheering light:
Him discord heard; and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run:
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
To glide along th' ethereal way.

4 Teeming with life,—air, earth, and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree!
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wondrous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man:
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.

6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty grow with charms divine!

27 PART II. L.M. Brancoate, 8.

God's glory in the heavens.
Ps. xix. ADDISON.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

28 C.M. Crowle, 3. New York, 33.

The Creator the searcher of the heart.
Ps. cxxxix.

1 LORD! thy pervading knowledge strikes
Through nature's utmost gloom,
And in thy encircling arms I lay
A slumberer in the womb.

2 Thee will I honour, for I stand
A volume of thy skill;
Stupendous are thy works, and they
My contemplations fill!

3 Thine eye beheld me when the speck
Of entity began;
And o'er my form, in darkness framed,
Thy rich embroid'ry ran.

4 Th' unfashion'd mass by thee was seen;
My structure in thy book
Was plann'd, before thy curious mould
The future embryo took.

5 How precious are the streaming joys
That from thy love descend!
Would I rehearse their numbers o'er,
Where would their numbers end?

6 Not ocean's countless sands exceed
The blessings of the skies;
With night's descending shades they fall,
With morning splendours rise.

7 Thine awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise:
Lord! to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

29 C.M. Devizes, 14. Hensbury, 323.

The glories of creation. WATTS.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!
Thee the creation sings!
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with the blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love.

30 L. M. Martin's Lane, 67.

God's goodness. DODDRIDGE.

1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord,
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing earth, in verdant robes array'd—
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But oh, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!
There, in the land of praise adore:
The theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an everlasting day.

31 L. M. Rothwell, 174. Virginia, 234.

Providence wise and good. SERLE.

1 THY ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way:
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I 'll trust thee for my guide alone.

32 C. M. Staughton, 264. Arnold's, 268.

Creation and Providence. STEELE.

1 LORD, when our raptured thought [surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise
And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air,
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear:
And O! let man thy praise record,—
Man, thy distinguish'd care!

5 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely bless'd.

7 Thy providence his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

8 On us that providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays:
O may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise!

33 L. M. Green's Hundred, 89.

Providence equitable & kind. Ps. cvii.

1 THROUGH all the various shifting scenes
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

5 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That secret wets the widow's eye.

6 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.

7 This be my care: to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
'Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.'

34 C. M. Gamblers', 29. Church St., 59.

The mysteries of Providence. COWPER.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds we so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

35 C. M. Bedford, 91. York, 515.

Mysteries explained. BEDDOME.

1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.

2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a lingering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

36 C. M. Irish, 171. Exeter, 4.

The traveller's psalm. ADDISON.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is hush'd, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore:
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy servants shall be:
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

37 PART I. C. M. St. James's, 163.

Providence and grace. Ps. cxxxix. STEELE.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy goodness yet my heart inspires
To songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy peculiar care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 [Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes
But my Preserver, God.

4 How many blessings round me shone,
Wherever I turn'd mine eye!
How many pass'd, almost unknown,
Or unregarded by!]

5 Each passing year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

6 While sweet reflection, through my day
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still deeper lessons shall my praise
The messages of thy grace.

7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For my years more divine:
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy graces shine.

8 Lord! when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness flies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

9 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

37 PART II. C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.

Providence explored. LOGAN.

1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed:
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast led us, as our stay and guide;

2 Our years, our journeys, we now present
Before thee, God of grace:
God of our fathers, be thou our God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

THE FALL.

38 L.M. Babylon Streams, 23.

Original sin. WATTS.

1 ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead;
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There 's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak: are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?

3 In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent through the heavenly ground;
There 's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

4 But oh! unmeasurable grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

39 C.M. Walsal, 237. Palmyra, 204.

Indwelling sin lamented. STENNETT.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey;
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the [charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

40 S.M. Wirksworth, 158. Dunbar, 252.

The evil heart. Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19. BEDDOME.

1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within:
My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue:
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

41 L.M. Gould's, 272. Kingsbridge, 88.

Sin and holiness. CRUTTENDEN.

1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die;
Now raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies,
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy and worlds of light.

4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

5 How short the joys thy visits give,
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or intercept its rays at noon!

6 [Again the Spirit lifts his sword,
And power divine attends the word;
I feel the aid its comforts yield,
And vanquish'd passions quit the field.]

7 Great God, assist me through the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

42 L.M. Ulverston, 179. Old 100th.

Sin deplored. DODDRIDGE.

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame:
See scarlet pour'd on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames that no abatement know,
Though brimy tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would redeem,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

SCRIPTURE.

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

43 PART I. C. M. Arabia, 324.
Value of the Scriptures. FAWCETT.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

43 PART II. C. M. New York, 33.
Light and glory of the word. COWPER.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

43 PART III. S.S.6. Serlby, 167.
The Bible a light. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 WHAT is the world? a wildering maze,
Wherein hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

2 Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night:
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

3 Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible! He alone who hath
The Bible, need not stray;
But he who hath, and will not give
That light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

44 L. M. Portugal, 97. Simeon, 357.
The use of Scripture. BEDDOME.

1 WHEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'T is for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers,
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye British isles, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,—
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

45 C. M. Staughton, 264. Prov. Coll. 10.
Riches of God's word. STENNETT.

1 LET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her favourite gold pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here, light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here, promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us bless'd
Is in this book denied

6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find!

46 C.M. Michael's, 119. Adelphi, 405.
Excellency of God's word. STEELE.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

THE MORAL LAW, &c.

47 C.M. Braintree, 25. Sprowston, 365.
Our duty to God. GIBBONS.

1 THAT God, who made the worlds on high,
And air, and earth, and sea,
Own as thy God; and to his name
In homage bow the knee.

2 Let not a shape, which hands have wrought
Of wood, of clay, or stone,
Be deem'd thy God; nor think him like
Aught thou hast seen or known.

3 Take not in vain the name of God;
Nor must thou ever dare
To make thy falsehoods pass for truth,
By his dread name to swear.

4 That day on which he bids thee rest
From toil, to pray and praise—
That day keep holy to the Lord,
And consecrate its rays.

5 O may the God who gave these laws
Write them on every heart,
That all may feel their living power,
Nor from his paths depart!

48 C.M. Worksop, 31. Gainsboro', 29.
Duty to our neighbour. GIBBONS.

1 THY sire, and her who brought thee forth,
With all thy mind and might,
Fear, love, and serve; so shall thy days
Be numerous, calm, and bright.

2 The blood of man thou shalt not shed,
Its voice will pierce the sky;
And thou, by the just laws of Heaven,
For the dire crime shalt die.

3 To thine own couch thou shalt not take
A wife but her thine own:
Vast is the guilt, and on thine head
Heaven darts its vengeance down.

4 Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe,
Take aught by force or stealth;
Thy goods, thy stores, must grow from right,
Or God will curse thy wealth.

5 No man shalt thou, by a false charge,
Or crush, or brand with shame;
Dear as thine own, so wills thy God,
Must be his life and name.

6 Thy soul one wish shall not let loose
For that which is not thine;
Live in thy lot, or small or great,
For God has drawn the line.

49 L.M. Green's Hund. 89. Antiquity, 331.
Tekel. Dan. v. 27. DODDRIDGE.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner! raise thine eye;
Behold the balance lifted high:
There shall God's justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See, in one scale, his perfect law!
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,
Thy works, how light!—thy thoughts, how vain!

3 Behold! the hand of God appears
To trace those dreadful characters;
'Tekel! thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground!'

4 Let sudden fears thy nerves unbrace;
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail,—
Christ in the Scripture turns the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Jesus, exert thy power to save,
Deep on this heart thy truth engrave;
Great God, the load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

50 L.M. Bab. Streams, 23. Pancras, 360.
The convinced sinner.

1 HERE, Lord, my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all thy ten commands;
And on me justly mightst thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal shower.

2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching harms;
And now, O Lord, my wants I see;
Lost and undone, I come to thee.

3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress;
Yet, in thy gospel plan I see
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.

4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord!—
How Christ hath, to thy law, restored
Those honours, on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.

5 Amazing wisdom, power, and love,
Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase,
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

51 C. M. Burford, 198. Adelphi, 405.

Evangelical obedience. COWPER.

1 NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright:
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd, the precept to obey;
But toil'd without success.

3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.

4 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

5 'What shall I do?' was then the word,
'That I may worthier grow?'
'What shall I render to the Lord?'
Is my inquiry now.

6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

52 L. M. Paul's, 246. Green's Hund. 83.

The law and the gospel. WATTS.

1 'CURST be the man, for ever curst,
That dash one wilful sin commit:
Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief, and infinite.'

2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder and fire and vengeance flings;
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things:

3 'Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood:
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God.'

4 Hark how he prays! 'The charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips,' 'Forgive!'
And every groan and gaping wound
Cries, 'Father, let the rebels live!'

5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there;
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair:

6 But I 'll retire beneath the cross—
Saviour, at thy dear feet I 'll lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

53 148th. Eagle Street, 16.

The law. Heb. iv. 2. COWPER.

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more;
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
'Behold, I bear your sins away.'

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free!
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea;—
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And, by a Saviour's death, discharged.

6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me.

THE GOSPEL.

54 L. M. Portugal, 97. Langdon, 217.

The gospel of Christ. BEDDOME.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'T is writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world to view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

55 C. M. Irish, 171. Cambridge New, 74.
The gospel worthy of all acceptation.
1 Tim. i. 15. GIBBONS.

1 JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

2 Into our sinful world he comes,
The Messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find:
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.

4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell;
His words are true and sure,
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immovably secure.

5 O let these tidings be received
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ!

6 'Glory to God, who gave his Son
To bear our shame and pain;
Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
In endless blessings reign.

56 C. M. Wiltshire, 110. Eversley, 335.
The gospel a feast. GIBBONS.

1 ON Sion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare,
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows;
Wine on the lees, and well-refined,
In rich abundance flows.

3 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven!

4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restored,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven.

6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
In thousand channels roll

57 148th. Portsmouth, 144. Jubilate, 473.
The Jubilee. TOPLADY.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,—
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year, &c.

3 [Ye, who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year, &c.]

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year, &c.

5 Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sovereign grace of Heaven;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given:
The year, &c.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year, &c.

7 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

58 L. M. Derby, 169. Job, 474.
The gospel jubilee. DODDRIDGE.

1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin, and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely given;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great;
Their joy still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls, that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And show that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

59 C. M. Oxford, 177. Hammond, 226.
The glorious gospel. 1 Tim. i. 11.
STENNETT.

1 WHAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Through all the gospel shine!
'T is God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his starry throne on high
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The mighty debt that sinners owed
Upon the cross he pays:
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There he, our great High Priest, appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great God, with reverence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace:
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

60 L. M. Gould's, 272. Ulverston, 179.
Salvation by the gospel. WATTS.

1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers & passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh!
'T is there that power and glory dwell
Which saves rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We 'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

61 C. M. London, 180. Follett, 181.
Defence of the gospel. WATTS.

1 SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate God?
Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood?

2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults!
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if his gospel bid us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin!
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the men despised on earth
Still of his grace partake!
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophet spake.

5 Do some that own his sacred truth,
Indulge their souls in sin?
None should reproach the Saviour's name,
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith be firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor ever shun those holy men
Who fear and love the Lord.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

62 5. 6. Bourton, 50. Haughton, 68.
Everlasting love, electing grace, and personal holiness. TOPLADY.

1 HOW happy are we
Our election who see,
And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approved,
Eternally loved,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.

2 'T is sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine!
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we move.

3 Our seeking thy face
Was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands, and shall have all the praise:
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

4 Our Saviour and friend
His love shall extend;
It knew no beginning and never shall end:
Whom once he receives
His Spirit ne'er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

5 This proof we would give
That thee we receive; [lieve;
Thou art precious alone to those who be-
Be precious to us!
All besides is as dross, [thy cross.
Compared with thy love and the blood of

6 Yet one thing we want,
More holiness grant! [pant:
For more of thy mind and thy image we
Thine image impress
On thy favourite race;
O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.

7 Thy workmanship we
More fully would be; [us to thee:
Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform
While onward we move
To Canaan above,
O fill us with holiness, fill us with love.

8 Vouchsafe us to know
More of thee below;
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow;
Our harps shall be tuned,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus through heaven shall resound.

63 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Job, 474.

Election. BEDDOME.

1 WHO shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our God?
Since in the book of life their names
Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood?

2 He, for the sins of all th' elect,
Hath a complete atonement made:
And justice never can expect
That the same debt should twice be paid.

3 Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword;
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from Christ the Lord.

4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.

5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure;
And those who on his word depend
Shall find his word for ever sure.

64 148th. Bethesda, 112. Eagle Street, 16.

Eternal, unchangeable love. Ph. i. 6.

1 O MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,
Though dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me a sinful worm:
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love:
Myself into thine arms I cast,
Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

65 8.7.4. Lewes, 63. Painswick, 162.

Election a source of comfort.

1 SONS we are through God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe;
By eternal destination,
Sovereign grace we here receive;
Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

2 Every fallen soul, by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
Has restored thy sons again:
Countless millions
Shall in life, through Jesus, reign.

3 Pause, my soul! adore, and wonder!
Ask, 'O why such love to me?'
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks, to thee!

4 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease;
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning!
Guide me in the way of peace!
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.

5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee,
Let the power of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me:
Through thy Spirit,
Give the final victory!

6 When the angel sounds the trumpet;
When my soul and body join;
When my Saviour comes to judgment,
Bright in majesty divine;
Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.

7 When in that blest habitation,
Which my God has fore-ordain'd;
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand;
Free grace only
Shall resound through Canaan's land.

66 6.8.4. Leoni, 90. Abraham, 390.

The covenant of God. OLIVER.

1 THE God of Abra'm praise
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!

Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confess'd,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abra'm praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I 'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abra'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

PART THE SECOND.

5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At God's command:
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see
With peace and plenty blest:
The land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness!
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace,
On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

8 The ransom'd nations bow
Before the Saviour's face,
Joyful their radiant crowns they throw
O'erwhelm'd with grace:
He shows his scars of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above,
'The slaughter'd Lamb!'

9 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high,
'Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry:
Hail, Abram's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

67 C. M. Missionary, 257. Salem, 189.

Support in God's covenant.
2 Sam. xxiii. 5. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee
As nature could desire!
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My father art become;
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I 'll wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

68 112th. Scarborough, 203. Canada, 259.

Pleading the covenant.

1 O LORD, my God! whose sovereign love
Is still the same, nor e'er can move,
Look to the covenant and see,
Has not thy love been shown to me?
Remember me, my dearest friend,
And love me always to the end.

2 Be with me still, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My strong, my stubborn will, incline
To be obedient still to thine:
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

69 7's. Sharon, 220. St. Andrew's, 502.

Redeeming love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 He subdued the infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

8 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string!
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

70 L.M. Winchester, 137. Rothwell, 174.
Redemption by Christ alone. STEELE.

1 ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched, guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release:
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid;
Invalued price! his precious blood,
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

4 Jesus the sacrifice became
To rescue guilty souls from hell:
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging justice fell.

5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun;
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

71 8.7.4. Calvary, 297. Kelly's, 419.
Finished redemption. FRANCIS.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
'It is finish'd!'
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 'It is finish'd!'—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
'It is finish'd!'—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe:
'It is finish'd!'
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood!
'It is finish'd!'
Christ has borne the heavy load.]

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

72 L.M. Leeds, 19. Munich, 277.
It is finished. STENNETT.

1 ''TIS finish'd!' so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died:
''T is finish'd'—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 ''T is finish'd'—all that Heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 ''T is finish'd'—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 ''T is finish'd'—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this my last expiring breath.

5 ''T is finish'd'—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

6 ''T is finish'd'—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
''T is finish'd'—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

73 PART I. 8's. Limefield, 94.
Praise for redemption. TURNER.

1 SHALL Jesus descend from the skies
To atone for our sins by his blood,
And shall we such goodness despise,
And rebels still be to our God?

2 [No brute could be ever so base!
Shall man thus ungrateful then prove?
Forbid it, O God of all grace!
Forbid it, thou Spirit of love!

3 The devils would laugh us to scorn,
For folly so shameful as this;
O let us to God then return,
Sure never was goodness like his.]

4 He saved us, or we had been lost,
Nor comfort nor hope had e'er known:
Yet he knew this salvation would cost
No less than the blood of his Son.

5 Through him we forgiveness shall find,
And taste the sweet blessings of peace:
If contrite and humbly resign'd,
We trust in his promised grace.

6 This world, then, with all its gay joy,
That thousands has snared and undone,
May tempt, but shall never destroy,
Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own.

7 While here through the desert we stray,
Our God shall be all our delight;
Our pillar of cloud in the day,
And also of fire in the night;

8 Till, the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
We land on the heavenly shore,
Where we the hid manna shall taste,
Nor hunger nor thirst any more.

9 And there, while his glories we see,
And feast on the joys of his love,
We changed to his likeness shall be,
And then shall all gratitude prove.

73 PART II. 8.7.7. Batavia, 133.

Praise for redeeming love. NEWTON.

1 LET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,
Let us *praise* the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us *love* the Lord who brought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us *sing*, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He who wash'd us with his blood
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us *wonder*, grace and justice
Join, and point to mercy's store;
When through grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more;
He who wash'd us with his blood
Has secured our way to God.

5 Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
'Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!'

6 Hark! the name of Jesus sounded
Loud from golden harps above!
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love!
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by thee we come to God.

74 8.8.6. Chatham, 59. Hinton, 266.

Christ's atonement. TOPLADY.

1 O THOU who didst thy glory leave,
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall,—
If thou hast bought me with a price,
My sins against me ne'er shall rise,
For thou hast borne them all.

2 And wast thou punish'd in my stead?
Didst thou without the city bleed
To expiate my stain?
On earth my God vouchsafed to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The sufferings of the man.

3 Behold him for transgressors given!
Behold the incarnate King of heaven
For us, his foes, expire!
Amazed, O earth! the tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.

4 Ye saints, the Man of Sorrows bless,
The God, for your unrighteousness,
Deputed to atone;
Praise, till, with all the ransom'd throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see him on his throne.

75 8.7. New Zealand, 467.

Gratitude for the atonement.

1 HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

76 7's. Kennington, 498.

Pleading the atonement.

1 FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn to thy anointed one,
Look on thy beloved Son;
Him, and then the sinner, see;
Look through Jesus' wounds on me.

2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear, and show thou hearst my call!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Smile on me a sinner now!
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and melt my heart.

3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo! to his, my suit I join;
Join'd with his, it cannot fail:
Let me now with thee prevail!

4 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
To his bloody sacrifice,—
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid:
And if mine, through him, thou art,
Speak thy mercy to my heart.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Pity from thine eye let fall;
Bless me while on thee I call;
Am I thine, thou Son of God?
Take the purchase of thy blood.

6 Father, see the victim slain,
Offer'd up for guilty men;
Hear his blood-prevailing cry;
Let thy bowels then reply!
Then through him the sinner see;
Then, in Jesus, look on me.

77 C. M. Missionary, 257.

Efficacious grace. WALLIN.

1 HAIL! mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebels must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway:
Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And when thy victories are complete,
When all the chosen race
Shall, round the throne of glory, meet
To sing thy conquering grace;

5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band!
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

78 L. M. Job, 474. Bloomsbury, 413.

The conversion of Zaccheus.

1 ONCE, as the Saviour pass'd along,
Zaccheus fain the Lord would see;
Of stature small, to 'scape the throng,
He ran before, and climb'd a tree.

2 As the omniscient Lord drew nigh,
Upwards he look'd, and saw him there;
'Zaccheus, hasten down, for I
Must be thy guest to-day; prepare.

3 'To-day,' the pard'ning Saviour cries,
'Salvation to thy house is come,
On wings of sov'reign love it flies—
Go, tell the blissful news at home.'

4 Lord, look on souls that gaze around,
To every list'ning sinner speak;
Now may thy ancient love abound;
From every seat a captive take.

5 Sinners, make haste our God to meet,
Come to the feast his love prepares;
The lost are sought and saved, how sweet!
And 'not the righteous,' Christ declares.

6 Say, what are you come out to view,—
Jesus, who once for sinners died?
O hear the Saviour's voice to you,
'Cast sinful, righteous self aside.'

7 Lord, wilt thou stoop to be my guest?
Dost thou invite thee to my home?
Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breast,
To-day let thy salvation come.

79 C. M. New York, 33. Harmonia, 390.

The lost found; or joy in heaven
Luke xv. 3, 4.

1 WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep:

2 But O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wanderer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulders binds.

3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

5 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

6 Well-pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in his arms
And owns him for his sheep.

7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
'A wandering sheep's return'd,' they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

80 C. M. Wantage, 204. Bangor, 231.

The converted thief.
Luke xxiii. 42. STENNETT.

1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

3 'Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven;
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 'Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 'Amidst the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the victories of thy death
Let me a sharer be.'

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
'To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise.'

81 S.M. New Eagle Street, 55. Sarah, 391.

Union to Christ. DODDRIDGE.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal:
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

82 L. M. Rochford, 22. Langdon, 217.

Renewing grace. STENNETT.

1 TO God, my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away:
He saw me weltering in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Through the remainder of my days;
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

83 L.M. Babylon Streams, 23. Paul's, 246.

Human righteousness insufficient.

1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face?
How, in thy purer eyes, appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy?
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?—

3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood?—
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast—
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

5 Guilty, I stand before thy face;
My sole desert is hell and wrath:
'T were just the sentence should take place;—
But O, I plead my Saviour's death!

6 I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for sinners on the tree;
I plead his righteousness alone;
O put the spotless robe on me.

84 L. M. Leeds, 19. Luton, 30.

Imputed righteousness. CENNICK.

1 JESUS, thy perfect righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in this array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies:
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
'Jesus hath lived, and died for me.'

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While, through thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

85 112th. Simeon's Song, 438.
The pardoning God. Mic. vii. 18.
PRESIDENT DAVIES.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare:
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 Angels and men resign their claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic choirs above;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

86 C. M. Ludlow, 84. Stafford, 92.
Pardoning love. Jer. iii. 22. STEELE.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, *Return:*
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

87 L. M. Milbank, 113. Albina, 145.
Divine forgiveness. GIBBONS.

1 FORGIVENESS! 't is a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die:
Publish the bliss the world around:
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'T is the rich gift of love divine:
'T is full, outmeasuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of Heaven
What grateful honours shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven
Let love in equal ardours glow:

5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound,

88 S. M. Wirksworth, 158. Dunbar, 252.
Confession and pardon. WATTS.

1 MY sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God!
Pour out a long complaint.

2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.

3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies;
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.

4 Oh, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

5 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

6 'Rise,' says the Saviour, 'rise,
Behold my wounded veins!
Here flows a sacred crimson flood
To wash away thy stains.'

7 See, God is reconciled!
Behold his smiling face!
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

89 C.M. Bath Chapel, 26. Hensbury, 323.
Pardon by Christ. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven:
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I 'll tread;
Cheerful, I 'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

90 L. M. Virginia, 234. Kingsbridge, 88.
Despair sinful. STOGDON.

1 WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or loved to see us drench'd in tears,
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.

2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

3 Not all the sins which we have wrought
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind, injurious thought,
That he 's unwilling to forgive.

4 What tho' our crimes are black as night
Or glowing like the crimson morn!
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow through the pure ether borne.

5 Lord, 't is amazing grace, we own,
And well may rebel worms surprise;
But, was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice!

6 'I 've found a ransom,' said the Lord,
'No humble penitent shall die:'
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try.

91 8.6.8. Ewell, 80. Weston Favel, 27.
Adoption. CRUTTENDEN.

1 LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God! thy son,
Own me an heir divine:
I 'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown;
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honours, here I crave,
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.

4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives;
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall, while endless years endure.

5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou, too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough! I wait th' appointed day;
Blest Saviour, haste, and come away.

92 C. M. Braintree, 25. Stamford, 9.
Abba, Father! Gal. iv. 6. DODDRIDGE.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor while a worm would raise its head
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father—God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And 'Abba, Father!' humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

93 C. M. Otford, 106. Follet, 181.
True liberty. DODDRIDGE.

1 HARK! for 't is God's own Son that [calls
To life and liberty;
Transported fall before his feet
Who makes the prisoners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain;
Smiling he deals those pardons round
Which free from endless pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And 'Abba, Father!' cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace;
The sinner's Friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

94 7's. Georgia, 192. St. Austin's, 460.
The privileges of the sons of God. HUMPHREYS.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them number'd may we be,
Now, and through eternity.

2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe;
With them, &c.

3 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them, &c.

4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within:
With them, &c.

5 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.

6 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy:
With them, &c.

7 They alone are truly blest—
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are fill'd;
They are, by his Spirit, seal'd;
With them number'd may we be,
Now, and through eternity.

95 L. M. Portugal, 97. Alfred, 509.

Christians the sons of God.
John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1. STENNETT.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3 [On them, a happy chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace:
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.

4 Their infant cries, their tender age,
His pity and his love engage:
He clasps them in his arms, and there
Secures them with parental care.]

5 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

6 When through temptation they rebel,
His chastening rod he makes them feel;
Then with a father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain and heals the smart.

7 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

8 If I 've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee *Abba, Father!* too.

9 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

96 S. M. Harboro', 142. Australia, 462.

Communion with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. 1 John i. 5. DODDRIDGE.

1 OUR heavenly FATHER calls,
And CHRIST invites us near!
The SPIRIT makes our friendship sweet
And our communion dear.

2 GOD pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 JESUS, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care:
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

PAUSE.

5 The SPIRIT gives new life,
And prayer and praise inspires;
'T is He who plucks the worthless brands
From the devouring fires.

6 He carries on his work
Of grace where'er begun;
He sheds abroad the Father's love,
And glorifies the Son.

7 This love and grace shall make
Our grateful incense burn;
Our hearts, our lives are borne away;
For love we love return.

8 Blest fellowship, how sweet,
With God the sacred Three!
But if imperfect grace is bliss,
What then must glory be?

9 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

97 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Monmouth, 380.

Communion with God. BEDDOME.

1 MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heaven—that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above;
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Emptied of sin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn;
Art thou withdrawn? again return:
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

98 C. M. Condescension, 116.

Walking with God. COWPER.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

99 C. M. Worksop, 31. Glasgow, 376.
Sins & sorrows laid before God. WATTS.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I 'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I 'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I 'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I 'd plead for his own mercy's sake
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

100 C. M. Abridge, 201. Ellenboro', 170.
Sanctification & pardon. WATTS.

1 WHERE shall we sinners hide our heads?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly;
Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

4 We bless that wondrous purple stream
That cleanses every stain,
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath;
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

101 PART I. L. M. Mark's, 65.
Life by Christ. DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name,
Who on so kind an errand came;
Came, that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.

2 Hail, great Immanuel! from above,
High seated on thy throne of love,
O pour the vital torrent down,—
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.

3 Scarce half alive we sigh and cry,
Scarce raise to thee our languid eye;
Kind Saviour, let our dying state
Compassion in thy heart create.

4 The Shepherd's blood the sheep must heal;
O may we all its influence feel!
Till inward deep experience show
Christ can begin a heaven below.

101 PART II. L.M. Winchester, 137.
Justification and Sanctification.

1 WE hail that condescending grace
Which shows a Saviour's righteousness!
Eternal honours to that name
Which covers all our guilt and shame!

2 O may his blood, that boundless sea,
Purge all our deepest stains away;
And we, renew'd by grace divine,
More in our Lord's resemblance shine.

101 PART III. 8.7. Vienna, 330.
Conformity to Christ. C. WESLEY.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

102 S. M. Simon's, 250. Broderip's, 252.
The leper healed. STENNETT.

1 BEHOLD the leprous Jew,
Oppress'd with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
For pity and relief.

2 'O speak the word,' he cries,
'And heal me of my pain:
Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
To make a leper clean.'

3 Compassion moves his heart;
He speaks the gracious word;
The leper feels his strength return,
And all his sickness cured.

4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
Sick of a worse disease:
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me ease.

5 But thy almighty grace
Can heal my leprous soul:
O bathe me in thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole.

103 S. M. Hopkins, 157. Reuben, 328.
The security of Christ's sheep. John x. 27—29. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks:

2 'I know my sheep,' he cries,
'My soul approves them well:
Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 'I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams above.

4 'Unnumber'd years of bliss
I to my sheep will give;
And, while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.

5 'This tried almighty hand
Is raised for their defence;
Where is the power shall reach them [there?
Or what shall force them thence?'

6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

104 L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60
Safety in Christ. DODDRIDGE.

1 THE deluge, at the Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close-pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry
Of millions in the last despair,
Re-echoed from the low'ring sky!

4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint!
Surrounded with a chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steer'd him thro'.

5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall;
Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat;
Then the wide flood which buries earth
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne
Seals endless life to all their souls.

105 C. M. Bedford, 91.
Perseverance. Ps. cxix. 117.

1 LORD, hast thou made me know thy [ways?
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape secure from harm
Amid the dreadful storm.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend
Till all my toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

106 L.M. Kingsbridge, 88. Ulverston, 179.
Perseverance desired. STENNETT.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, and my God,
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy [blood;
By ties both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be, thine.

2 But, ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me
For such ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate;
And yet so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!
Grace in the needful hour afford:
O steel this timorous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears:
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Christian name.

107 5. 6. Horsington, 219. Winwick, 75.
Method of salvation. TOPLADY.

1 THEE, Father, we bless,
Whose distinguishing grace
Selected a people to show forth thy praise;
Nor is thy love known
By election alone; [Son.
For, O, thou hast added the gift of thy

2 The goodness in vain
We attempt to explain, [men;
Which found and accepted a ransom for
Great SURETY of thine,
Thou didst not decline [ous design.
To concur with the Father's most graci-

3 To Jesus our friend,
Our thanks shall ascend, [the end;
Who saves to the utmost, and loves to
Our ransom he paid!
In his merit array'd, [made.
We attain to the glory for which we were

4 Sweet Spirit of grace!
Thy mercy we bless, [peace;
For thy eminent share in the council of
Great Agent Divine
To restore us is thine, [shine.
And cause us afresh in thy likeness to

5 O God, 't is thy part
To convince and convert; [heart;
To give a new life, and create a new
Thy presence and grace
Sustain in our race, [our days.
Thus we're kept in thy love to the end of

6 Father, Spirit, and Son,
Agree thus in one, [his own;
The salvation of those he has marked for
Let us, too, agree,
To glorify thee,—
Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three!

108 8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 223.
Free salvation. 2 Tim. i. 9.

1 JESUS is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem;
He has saved his favourite nation;
Join to sing aloud to him;
He has saved us,
Christ alone could us redeem.

2 When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing—
Grace did more than sin abound;
He has called us,
With salvation in the sound.

3 Save us from a mere profession!
Save us from hypocrisy!
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee:
Best of favours!
None compared with this can be.

4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee;
Make us walk as pilgrims here:
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near;
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final falling;
All the glory, Lord, be thine;
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, is thine.

109 C. M. Great Milton, 212.
Complete salvation.

1 SALVATION through our dying God
Shall surely be complete;
He paid whate'er his people owed,
And cancell'd all their debt.

2 He sends his Spirit from above
Our nature to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.

3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiven;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heaven.

4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
'A sinner saved!' I 'll cry;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

110 11. 8. Calne, 69. Beaconsfield, 454.
Distinguishing grace. Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims! for Sion who press, [days,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love, from eternity, fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame, [drew,
When each with the cords of his kindness he
And brought you to love his great name.

3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt; [in sin,
You all would have lived, would have died, too,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'T was 'Even so, Father!' you ever must sing,
'Because it seem'd good in thy sight.'

5 'T was all of thy grace we were brought to obey,
While others were suffer'd to go
The road which by nature we chose as our way,
Which leads to the regions of woe

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs; [fame,
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
And crown him in each of your songs.

111 PART I C. M. Irish, 171.
The grace of God. BEDDOME.

1 GREAT God, 't is from thy sovereign grace
That all my blessings flow; [grace
Whate'er I am, or do possess,
I to thy mercy owe.

2 'T is this my powerful lusts controls,
And pardons all my sin;
Spreads life and comfort through my soul,
And makes my nature clean.

3 'T is this upholds me whilst I live,
Supports me when I die;
And hence, ten thousand saints receive
Their All, as well as I.

4 How full must be the springs from whence
Such various streams proceed!
The pasture cannot but be rich
On which so many feed.

111 PART II. S. M. Cranbrook, 303.
Salvation by grace. DODDRIDGE.

1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'T was grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

112 C.M. Weybridge, 92. Gratitude, 383.
Glory of God in salvation. WATTS.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 [Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.]

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

4 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,—
We love and we adore;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

5 Here the whole Deity is known:
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 [When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!]

7 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

8 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

113 C. M. Piety, 513. Triumphant, 437.
I am thy salvation. DODDRIDGE.

1 SALVATION!—O melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains!
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!

3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears,
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

114 PART I. L. M. Paul's, 246.
God reasoning with men. STENNETT.

1 'COME, sinners,' saith the mighty God
Heinous as all your crimes have [been.
Lo! I descend from mine abode
To reason with the sons of men.

2 'No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No vengeful lightnings flash around;
I come with terms of life and peace;
Where sin hath reign'd, let grace abound.'

3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow;
O make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.

4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

114 PART II. L. M. Lebanon, 79.
Seek ye my face. Ps. xxvii. 8.

1 JEHOVAH speaks; 'Seek ye my face!'
My soul admires the wondrous grace;
'I 'll seek thy face'—thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face and live.

2 I 'll wait; perhaps my Lord may come;
'If I turn back how sad my doom!'
And, begging, in his way I 'll lie
Till the sweet hour he passeth by.

3 Daily I 'll seek with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;
And if not heard, I 'll weeping sit,
And perish at the Saviour's feet.

4 But canst thou, Lord! see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive,—
The soul that seeks thy face *shall* live.

114 PART III. L. M. Islington, 40.
Sinners invited. Isa. i. 18.

1 'COME now,' ye sinners, saith the Lord,
And hear my kind inviting word;
'Come, reason with me,' and embrace
The plenitude of gospel grace.

2 I give the new, the feeling heart,
The godly grief, the pleasing smart.
The faith that tells your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven—

3 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The conscience clad with tenderness,
The genuine meek humility,
The wonder, 'Why such love to me?'

4 I give, with every saving grace,
Super-angelic righteousness;
The pardon ratified with blood,
The right to heaven, enthroned with God.

5 O rich bequests! and are they free?
Lord, grant, O grant them all to me;
The inviting COME has won my heart:
I might have heard the sound—DEPART.

114 PART IV. S. M. Henley, 38.
The water of life. DODDRIDGE.

1 HOW free the fountain flows
Of endless life and joy!
That spring which no confinement knows,
Whose waters never cloy!

2 How sweet the accents sound
From the Redeemer's tongue!
Assemble, all ye nations round,
In one obedient throng.

3 The Spirit bears the call
To all the distant lands;
The church, the bride, reflects it back,
While Jesus waiting stands.

4 'Ho, every thirsty soul,
Approach the sacred spring;
Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer,
Renew the draught, and sing.

5 'Let all that will approach,
The water freely take;
Free from my opening heart it flows,
Your raging thirst to slake.'

6 With thankful hearts we come
To taste the offer'd grace;
And call on all that hear to join
The trial and the praise.

114 PART V. 7's. Aldwinkle, 312.
Come and welcome. HAWEIS.

1 FROM the Mount of Calvary,
Where the Saviour deign'd to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear!—
'Love's redeeming work is done!
COME AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME!

2 'Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
All the curse on me was laid;
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
COME AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME!

3 'Now behold the festal board
With its richest dainties stored:
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Once again a child confess'd,
From his house no more to roam:
COME AND WELCOME, SINNER, COME!'

115 PART I. 8. 7. 4. Helmsley, 222.
Come and welcome. HART

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore.
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty gratify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the *fitness* he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'T is his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finished!
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name!
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

115 PART II. 8.7.4. Painswick, 162.
The gospel message. FOUNTAIN.

1 SINNERS, you are now addressed
In the name of Christ our Lord;
He hath sent a message to you,
Pay attention to his word;
He hath sent it,
Pay attention to his word.

2 Think what you have all been doing,
Think what rebels you have been;
You have spent your lives in nothing
But in adding sin to sin:
All your actions
One continued scene of sin.

3 Yet your long-abused Sovereign
Sends to you a message mild,
Loth to execute his vengeance,
Prays you to be reconciled:
Hear him woo you,—
'Sinners, now be reconciled.'

4 Pardon now is freely publish'd
Through a Mediator's blood;
Who hath died to make atonement
And appease the wrath of God!
Wondrous mercy!
See it flows through Jesus' blood!

5 In his name you are entreated
To accept this act of grace;
This the day of your acceptance,
Listen to the terms of peace:
O delay not,
Listen to the terms of peace.

6 Having thus, then, heard the message,
All with heavenly mercy fraught;
Go, and tell the gracious Jesus
If you will be saved or not:
Say, poor sinner,
Will you *now* be saved or not?

115 PART III. L. M. Gould's, 272.
Why will ye die? RYLAND.

1 WHY, thoughtless sinner, wilt thou die?
Can the infernal regions charm?
Or wilt thou yet believe the lie,
That sin can do thy soul no harm?

2 God has pronounced the sinner's doom;
In ruin soon his course must end:
Wilt thou on peace in sin presume?
Or on what confidence depend?

3 Hast thou an arm like God most high,
In equal war with him to meet?
Canst thou his thunderbolts defy?
Or quench his flames beneath thy feet?

4 Deluded worm!—beware in time;
Now let the fatal contest cease;
Confess thy guilt, abhor thy crime,
And humbly sue for terms of peace.

5 Peace is proclaim'd! O bless the sound
Of pardon bought with blood divine:
God has himself the ransom found,
Which could atone for sins like thine.

6 Embrace him with ecstatic joy;
His praise proclaim with every breath:
Who him reject their souls destroy;
Who hate him are in love with death.

115 PART IV. L. M. New Sabbath, 122.
The unworthy not unwelcome; but made willing.

1 HOW sweet thy invitations be!
But are they, Lord, for such as we?
We, who transgressors are, and vile,
And most unworthy of thy smile?

2 Unworthy of the ground we tread,
The liquid drop, the crumb of bread;—
Of sight, of hearing, feeling, taste,
Then much more of thy saving grace.

3 But thou didst once a feast prepare,
And all around were welcome there;
Those who obey'd the festive call,
And those who *would not* come at all.

4 Yet though we all *unworthy* be,
Are we *unwelcome*, Lord, to thee?
For thou invitest us to come,
And find in thee our blissful home.

5 We hail thy invitations, Lord,
These are our *welcome* in thy word;
But higher praise is yet thy due,
If thou hast made us *willing* too.

6 [Let others know th' attractive day,
And never more perversely say,
We WILL NOT *come for life to Thee*—
But, WE WILL to the Saviour flee.]

7 As all are *welcome* to thy grace,
Th' unworthiest of the human race;
Make thousands *willing*, Lord, we pray,
Draw them by cords of love to-day.

115 PART V. L. M. China, 300.
The Samaritan woman.

1 NOW if I visit Jacob's well,
And ask, while Christ himself is [there
He'll freely give the vital stream—
Where he is, living waters are.

2 My fainting soul shall thirst no more
For sensual streams of bliss below,
When I have tasted those rich springs,
Which into life and glory flow.

3 'T is without money, without price,
My soul may richly take her fill;
None shall be empty sent away,
For all may come and draw that will.

4 I leave my pitcher at the well,
And haste my numerous friends to bring,
That we may all together go,
And drink of that delightful spring.

5 Lord, let them taste as I have done,
And then their ready cheerful feet
Will go, not for my word alone,
But go, because they find it sweet.

115 PART VI. 7's. Prague, 458.

The wanderer invited. C. WESLEY.

1 WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace, unspeakable, unknown:
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son has given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

115 PART VII. 7.6. Deptford, 124.

Seeking souls encouraged. NEWTON.

1 SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry,
He has pardons to impart,
And grace to save from fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face.
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel?
Or dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

3 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs his throne surround!
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found.
Yield not then to unbelief;
He says, 'There yet is room:'
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

115 PART VIII. 7's. Turin, 244.

Sinners invited.

1 YE that in these courts are found,
List'ning to the joyful sound;
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bloody sacrifice:
See through him your sins forgiven;
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

116 PART I. C.M. Crowle, 3.

Let the wicked forsake his way. Isa. v. 7. FAWCETT.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'T is mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
To reap immortal woe!

5 But he that turns to God shall live
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

116 PART II. L.M. Hamburgh, 340.

Angels hastened Lot. Gen. xix. 15.

1 HASTEN, O sinner, *to be wise*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten *mercy to implore*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, *to return*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, *to be blest*,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state!
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late!

116 PART III. L. M. Rowles, 73.
The strait gate. GREGG.

1 STRAIT is the gate; but Jesus cries,
'Sinner, set forth and reach the skies;
The seats of bliss I long to fill,
Here's room for thousands, millions still.'

2 What can th' invited sinner say?
Say this:—'Behold, I come away!
I will provoke thy love no more;
O do not rise and shut the door!'

3 Say this, and heaven, with new-raised song,
Shall hail, and bid thee come along;
'No!' cries the sinner, with disdain,
'If Jesus calls, he calls in vain.'

4 Jesus the slighted call renews:
O sinner, canst thou still refuse?
Then to yon wider gate repair;
Go, and resolve to enter there.

5 Resolve it not:—to Jesus *fly*,
With breaking heart, and streaming eye;
With crimson shame thy sins deplore,
Then he 'll not rise and shut the door.

6 Yes, *fly!* for in this journey know
The rapid racer moves too slow:
Jesus shall smile to see you soar,
And wider throw th' eternal door.

116 PART IV. S. M. Stoke, 207.
To-day. Heb. iii. 7.

1 ALL yesterday is gone,
To-morrow 's not our own;
What day is better than to-day
To bow before the throne?

2 Why should we yet delay,
And not to God return?
How sad to have our oil to buy
When we should have it burn!

3 O hear his voice *to-day*,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the sound—DEPART.

116 PART V. S. M. Shirland, 304.
To-morrow. DODDRIDGE.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.

116 PART VI. L. M. Coombs's, 45.
The union of duty and felicity.

1 MY soul, aspire to all the height
Of love, and duty, and delight;
While thou art found in this employ,
Thou shalt a smiling God enjoy.

2 'Hear while he speaks,' he speaks to-day;
'Pray while he hears,' unceasing pray;
'Believe his promises,' and then
'Obey, while he commands.'—Amen.

116 PART VII. 104th. Hanover, 130.
The same.

'HEAR God while he speaks,' then hear him to-day;
'And pray while he hears,' unceasingly pray;
'Believe in his promise,' rely on his word,
And, 'while he commands' you, 'obey' your great Lord.

116 PART VIII. L. M. Eaton, 291.
Whosoever will, let him come, &c.

1 THE Saviour's fulness far excels
All Jordan's streams and Salem's wells;
Come then, poor sinner, come and see
If there is in it nought for thee.

2 Ye doubting sinners, come and try,
For Christ will not his grace deny;
Then draw with joy, your vessels fill,
Come, draw and drink, whoever will!

3 The blessed Spirit now invites,
And, lo! the happy bride unites;
And Jesus calls—be not afraid,
For such as you the well was made.

4 Yes; justice made it in the Lamb,
And mercy grants it in his name;
In it there is a boundless store
For us and for ten thousand more.

5 And is it open, full, and free?
Then, Lord, 't is suitable for me;
O grant me now a rich supply,
That I may drink, and never die.

6 [But, careless sinner, know it well,
There 's not a single drop in hell:
No; not a drop to cool the heart,
A single drop to ease your smart.]

7 Ye saints, your constant tribute bring
For this divine, exhaustless spring;
Soon Christ will bring you to the skies,
Where living fountains ever rise.

116 PART IX. C. M. Sprowston, 365.
The axe laid to the root of unfruitful trees. Matt. iii. 13. DODDRIDGE.

1 THE Lord into his vineyard comes,
Our various fruits to see:
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Examines every tree.

2 Tremble, ye sinners, at his frown,
If barren still ye stand;
And fear that keenly-wounding axe
Which arms his awful hand.

3 Close to the root, behold it laid,
To make destruction sure;
Who can resist the mighty stroke?
Or who the fire endure?

4 Lord, we adore thy sparing love,
Thy long-expecting grace;
Else had we low in ruin fall'n,
And known no more our place.

5 Succeeding years thy patience waits,
Nor let it wait in vain;
But form in us abundant fruit,
And still this fruit maintain.

116 PART X. L.M. Morning Hymn, 398.

The gospel jubilee.

1 HARK! hark! the gospel trumpet sounds,
Thro' the wide earth the echo bounds;
Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood,
Sinners are reconciled to God.

2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join.

3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim,
And spread abroad his matchless fame.

116 PART XI. 8.7.4. Helmsley, 223.

Sinners invited to Christ. SWAIN.

1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown.
Look to Jesus—
Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke, and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransom'd captives meet.

3 Blessed are the eyes that see him;
Blest the ears that hear his voice;
Blessed are the souls that trust him,
And in him alone rejoice:
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

116 PART XII. S.M. Mornington, 47.

Attention to God's word. DODDRIDGE

1 THE Lord Jehovah calls,
Be every ear inclined;
May such a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.

2 If he in thunder speaks,
Each tremblers at his nod;
But gentle accents here proclaim
The condescending God.

3 O harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to-day;
Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,
He call your souls away.

4 Almighty God, pronounce
The word of conquering grace;
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
And scorners seek thy face.

117 L.M. Kingsbridge, 88. Buxton, 347.

Weary souls invited to rest. STEELE.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distrest,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load;
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes:
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

118 148th. Eagle Street, 16. Bethesda, 12.

Yet there is room. BODEN.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there 's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name;
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

119 7's. Hotham, 224. Bath Abbey, 147.

Compel them to come in.

1 LORD, how large thy bounties are
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!

Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

2 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need;
Glory to forsake, and God,
See they run with rapid speed;
Draw them back by love divine,
With thy grace their spirits win:
Every heart, &c.

3 Thus their willing souls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God and grace again:
Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin:
Every heart, &c.

120 C. M. Huddersfield, 202.
The Saviour's invitation. STEELE.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain,
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come; 't is mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts;
And drink and never die.

121 PART I. 8. 8. 6. Chatham, 59.
Whosoever will, let him come.

1 YE scarlet-colour'd sinners! come;
Jesus, the Lord, invites you home;
O whither can you go!
What! are your crimes of crimson hue?
His promise is for ever true,
He 'll wash you white as snow.

2 Backsliders! fill'd with your own ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterness are spent,
Return to Jesus, he 'll reveal
His lovely face, and sweetly heal
What you so much lament.

3 Tried souls! look up—he says, 'tis I,—
He loves you still, but means to try
If faith will bear the test:
The Lord has given the chiefest good,
He shed for you his precious blood;
O trust him for the rest!

4 Ye tender souls! draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,
Who feel the debt you owe;—
Press on, the Lord hath more to give:
By faith upon him daily live;
And you shall find it so.

121 PART II. C. M. Cambridge New, 74.
The invitation of wisdom.

1 LO! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
And slight her powerful charms?

2 She, generous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure;
Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
Nor finest gold so pure.

3 Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures which never cloy!
'Come, drink of bliss unmix'd with pain
And taste celestial joy.'

4 Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies;
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

121 PART III. L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Wisdom's invitation accepted.

1 I HEAR the counsel of a friend,
And to his soothing voice attend;
'Come, sinners, wretched, blind, and poor,
Come, buy from my unbounded store.

2 'I only ask you to receive,
For freely I my blessings give:'
Jesus, and are thy blessings free?
Then I may dare to come to thee.

3 I come for grace, like gold refined,
T' enrich and beautify my mind:
Grace that will trials well endure,
And in the furnace grow more pure.

4 Naked, I come for that bright dress,
Thy perfect spotless righteousness;
That glorious robe, so richly dyed
In thine own blood, my shame to hide.

5 Like Bartimeus, now to thee
I come, and pray that I may see:
Ev'n clay is eye-salve in thy hand,
If thou the blessing but command.

6 Here, wretched, poor, and blind I came;
O let me not return the same;
Let me depart, all-gracious Lord!
Happy, enrich'd, to sight restored.

122 L. M. Green's Hun. 89. Wareham, 117.
The first promise. BEDDOME.

1 WHEN, by the tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam, our head and parent, fell,
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Through all the mazy deeps of hell.

2 Infernal powers rejoiced to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
But God proclaims his great decree,—
Pardon and mercy through his Son.

3 'Serpent, accursed, thy sentence read;
Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel;
The woman's seed shall break thy head,
Thy malice faintly bruise his heel.'

4 Thus God declares; and Christ descends,
Assumes a mortal form, and dies;
Whilst, in his death, death's empire ends,
And the proud conqueror conquer'd lies.

5 Dying, the King of Glory deals
Ruin to all his numerous foes;
His power the Prince of Darkness feels,
And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.

123 L. M. Lebanon, 79. Alfred, 509.
Deut. xxxiii. 25. FAWCETT.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty –
Still, 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And 'as thy days, thy strength shall be.'

124 C. M. Great Milton, 212.
Fear not, I am with thee.
Isa. xli. 10. DODDRIDGE.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

2 Dost thou a Father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak
To soothe their sad complaints?

3 Why droop our hearts, why flow our eyes,
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?

4 To all thine other favours, add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

125 PART I. C. M. Maidstone, 196.
Sufficient grace. NEEDHAM.

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint;
'My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.

2 'My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove;
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love.'

3 What though my griefs are not removed,
Yet why should I despair?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,
'T is good to trust thy name;
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform;
And, smiling, triumph in thy name
Amid the raging storm.

125 PART II. 104th. Stockwell, 140.
The Lord will provide. NEWTON.

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, 'The Lord will provide.'

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 't is written, 'The Lord will provide.'

3 His call we obey, as Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers, 'The Lord will provide.'

4 When Satan appears to step up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, 'The Lord will provide.'

5 He tells us we're weak; our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we never shall obtain:
But when such a suggestion our spirits have pined,
This answers all questions, 'The Lord will provide.'

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, 'The Lord will provide.'

126 C. M. New York, 33. Devizes, 14.
My God shall supply all your need.
Phil. iv. 19, 20. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY God!—how cheerful is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fix'd his seat.

2 What want shall not our God supply
From his redundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours!

3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow:
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has loved us so.

4 Now, to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.

127 C.M. Arlington, 17. Hammond, 226.
Fear not. Luke xii. 32. DODDRIDGE.

1 YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares,
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence: [voice
'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight:
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these:
And, o'er the pious dead, we sing
Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless the Saviour's name:
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.

128 PART I. 11's. Geard, 156.
Precious promises. KIRKHAM.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
'As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 'When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 'When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 'E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes; [shake,
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
I 'll never, no never, no never forsake.'

128 PART II. 104th. Hanover, 130.
Promises animating to prayer.

1 THOU Greatest and Best, O bow down thine ear,
Attend my request, and answer my prayer;
Remember me always, my God, for my good,
Thou, thou by the needy hast evermore stood.

2 O gracious reply! thou sayest, 'I will,
I earnestly do remember thee still;
Thy kindness I saw in the days of thy youth;
Thy love of espousals when walking in truth.

3 'Remember I do thy foes and thy fears,
Thy praises and prayers, thy joys and thy tears;
Should others forget thee, my signet thou art,
Yea, thou art engraved on my hands and my heart.

4 'Then as thou art mine, my care and my boast,
Believing rejoice, and no more distrust;
Rely on my promise, Thou never shalt be,
O Israel, my Israel, forgotten of me.'

CHRIST.

129 PART I. C.M. Abridge, 201.
The Divinity of Christ.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Word,
The Father's equal Son;
By heaven's obedient hosts adored,
Ere time its course begun.

2 The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine;
For not a single thing was made
By other hands than thine.

3 But, ransom'd sinners, with delight
Sublimer facts survey,—
The all-creating Word unites
Himself to dust and clay.

4 See the Redeemer clothed in flesh,
And ask the reason 'Why?'
The answer fills my soul afresh—
'To suffer, bleed, and die!'

5 Creation's Author now assumes
A creature's humble form;
A man of grief and woe becomes,
And trod on like a worm.

6 The Lord of Glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due;
Justice the Prince of Life condemns
To die in anguish too.

7 God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures;
And thus to souls with sin distrest,
Eternal bliss insures.

8 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Saviour all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

129 PART II. C.M. Nativity, 522.

The incarnation. MEDLEY.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down from the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light,
The wondrous scene unfurl'd.

6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
'Good-will and peace' are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

7 O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!

8 With joy the chorus we 'll repeat,
'Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die!'

9 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

129 PART III. C.M. America, 265.

Christ incarnate—to die.

1 'A GOD, a God!' the wide earth shouts—
'A God!' the heavens reply;
The choral universe resounds—
A God is born—*to die!*

2 Jehovah Jesus is his name—
Immanuel, the I AM:
Transcendent mystery! yes! 't is He
Becomes the slaughter'd Lamb!

129 PART IV. 8.7.4. Alma, 345.

Good tidings. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

130 7's. Georgia, 192. Hart's, 221.

Song of the angels. WESLEY.

1 HARK, the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies:
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

3 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that men no more might die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's promised Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

5 Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing,
'Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'

131 C.M. Jerusalem, 379.

The incarnation. STEELE.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore the eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign power
By whom the worlds were made,
O happy morn, illustrious hour!
Was once in flesh array'd!

3 Then shone almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But, could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

132 S. 7. 4. Painswick. 162. Alma. 345.
Praise to the Redeemer. ROBINSON.

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme,
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:
Hallelujah, &c.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought:
Hallelujah, &c.

4 For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain:
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along:
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah, &c.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah, &c.

7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?—
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
Hallelujah, &c.

8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah, &c.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thy own.
Hallelujah, &c.

133 C. M. Bath Chap. 26. Hensbury. 323.
The condescension of Christ.
Matt. xx. 28. DODDRIDGE.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King;

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst that glory by;—
First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
Then, in that flesh, to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

134 C. M. Jerusalem. 379. Otford. 106.
The advent. DODDRIDGE.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And, on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

135 PART I. L. M. Leeds. 19.
The transfiguration. DODDRIDGE.

1 WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest.

2 With thee in the obscurest cell
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ:
I see the King of Glory shine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.

4 On Tabor, thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood:
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, 'Lord, 't is pleasant here to dwell!'

5 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'T is good to dwell for ever there!
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

135 PART II. 8.8.6. Chatham, 59.
Gethsemane. Matt. xxvi. 36—45.

1 IMMANUEL, sunk with dreadful woe,
Unfelt, unknown to all below—
Except the Son of God—
In agonizing pangs of soul, [bowl,
Drinks deep of wormwood's bitterest
And sweats great drops of blood.

2 See his disciples slumbering round,
Nor pitying friend on earth is found!
He treads the press alone;
In vain to heaven he turns his eyes,
The curse awaits him from the skies—
His death it must atone.

3 'O Father, hear! this cup remove;
Save thou the darling of thy love
(The prostrate victim cries)
From overwhelming fear and dread!
Though he *must* mingle with the dead—
His people's sacrifice.'

4 His earnest prayers, his deepening groans,
Were heard before angelic thrones;
Amazement wrapt the sky:
'Go, strengthen Christ!' the Father said:
The astonish'd seraph bow'd his head,
And left the realms on high.

5 Made strong in strength, renew'd from [heaven.
Jesus receives the cup as given,
And, perfectly resign'd,
He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall,
Sustains the curse,—removes it all,—
Nor leaves a dreg behind.

135 PART III. L. M. Antiquity, 331.
The cross of Christ. T. RIPPON.

1 AID me, O Christ, thy cross to sing!
Its sovereign virtues who can tell!
It takes a worm defiled with sin,
And makes him meet with God to dwell!

2 Brought near thy cross, my soul shall melt,
And flow in streams of joy and grief;
For here my sins will all be felt,
And here 's full prospect of relief.

3 The wrath of God by it 's appeased;
His holy law is magnified:
Unbending justice is well pleased;
And heaven to earth again allied.

4 In virtue of its untold worth
What glories gild the heavenly plains!
What blessings have come down on earth!
Such as surpass e'en Gabriel's strains!

5 Around this cross the angels crowd,
Intent new wonders to explore;
And, raptured, all exclaim, 'Of God
We never saw so much before!'

6 This cross a sinking world upholds;
Its power subdues death, hell, and sin;
High heaven's bright gates it wide un-
And ushers happy millions in. [folds,

PAUSE. Denbigh, 54.

7 The triumphs of thy cross push on,
O Christ, wherever sin is known!
Bid vice and misery begone,
And make the nations all thy own.

8 The 'travail of thy soul' demand,
The recompense of all thy woe;
From every tribe, and tongue, and land,
Thy praise let all the people know!

9 Should e'er my love or zeal grow cold,
My caution fail, my faith abate,
Let me thy cross, O Christ, behold;
That shall new life and love create!

10 Thy wondrous cross shall be my boast
While in this sinning world I stay;
And when my voice in death is lost,
I 'll sing it through eternal day!

135 PART IV. 8.8.6. Hinton, 266.
Jesus crucified.

1 WHEN with a melting heart I stood
Near to a fountain fill'd with blood,
It flow'd a crimson tide; [guess.
That sight what stranger's heart can
Or mind conceive, or tongue express?—
''Twas Jesus crucified.'

2 But plunged beneath the cleansing flood,
My heart exclaim'd, 'Behold, how good
The God who loved and died!'
None saves from sin, its guilt, its stains,
From death, and everlasting pains,
'But Jesus crucified!'

3 O let me still this wonder see,
And cry, 'He loved and died for me,'
And near the cross abide:
Take off my load, and from my heart
Bid sin, and guilt, and fear depart,
'My Jesus crucified.'

4 Thousands, besides the dying thief,
Have in this sight found sweet relief,
Feeling the blood applied;
And yet, ten thousand thousands more
Shall share the bliss, and all adore
'My Jesus crucified.'

5 O make *my* stubborn heart relent!
May I of unbelief repent,
And every sin beside:
Now tune my heart, my voice, my tongue,
I 'll sing, and this shall be my song,—
'My Jesus crucified.'

135 PART V. 8.7. Alexandria, 361.
A view of Christ crucified.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I 'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I 've more forgiven:
I 'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I 'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

135 PART VI. 7's. Saxe Gotha, 496.
The three mountains. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

136 L. M. Babylon's Streams, 23.
Behold the Man. John xix. 5.

1 YE that pass by, behold the Man,
The Man of grief, condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain!—
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side!

4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!

5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convulsed when her Creator died;
Oh, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!

6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
Oh that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

137 L. M. Paul's, 246. Old Hund. 100.
A dying Saviour. STEELE.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man, surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

4 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold—this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

138 C. M. Canterbury, 199. Trinity, 181.
The cross. STENNETT.

1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

2 Behold, a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head,
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with th' amazed centurion, cry,
'This is the Son of God!'

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

139 L. M. Rochford, 22. Peru, 516.
Love of Christ constraining. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15. STEELE.

1 SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne:
Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
Thou art our Sovereign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour King,
The condescensions of his love.

4 Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,
To view with *pity's* melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe;
Amazing love!—did Jesus *die!*

5 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
Oh, let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run!

6 He died!—ye seraphs tune your songs!
Resound, resound, the Saviour's name,
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

140 148th. Resurrection, 72.

The resurrection. DODDRIDGE.

1 YES! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
'Jesus, who bled
Hath left the dead!
He rose to-day.'

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell!
Transported cry—
'Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.'

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who savest us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

141 7's. East. Hy. 232. Feversham, 220.

The resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens,—and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King;
'Where, O death, is now thy sting?'
Once he died our souls to save;
'Where 's thy victory, boasting grave?'

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head!
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What, though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

7 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—thou.

142 7's. Hart's, 221. Easter Hymn. 232.

Resurrection & ascension. SCOTT.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah.

2 'T is the Saviour! Angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Hallelujah.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high.
Hallelujah.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide:
Glorious Hero, through them ride!
King of Glory, mount the throne,—
Thy great Father's and thy own.
Hallelujah.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres.
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong!
Hallelujah.

6 Every note with wonder swell,—
Sin o'erthrown and captived hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
Hallelujah.

143 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. New Sab. 122.
Christ's resurrection a pledge of ours. WALLIN.

1 WHEN I the holy grave survey, [lie,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seized;
In *his* release *our own* we see,
And shout to view Jehovah pleased.

4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold;
See the rich diadem he wears;
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold
To crown thy joy when he appears.

6 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

144 PART I. C. M. New York, 33.
Comfort to believers. DODDRIDGE.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 A moment give a loose to grief,—
Let grateful sorrows rise,
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

144 PART II. P. M. Miriam's Song.
Death conquered. GROSER.

1 PRAISE the Redeemer, almighty to save;
Immanuel has triumph'd o'er Death and the Grave!
Sing, for the door of the dungeon is open,
The Captive came forth at the dawn of the day:
How vain the precautions! the signet is broken;
The watchmen in terror have fled far away.
Praise the Redeemer, &c,

2 Praise to the Conqueror; O tell of his love!
In pity to mortals he came from above,
Who shall rebuild for the tyrant his prison?
The sceptre lies broken that fell from his hands;
His dominion is ended; the Lord is arisen;
The helpless shall soon be released from their bands.
Praise the Redeemer, &c.

145 L. M. Morning Hymn. 398
Christ's ascension. Ps. xxiv. 7.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;—
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way.'

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:—
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 'Who is the King of Glory, who?'
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

6 'Who is the King of Glory, who?'
The Lord, of boundless power possest,
The King of saints and angels too:
God over all, for ever blest!

146 PART I. 148th. Darwell's, 82.
Jesus seen of angels. DODDRIDGE.

1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace;
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoil'd—
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd:
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then roll'd the stone,
And all adored
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And waved around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

7 The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise:
While mortals sing with you
Their *own* Redeemer's praise:
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

146 PART II. C. M. Poland.

Jesus seen of angels.

1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine!
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 ['Hail! PRINCE,' they cry, 'for ever hail,
Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit those glorious realms
And royalties above.']

4 And whilst he stoop'd on earth to dwell,
And suffer'd rude disdain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

5 In all his toils and dangerous paths
They did his steps attend,
Oft paused, and wonder'd how at last
This scene of love would end.

6 [And when the powers of hell combined
To fill his cup of woe,
Their pitying eyes beheld his tears
In bloody anguish flow.]

7 As on the tort'ring tree he hung,
And darkness veil'd the sky,
They saw, aghast, that awful sight,
The LORD OF GLORY DIE!

8 Anon he bursts the gates of death,
Subdues the tyrant's power;
They saw th' illustrious Conqueror rise,
And hail'd the blessed hour.]

9 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne; [cried,
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and
'THE GLORIOUS WORK IS DONE.'

10 [My soul, the joyful triumph feels,
And thinks the moments long
Ere she her Saviour's glory sees,
And joins the rapturous song.]

147 L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.

The exalted Saviour. STEELE.

1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expired:
Who died for rebels—yes, 't is he!
How bright! how lovely! how admired!

4 Jesus, who died that we might live,—
Died in the wretched traitor's place,—
O what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?

5 Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor!

6 Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise;
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

148 L. M. Simeon, 257. Langdon, 217.

The humiliation, exaltation, and triumphs of Christ. WATTS.

1 THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,—
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim immutable love!
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

4 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans:
The Prince of Life resigns his breath;
The King of Glory bows to death.

5 But see the wonders of his power!—
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

7 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

149 148th. Portsmouth New, 144.
The kingdom of Christ. Phil.iv.4.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,—
The God of truth and love:
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above: Lift up, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given: Lift up, &c.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy: Lift up, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice—
The trump of God shall sound, *Rejoice.*

150 104th. Hanover, 130. Enoch, 410.
Fulness of Christ. FAWCETT.

1 A FULNESS resides in Jesus, our Head,
And ever abides to answer our need;
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.

2 Whate'er be our wants, we need not to fear;
Our numerous complaints his mercy will hear;
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.

3 The fountain o'erflows our woes to redress;
Still more he bestows, and grace upon grace;
His gifts in abundance we daily receive;
He has a redundance for all that believe.

4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us, and silence our fear,
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

5 When troubles attend, or danger or strife,
His love will defend and guard us through life;
And when we are fainting and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

151 PART I. 8's. New Jerusalem, 230.
Riches of Christ. MAXWELL.

1 HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?
His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace:
No! this is a mystery unknown.

2 In him, all the fulness of God
For ever transcendently shines;
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs:
Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,—
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
Seem'd then with each other to vie,
When sinners he stoop'd to restore—
Poor sinners condemned to die!
He laid all his grandeur aside,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay—
Poor sinners he loved till he died—
To wash their pollutions away.

4 O sinners, believe, and adore
This Saviour so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.
Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you 're toss'd,
Believe, and your peace shall begin.

5 Now, sinners, attend to his call,
'Whoso hath an ear, let him hear,'—
He promises mercy to all
Who feel their sad wants, far and near:
He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here 's pardon, here 's grace; yea, and more,
Here 's glory eternal at last.

151 PART II. C. M. Sprowston, 365.
The grace of Christ.

1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear:
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head:
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'T is all my business here below
To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'

152 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88.
Intercession of Christ. STEELE.

1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise:
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

153 C.M. Gratitude, 383. Charleston, 195.
Intercession of Christ. TOPLADY.

1 AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthroned in glory now.

3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands:
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.

4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim;
'Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am:

5 'By their salvation recompense
The sorrows I endured;
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word.'

6 Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given:
Safety below, and after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

7 'Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
The Father smiles on thee;
And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord, remember me.

8 Let the much incense of thy prayer
In my behalf ascend;
And, as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never, never end.'

154 C.M. Michael's, 119. Eversley, 335.
Christ's intercession typified.
Exod. xxviii. 29. DODDRIDGE.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd;

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne!

155 C.M. Bedford, 91. Ann's, 58.
Christ's admonition to, and intercession for Peter. DODDRIDGE.

1 HOW keen the tempter's malice is!
How artful and how great!
Though not one grain shall be destroy'd,
Yet will he sift the wheat.

2 But God can all his power control,
And gather in his chain;
And, where he seems to triumph most,
The captive soul regain.

3 There is a Shepherd, kind and strong,
Still watching for his sheep;
Nor shall th' infernal lion rend
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us,
That we may fall no more;
O raise us when we prostrate lie;
And comfort lost restore.

5 Thy secret energy impart,
That faith may never fail;
But amidst whole showers of fiery darts,
That temper'd shield prevail.

6 Secured ourselves by grace divine,
We'll guard our brethren too;
And, taught their frailty by our own,
Our care of them renew.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST.

156 L.M. Alfred, 509. Ulverstone, 179.
Advocate. 1 John ii. 1. STEELE.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 No, Lord! the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!

4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

157 L. M. Lebanon, 79. Job, 474.
Brazen Serpent. Numb. xxi. 8, 9.

1 WHEN Israel's grieving tribes complain'd,
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
A serpent straight the prophet made
Of molten brass, to view display'd.

2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heaven their mournful sighs ascend;
They hope, they look, while from the pole
Descends a power that makes them whole.

3 But O, what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!
What life, by faith, our souls receive!
What pleasures do his sorrows give!

4 Still may I view the Saviour's cross,
And other objects count but loss;
Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
Enraptured with his sacrifice!

5 Jesus the Saviour! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim,
By thy atonement set me free,
My life, my hope is all from thee.

158 L. M. Islington, 40. New Sab. 122.
Bread of Life. FAWCETT.

1 DEPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love nor seek for heavenly bread;
They choose the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.

2 Jesus, thou art the living bread
By which our needy souls are fed;
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

3 Without this bread, I starve and die;
No other can my need supply;
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in every place.

4 'T is this relieves the hungry poor
Who ask for bread at mercy's door;
This living food descends from heaven,
As manna to the Jews was given.

5 This precious food my heart revives:
What strength, what nourishment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celestial bread!

159 L. M. Leeds, 19. Melcombe, 325.
Bridegroom & Husband. FAWCETT.

1 JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave
His life my wretched soul to save.
Resolved to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.

2 Rebellious, I against him strove,
Till melted and constrain'd by love;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.

3 My guilt, my wretchedness, he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;
My debts he pays, and sets me free,
And makes his riches o'er to me.

4 My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,
The robe of perfect righteousness.

5 Lost in astonishment, I see,
Jesus, thy boundless love to me:
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.

6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
O Saviour, keep me near thy side!
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

160 L. M. Kimbolton, 251. Eaton, 291.
Morning Star. BEDDOME.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are,—
How faint and few, compared with his!

2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love:
See how its rays, diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above!

3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled Christian's way;
Still, as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4 [Thus when the eastern magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears;
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.]

5 When shall we reach the heavenly place
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

161 C.M. Bath Chapel, 26. Lydia, 327.
Altogether lovely. STENNETT.

1 TO Christ the Lord let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he 's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing!

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief:
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head:
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

8 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

162 8. 7. Welsh, 210. Vienna, 330.
Consolation of Israel. Luke ii. 25.

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,—
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

163 L. M. Wareham, 117. Old 100th.
Corner-stone. DODDRIDGE.

1 LORD, dost thou show a corner-stone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies?

2 We own the work of sovereign love;
Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
Laid by thy own Almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
And all the powers of hell defied;
Floods of temptation beat in vain,—
Well doth this rock the house sustain.

4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide:

5 While they that scorn this precious stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance, die,
And buried deep in ruin lie

164 C. M. New York, 33. Arabia, 324.
Desire of all nations. PAWCETT.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

165 C. M. Jerusalem, 379.
The Door. DODDRIDGE.

1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.

2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
The building 's strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the Door:
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling thro' one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home!

166 L. M. Portugal, 97. Horsley, 205.
Our Example. STEELE.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live!

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
O if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

6 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!

167 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Derby, 169.

Forerunner and Foundation of our hope. Heb. vi. 19, 20. DODDRIDGE.

1 JESUS, the Lord, our souls adore!
A painful sufferer now no more,
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.

2 His race for ever is complete,
For ever undisturb'd his seat:
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.

3 Yet 'midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptured sight,
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus, thy own Forerunner, see,
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.

5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

168 104th. Hanover, 130. Bourton, 50.

Fountain for sinners. HART.

1 THE fountain of Christ,
Lord, help us to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucified King:
The fountain that cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear
He 'll freely impart;
When pierced by the spear,
It flow'd from his heart,
With blood and with water;
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter;
The fountain 's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure:
But if guilt removed
Return and remain,
Its power may be proved
Again and again.

4 This fountain, unseal'd,
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small;
Here 's strength for the weakly
That hither are led;
Here 's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.

5 This fountain, though rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here:
Come, needy and guilty;
Come, loathsome and bare;
Though leprous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
Has never been tried;
It takes out all stain
Whenever applied:
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Though leprous as mine.

169 C. M. Camb. New. Fountain, 101.

Praise for the Fountain. COWPER.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save.

PAUSE.

6 And hast thou, Lord, for me prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
A seat in heaven, a free reward,
A golden harp for me?

7 My harp for ever shall be tuned
With notes of grace divine;
I 'll sing thy name, thy righteousness,
Dear Saviour, only thine.

170 PART I. L. M. Magdalene, 214.
Friend. NEWTON.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name:
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood;
And, by his power, my foes controll'd:
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies:
O what a friend is Christ to me!

PAUSE.

Is this thy kindness to thy Friend?
2 Sam. xvi. 17.

4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;—
I 've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe
Sooner than all my Friend can say.

6 [He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask:
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task

7 Before the world, that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.]

8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite:
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

170 PART II. L. M. Peru, 516.
Christ the Friend. KRISHNU.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not!

2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt;
And canst thou e'er such love forget?

3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief;
Nor him forget who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

5 Ah no!—till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I 'll rise
And join the chorus of the skies.

6 Ah no!—when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

170 PART III. 8.7.7. Batavia, 133.
Christ our Friend. MORAVIAN.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now to heavenly glory raised,
He rejoiceth in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

171 L. M. Portugal, 97. Eaton, 291.
Gift of God. BEDDOME.

1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
The face which I have often seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God
To sinners weary and distrest;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I 'd tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

172 PART I. C. M. Hensbury, 323.
Head of the church. DODDRIDGE

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face!
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

172 PART II. L. M. Horsley, 205.

Christ our Hiding-place. BREWER.

1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul *a hiding-place!*

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of his grace,
Secure, without *a hiding-place.*

3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Too proud to seek *a hiding-place.*

4 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
'*This mountain is no hiding-place.*'

5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd;
She led me on, with joyful pace,
To Jesus, as *my hiding-place.*

6 On him the tenfold vengeance fell
That would have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the fallen race,
And thus became *their hiding-place.*

7 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
There I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious *hiding-place.*

173 PART I. C. M. Liverpool, 83.

Jesus precious to them that believe. 1 Peter ii. 7. DODDRIDGE.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'T is music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I 'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.

173 PART II. L. M. Paul's, 236.

Jesus a Jew. John iv. 9.

1 COME, Abra'm's sons, Messiah view,
Clothed in the body of a Jew—
This Jew, Jehovah Tsidkenu,*
Became the son of Mary too.

2 This Jew, your Ehjeh, the I AM,
Was Israel's bleeding Paschal Lamb,
And he their Serpent, lifted high,
That none who look to him should die.

3 He by his cloud all Israel led,
All Israel with his manna fed;
He did the Jordan's waves divide,
And land his flock on Canaan's side.

4 This Jew shall say, 'Come, come, ye bless'd,'
To others say, 'Depart, ye cursed'—
And him the heavens, adoring, own,
Your King—Messiah on his throne.

PAUSE. Coombs's, 45.

5 Hear Abra'm, Isaac, Jacob too,
Adore the God, the exalted JEW;
Thus Moses, David, Solomon,
With all the saints around the throne.

6 To him the called tribes shall turn,
Their millions look on him, and mourn;
And all who on his cross rely,
O happy souls! shall never die.

7 Then praise, O Jacob's favour'd race!
Your Abra'm's God, the God of grace;
Till all the earth, and seas, and skies,
In your enraptured concert rise.

173 PART III. C. M. Salem, 139.

The name of Jesus. NEWTON.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

* The Lord our righteousness. Jer. xxxiii. 36.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I 'll praise thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

174 7's. St. Andrews, 502. Alcester, 213.
Immanuel. Matt. i. 23.

1 'GOD with us!' O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite:—
O mysterious depth and height!

2 'God with us!' Amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 'God with us!' But tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 [' God with us!' O blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme;
Jesus shall in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]

5 'God with us!' O wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

175 C. M. Charleston, 195.
King of saints. STEELE.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay
To celebrate thy praise.

176 C. M. Miles's Lane, 32.
Crown Him.

1 BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he 'll your backslidings heal;
O crown him Lord of all!

2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O crown him Lord of all!

3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the Spirit's groan;
O crown him Lord of all!

4 Whoever comes, he 'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small:
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
O crown him Lord of all!

177 PART I. C. M. Miles's Lane, 32.
The spiritual coronation. DUNCAN.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 [Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altars call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.]

3 [Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.]

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 [Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.]

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

177 PART II. S.S.6. Westbury Leigh, 27.
The King of kings crowned by earth and heaven.

1 UPON Mount Zion Jesus stands,
With all dominion in his hands,
And rules this earthly ball:
While he his mighty sceptre sways,
Sinners shall tremble, saints shall praise
And crown him Lord of all.

2 This Prince of Peace, the mighty God,
From Jesse's stem, that fruitful rod,
Whom we Immanuel call,—
Angels, and all the sons of light,
With saints in heaven and earth unite,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let us, his grateful subjects, meet,
And lay our honours at his feet,
Prostrate, adoring, fall:
Sinners redeem'd, and wash'd in blood,
Adopted, new-born sons of God,
Crown, crown him Lord of all.

4 He has your mighty battles fought,
And by his blood redemption wrought,
And set you free from thrall;—
From sin, and death, and hell set free,
Praise him to all eternity,
And crown him Lord of all.

177 PART III. 8.7.4. Kelly's, 419. Saratoga, 531. Bordeaux, 389.

And he shall reign for ever and ever.
Rev. xi. 15. KELLY.

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the 'Man of Sorrows' now;
From the fight return'd victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour, 'King of kings.'

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name;
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
'King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

178 112th. Uffculm, 93. Carey's, 11.

Kinsman. C. WESLEY.

JESUS, we claim thee for our own,
Our kinsman, near allied in blood,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of man, the Son of God;
And lo! we lay us at thy feet,
Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

Partaker of my flesh below,
To thee, O Jesus, I apply;
Thou wilt thy poor relations know;
Thou never canst thyself deny,
Exclude me from thy guardian care,
Or slight a sinful beggar's prayer.

3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,
I trust my faithful Friend to prove:
Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
The skirt of thy redeeming love;
Under thy wings of mercy take,
And save me for thy merit's sake.

4 Hast thou not undertook my cause,
Lord over all, to worms allied?
Answer me from that bleeding cross,
Demand thy dearly ransom'd bride;
And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,
Thine, wholly thine, for ever be.

179 L. M. Babylon Streams, 23.

Lamb of God, &c. FAWCETT.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love:
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load:
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee—
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

180 S. M. New Eagle-street, 55.

Leader. WESLEY.

1 THOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of gospel-grace,
Fulfil thy character:
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

181 L. M. Ripon, 188. Buxton, 347.

Life of the soul. STEELE.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope—my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlasting word—
That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

182 S. 7. Carlisle, 95. Florence, 239.
Light. Isa. ix. 2. TOPLADY.

1 LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and thy dear sent revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart;
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransom'd race;
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour!
Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

183 7's. Alcester, 213. Jersey, 356.
Melchizedek a type of Christ.

1 KING of Salem, bless my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole!
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease!

2 Come, refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine!
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which can not be told.

3 Hail, Melchizedek divine;
Thou, great High-Priest, shalt be mine;
All my powers before thee fall,—
Take not tithe, but take them all.

184 C. M. New York, 33. Auburn, 517.
Messenger of the Covenant. SERLE.

1 JESUS, commission'd from above,
Descends to men below,
And shows from whence the springs of love
In endless currents flow.

2 He, whom the boundless heaven adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!

3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel and a foe,
A traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born.

4 To me, who never sought his grace,
Who mock'd his sacred word:
Who never knew or loved his face,
And all his will abhorr'd.

5 [To me, who could not even praise
When his kind heart I knew,
But sought a thousand devious ways
Rather than keep the true.]

6 Yet this redeeming Angel came
So vile a worm to bless;
He took with gladness all my blame,
And gave his righteousness.

7 O that my languid heart might glow
With ardour all divine!
And, for more love than seraphs know
Like burning seraphs shine!

185 PART I. L. M. Justification, 306.
Messiah. NEEDHAM.

1 GLORY to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love;
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

2 O what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!

3 Messiah 's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal sceptre 's broke;
And time shall prove what Jacob spoke.

4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expired,—
The time prophetic seals required;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far outshone;
It wanted not thy glittering store,
Messiah's presence graced it more.

6 We see the prophecies fulfil'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child:
His birth, his life, his death combine
To prove his character divine.

7 Jesus, thy gospel truly stands
A blessing to these favour'd lands:
No mindel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

185 PART II. L. M. Oldham, 527.
Messiah's day.

1 ABRA'M, with all the saints of old,
By faith, espied the age of gold:
Rejoicing through their chequer'd way,
In prospect of Messiah's day.

2 *In that day*, I will pour my grace
On David's house, and Salem's race;
That each may look on me, and mourn
As one that mourneth a first-born.

3 *In that day*, the great trumpet's sound
Shall gather outcasts all around;
Ready to perish, myriads fly,
To him that died on Calvary.

4 *In that day*, see a fountain wide
Flowing from our Immanuel's side,
With blood which he so freely spilt,
To wash his murderers from their guilt.

5 *In that day*, hear the tribes confess
Christ is the Lord our righteousness.
Lo! priests and people, now restored,
Are holiness unto the Lord.

6 Now to his cause the sea is given,
Each floating hell* a floating heaven—
And sails now bent from every strand
Waft Israel's sons to Canaan's land.

7 *In that day*, Lord, can more be craved?
Israel, all Israel shall be saved;
Gentiles and Jews unite in Thee,
Thy church the universe shall be.

PAUSE.

8 For prophecies fulfill'd, dear Lord,
Thy faithful name shall be adored,
The rest,—thine oaths—regard, we pray,
And haste the bright millennial day.

185 PART III. S. M. Henley, 38.
The Morning Star. Rev. xxi. 16.

1 ALL hail, mysterious King!
Hail, David's ancient root!
Thou righteous branch, which thence
To give the nations fruit. [didst spring,

2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Our thirsty lips salvation taste,
Our fainting hearts are glad.

3 Fair Morning Star, arise,
With living glories bright,
And pour on these awakening eyes
A flood of sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierced by thy beauteous ray;
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

186 7. 6. 8. Tottenham Court, 111.
Passover. Exod. xii. 7. C. WESLEY.

1 CHRIST our Passover is slain
To set his people free,—
Free from sin's Egyptian chain,
And Pharaoh's tyranny;
Lord, that we may now depart
And truly serve our pardoning God,
Sprinkle every house and heart
With thine atoning blood.

2 Let the Angel of the Lord
His awful charge fulfil;
Let his pestilential sword
The first-born victims kill;
Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
Protected, by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.

3 Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
And grace to Israel show?
Know'st thou not, most righteous God,
We on the paschal Lamb rely?
See us cover'd with the blood,
And pass thy people by.

187 C. M. Condescension, 116.
Pearl of Great Price. STEELE.

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A *real* prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I 'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.

6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish *that* love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

188 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Portugal, 97.
Physician of souls. STEELE.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live:
See in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

* A man of war, so called by the Rev. Mr. Hervey.

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'T is only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sovereign cure is found,
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

189 C. M. Gt. Milton, 212. Essex, 409.
Physician; or, Christ's miracles.

1 JESUS, since thou art still to-day
As yesterday the same;
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy name.

2 Since still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good;
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

LEPER.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

DEAF AND DUMB.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord! mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands.
And lift them up in prayer.

6 Silent (alas! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise;
But O, when thou shalt loose my tongue.
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

LAME.

7 Lame, at the pool, I still am seen,
Waiting to find relief;
While many others venture in,
And wash away their grief.

8 Now speak my mind, my conscience,
Give, and my strength employ: sound,
Light as a hart, my soul shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

BLIND.

9 If thou, my God, art passing by,
O let me find thee near;
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10 See, I am waiting, in the way,
For thee the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
'Sinner, receive thy sight.'

POSSESSED.

11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To thy great name submit;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

12 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou canst relieve my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou *wilt* make me whole.

190 148th. Bethesda, 112. Burnham, 396.
High Priest. CENNICK.

1 A GOOD High Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And, taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 My Lord a priest is made,
As sware the mighty God
To Israel and his seed,
Ordain'd to other blood
For sinners, who his mercy seek;
A priest, as was Melchizedek.

3 He once temptations knew
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour show
To every tempted mind:
In every point the Lamb was tried,
Like us, and then for us he died.

4 He dies; but lives again,
And by the altar stands;
There shows how he was slain,
Opening his pierced hands;
Our Priest avows and pleads the cause
Of us who have transgress'd his laws.

5 I other priests disclaim,
And laws, and offerings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb,
The mighty work can do;
He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath loved, and lived and died for me.

191 L. M. Leeds, 19. Oswestry, 514.
Priesthood of Christ. STENNETT.

1 'MONG all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands;
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.

2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek
Could claim such high descent as he;
His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.

3 Descending from th' eternal God,
He bears the name of his own Son;
And, dress'd in human flesh and blood,
He puts his priestly garments on.

4 The mitred crown, th' embroider'd vest,
With graceful dignity he wears;
And, in full splendour, on his breast,
The sacred oracle appears.

5 So he presents his sacrifice—
An offering most divinely sweet;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o'er the mercy-seat.

6 The Father, with approving smile,
Accepts the offering of his Son:
New joys the wondering angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.

7 The welcome news their lips repeat
Gives sacred pleasure to my breast:
Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
To Christ, thy Advocate and Priest.

192 112th. Carey's, 11. Ragland, 204.

Prophet, Priest, and King. 1 Peter ii. 7. DAVIES.

1 JESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling, Thou!
O let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

3 My great *High Priest*, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross;
Who now does intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
In thee I trust; thee I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

4 My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit:
My *Saviour King* this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above.

193 L. M. Redemption, 243. Job, 474.

The Ransom. Isa. lxi. 2. GIBBONS.

1 'I COME,' the great Redeemer cries,
'A year of freedom to declare,
From debts and bondage to discharge;
And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share:

2 'A day of vengeance I proclaim,
But not on man the storm shall fall;
On me its thunders shall descend,
My strength, my love, sustain them all.'

3 Stupendous favour! matchless grace!
Jesus has died, that we might live:
Nor worlds below, nor worlds above,
Could so divine a ransom give.

4 To him who loved our ruin'd race,
And for our lives laid down his own,
Let songs of joyful praises rise
Sublime, eternal, as his throne.

194 C. M. Eversley, 335. Harmonia, 392.

Our Righteousness. DODDRIDGE.

1 SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 The spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.

5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.

6 With joy we taste that manna now
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to thee.
And wait the promised crown.

195 7's. PART I. Rest, 183. Turin, 244

Rock of Ages. TOPLADY.

1 ROCK of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

195 PART II. L. M. China, 300.

Rose of Sharon. Sol. Song ii. 1.

1 'TIS Jesus speaks: how sweet the sound!
'I am the Rose of Sharon's ground:'
Yes, Saviour, thou art Sharon's Rose,
Surpassing every flower that blows.

2 Thy comeliness and fragrant smell,
What mortal strains on earth can tell?
Here let me make a pleasing stay,
And pass my blissful hours away.

3 Thy name, thy sacrifice, thy love,
With odours fill the realms above;
And these, thro' the whole church below,
Breathe all the fragrant gales we know.

4 Thy peerless beauties shall employ
My heart, my tongue, my every joy,
The Rose of Sharon still shall be
My song throughout eternity.

196 L. M. Intercession, 482. Job, 474.

Saviour—the only one. STEELE.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,—
Jesus, no other name but thine,
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve:
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

5 Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

197 PART I. S. M. Reuben, 328.

Shepherd. Ps. xxiii. 1—3. STEELE.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!

5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

197 PART II. L. M. Lofty Praise, 408.

Star of Bethlehem. H. K. WHITE.

1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One Star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease:
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

197 PART III. S. M. Handel's, 157.

Christ the Day-star by his word.

1 SHINE, lovely Star of Day,
Around, and in us shine,
That our benighted souls may own
Thy light and love divine.

2 Our wandering footsteps guide
Through this vast wilderness;
Beneath thy beams we 'll trace the path
Of purity and bliss.

3 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheer'd by thy vital ray,
And open to our longing eyes
An everlasting day.

198 104th. Hanover, 139. Enoch, 410.

Strong-hold. Zech. ix. 12.

1 YE prisoners of hope o'erwhelmed with grief,
To Jesus look up for certain relief;
There 's no condemnation in Jesus the Lord,
But strong consolation his grace doth afford.

2 Should justice appear a merciless foe,
Yet be of good cheer, and soon shall you know
That sinners, confessing their wickedness past
A plentiful blessing of pardon shall taste.

3 Then dry up your tears, ye children of grief,
For Jesus appears to give you relief.
If you are returning to Jesus your Friend,
Your sighing and mourning in singing shall end.

4 'None will I cast out who come,' saith the Lord
Why then do you doubt? lay hold of his word.
Ye mourners of Zion, be bold to believe,
For ever rely on your Saviour and live.

199 PART I. L. M. New Sabbath, 122.

Sun. Ps. lxxxiv. 11. STENNETT.

1 GREAT God! amid the darksome night
Thy glories dart upon my sight,
While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
The silver moon and stars of gold.

2 But, when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.

3 Thou Sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's sight!
How shall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vast immensity?

4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The distant shadows of thy face;
As, in the pale and sickly moon,
We trace the image of the sun.

5 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wisdom are display'd;
But O! what glories all divine,
In my incarnate Saviour shine!

6 He is my Sun: beneath his wings
My soul securely sits and sings;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.

7 O may the vital strength and heat
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun!

199 PART II. L. M. Doversdale, 430.

Sun of righteousness. DODDRIDGE.

1 TO thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of righteousness:
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine
With beams of light and love divine;
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.

4 O may his glories stand confess'd
From north to south, from east to west:
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

5 When shall the radiant scene arise,
When, fix'd on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display,
On all his saints, through endless day?

200 C. M. New York, 33. Warwick, 471.

The Vine and the branches. John xv. 1—5. TOPLADY.

1 JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without thee:
My strength is wholly thine;
Wither'd and barren should I be
If sever'd from the Vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop:
The plant, which thy right hand hath [set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment, water'd by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

201 L. M. Leeds, 19. Samuel, 427.

Way to Canaan. CENNICK.

1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone;
He, whom I fix my hopes upon!
His track I see, and I 'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness
I 'll go; for all his paths are peace:

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not:
My grief and burden long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'

5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I 'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—'Behold the Way to God!'

202 8.8.6. Broadmead, 150. Leach, 290.

Way, Truth, and Life. John xiv. 6.

1 THERE is no path to heavenly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ th' appointed road:
O may we tread the sacred *Way!*
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

2 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
The Saviour, just and *True:*
O may we all his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do!

3 As he above for ever lives,
And *Life* to dying sinners gives
Eternal and divine;
O may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then—saved from sin, and death, and [hell,
Eternal life is mine.

203 L. M. Bramcoate, 8.

Wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY God! assist me while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise:
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banners in thy name.

2 In Christ I view a store divine;
My Father, all that store is thine!
By thee prepared, by thee bestow'd:
Hail to the Saviour and the God!

3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
'Let there be light,' th' Almighty said!
And Christ, my sun, his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.

4 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
And awful Justice ask'd my blood:
That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
Brought righteousness and pardon down.

5 My soul was all o'erspread with sin;
And lo! his grace hath made me clean.
He rescues from the infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.

6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue!
Ye angels, warble back my song!
For love like this demands the praise
Of heavenly harps and endless days.

204 C. M. Bedford, 91. Gratitude, 382.
All in all. TOPLADY.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see:
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow: for thee alone,
My ALL in ALL, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.

4 Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I 'd burn:
Chosen of Thee, ere time began,
I 'd choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign;
I 'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

205 8's. New Jerusalem, 230.
All in all.

1 THE Bible is justly esteem'd
The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner 's redeem'd,
And brought to Jehovah's right hand;
With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books doth outshine;
But Jesus, his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.

2 In every *prophetical book*,
Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
With joy we behold as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd.
His glories project to the eye:
And prove it was not his design
Those glories concealed should lie,
But there in full majesty shine.

3 The *first gracious promise* to man
A blessed prediction appears;
His work is the soul of the plan,
And gives it the glory it wears.
How cheering the truth must have been,
That Jesus, the promised seed,
Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
And hell in captivity lead.

4 The *ancient Levitical law*
Was prophecy after its kind;
In types, there the faithful foresaw
The Saviour that ransom'd mankind:
The altar, the lamb, and the priest,
The blood that was sprinkled of old,
Had life, when the people could taste
The blessings those shadows foretold.

5 Review each prophetical *song*,
Which shines in prediction's rich train:
The sweetest to Jesus belong,
And point out his sufferings and reign.
Sure David his harp never strung
With more of true sacred delight,
Than when of the Saviour he sung,
And He was reveal'd to his sight.

6 May Jesus more precious become!
His word be a lamp to our feet!
While we in this wilderness roam,
Till brought in his presence to meet!
Then, then we will gaze on thy face,—
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King;
Recount all thy wonders of grace,
Thy praises eternally sing.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

206 PART I. 112th. Mozart's, 121.
The promised Comforter.

1 JESUS, we hang upon the word
Our longing souls have heard from thee:
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,—
Thy promise made to such as me;
To such as Zion's paths pursue,
And would believe that God is true.

2 Thou say'st, 'I will the Father pray,
And he the Comforter shall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
And never more his temples leave;
Myself will to my orphans come,
And make you mine eternal home.'

3 Come, then, dear Lord! thyself reveal,
And let the promise now take place,
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace!
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.

4 He visits oft the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint:
But soon we lose the transient guest,
But soon we droop again and faint,—
Repeat the melancholy moan,
'Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!'

5 Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,
Our sure inseparable guide:
O may we meet and never part!
O may he in our hearts abide!
And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there!

206 PART II. 8's. Fountains Abbey, 503.
The love of the Spirit.

1 THE love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption applied;
Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
And make them his mystical bride.

2 'T is he circumcises their hearts,
Their callousness kindly removes;
Life, light, and affection imparts,
To them that so freely he loves.

3 He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of Jesus to view:
He changes the bent of the mind,
The glory of God to pursue.

4 The stubbornest will he can bow,
The foes that dwell in us restrain;
And none can be trodden so low,
But he can revive them again.

5 His blest renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his saints;
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.

6 Imprest with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals;
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.

7 How constant thy love I believe,
Which stedfast endures to the end;
Then never, my soul, may I grieve
So loving—so holy a friend.

206 PART III. S. M. Peckham, 7.
Work of the Spirit described.

1 WHERE'ER the Spirit works
With energy divine,
There sin will lose its reigning power,
And Christian graces shine.

2 'T is by his sacred aid
The saints hold on their way;
With vigour run the heavenly race,
And watch, and praise, and pray.

3 Nor will he e'er forsake
The work of his own hand;
Without his help the strongest fall,
With it the weakest stand.

4 [Though oft they are bow'd down,
With various griefs opprest,
He leads thro' all their dangerous way
To his appointed rest.]

5 Then grant us, gracious Lord,
Sweet influence from thy throne:
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all thy own.

206 PART IV. 112th. Coventry, 529.
Descent of the Spirit. DRYDEN.

1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on all mankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

2 Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command!
Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name!
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit! paid to thee!

207 PART I. L. M. Rushden, 468.
Leadings of the Spirit. BROWNE.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God—our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven—the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

207 PART II. C. M. Follet, 181.
The work of the Spirit. BEDDOME.

1 THE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze.

2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us near to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
With life, and light, and joy!
None can thy mighty power control,—
Thy glorious work destroy.

208 L. M. Magdalene, 214. Peru, 516.

Living Water. DODDRIDGE.

1 BLESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent, near my side,
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

209 L. M. Kimbolton, 251. Job, 474.

Divine influences compared to rain.

1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 Lands that beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

210 L. M. Wareham, 117. Melcombe, 325.

Seeking the Spirit. DODDRIDGE.

1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down;
While o'y thine Israel thou art [illegible],
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy God-like power be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4 O let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

211 PART I. 112th. Mozart's, 121.

Spirit's influences desired. DAVIES.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our dross consume!
Come, condescending Spirit! come.

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still;
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
We would not quench the heavenly fire;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
Tho' in the flame we should expire:
Our breasts expand to make thee room,
Come, purifying Spirit! come.

4 Let pure devotion's fervours rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
Oh, let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, condescending Spirit! come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

211 PART II. S. M. Australia, 462.

Holy Spirit invoked. BEDDOME.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

211 PART III. L.M. Simeon's Song, 438.
Universal dedication. MORAVIAN.

1 LORD, that so poor a worm as I
May to thy praise and glory live,
Now all my nature sanctify,
And all my thoughts and words receive;
Me for thy service wholly claim,
Claim all I have and all I am.

2 Take thou my soul and all my powers;
O take my memory, mind, and will,
Take all my goods, and all my hours,
Take all I know, and all I feel;
Take all I think, and speak, and do;
O take my heart, but make it new.

3 Bless'd Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the high celestial host,
So let thy will on earth be done;
Glory by all to thee be given,
Thou glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

211 PART IV. 113th. Anniversary, 123.
Prayer for Divine influence. WESLEY.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Now to my soul thyself reveal:
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God, inhabits there,
Thou, with the Father and the Son,
Eternal light's coeval beam:—
Be Christ in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

3 When wilt thou my whole heart subdue?
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell,
Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor:
All, all my vileness may I feel.

4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, begone;
In love create thou all things new.

5 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified,
To thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

6 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
In battle cover thou my head;
Nor earth, nor hell I then shall fear;
I then shall turn my steady face,—
Want, pain defy—enjoy disgrace,—
Glory in dissolution near.

7 My will be swallow'd up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face:
Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

8 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Still to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

212 PART I. L.M. Broadway, 381.
Entire dedication. TOPLADY.

1 EMPTIED of earth, I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Reserved for Christ that bled and died,—
Surrender'd to the Crucified!

2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
Prepared for heaven, my noblest care,—
And have my conversation there.

3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know;
My friend, and my companion thou;
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.

4 Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
And to thyself the conquest get:
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
Slain by thy Spirit's two-edged sword.

5 Constrain my soul thy sway to own;
Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone;
Let Dagon fall before thy face,—
The ark remaining in its place.

6 Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.

7 Larger communion let me prove
With thee, blest object of my love:
But, O! for this no power have I;
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

212 PART II. L.M. Eaton, 291.
A propitious gale longed for. TOPLADY.

1 AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, 'Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way!

2 'Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below:
But I can only spread my sail; [gale.'
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious

212 PART III. 8's. Limefield, 94.
Waiting for the Comforter.

1 BLESS'D Comforter, balm of the mind,
Long have I thy absence deplored,
Nor peace, nor contentment can find,
Till thou to my soul art restored.

2 With comfort I once pass'd the day,
With comfort I laid me to rest,
But now thou art fled far away,
And sorrow oppresseth my breast.

3 Return and revive me once more,
With joys that are pure and divine;
Thy presence is what I implore,
O grant it, and comfort is mine.

4 But if thou delay to impart
The earnest and foretaste of heaven;
In duty I 'll give thee my heart,
And wait till the blessing is given.

5 And should it yet tarry awhile,
Yea, till I'm resigning my breath,
O step in and give me a smile,
And let me find comfort in death.

212 PART IV. C. M. Charmouth, 28.

Renewing grace. STEELE.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise:
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away
And bid the sinner live!
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

213 L. M. Portugal, 97. Ulverston, 179.

Spirit's influences experienced.
John xiv. 16, 17. STEELE.

1 DEAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine.

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh,
'T is he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish, my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

6 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

7 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
'I love my God, and taste his grace,'
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

8 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

214 8's. Uxbridge, 161. Lambeth, 57.

Holy Spirit sought under darkness.

1 DESCEND, Holy Spirit—the dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest.
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—
The sense of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his conscience with blood.

2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin:
Resolved, by the strength of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.

3 If when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy goodness hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
O Spirit of pity and grace!
Relieve me again and restore,—
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to grieve thee no more.

4 If now I lament after God,
And pant for a drop of his love,—
If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,
Obtain'd me a mansion above;
Come, heavenly Comforter! come,
Sweet witness of mercy divine!
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine.

215 PART I. L. M. Old 100th.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.
Ps. li. 11. WESLEY.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,—
E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

215 PART II. C. M. Worksop, 31.

The grieved Spirit desired to return.

1 MY grace so weak, my sin so strong,
My heart is greatly pain'd;
Bless'd Spirit, art thou grieved? and is
Thine influence restrain'd?

2 Tell me—O tell me what will please,
And cause thee to return;
As doves, the absence of their mates,
I thy withdrawments mourn.

3 Come then, Celestial Helper, come!
With energy divine;
Ease, of its heavy load of guilt,
This troubled heart of mine.

4 Vouchsafe, in answer to my prayers,
Thy visits to renew;
Increase my faith, dispel my fears;
O guard and save me too.

215 PART III. L. M. Monmouth, 382.

Saving influences of grace sought.

1 I'M in a world of hopes and fears,
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.

2 Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold the shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3 Teach me the flattering path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 Each sacred principle impart;—
The faith that sanctifies the heart;
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires;
And love, that warms with holy fires.

5 Whate'er is noble, pure, refined,
Just, generous, amiable, and kind,—
That may my constant thought pursue,
That may I love and practise too.

6 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride;
Allure my wandering soul aside;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

7 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee.

215 PART IV. C. M. Follett, 181.

Sealing influences desired.

1 GREAT Comforter, we cry to thee,
Spirit of Jesus, come,
And make our willing waiting souls
Thine everlasting home.

2 O let us feel thy saving power,
That faith and love may grow;
Present salvation we desire;
This, this on us bestow.

3 Seal us to that redemption day,
Which hastens on apace,
When all the saints shall meet their Lord,
And see him face to face.

4 Nor ever let us grieve thee more,
Thou holy peaceful Dove;
But may our hearts, and lips, and lives
Be all transform'd to love.

215 PART V. S. M. Reuben, 328.

The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Spirit. DODDRIDGE.

1 DESCEND, immortal Dove;
Spread thy kind wings abroad;
And wrapt in flames of holy love,
Bear all my soul to God.

2 Jesus, my Lord, reveal
In charms of grace divine,
And be thyself the sacred seal,
That pearl of price is mine.

3 Behold my heart expands
To catch the heavenly fire:
It longs to feel the gentle bands,
And groans with strong desire.

4 Thy love, my God, appears,
And brings salvation down,
My cordial through this vale of tears,
In paradise my crown.

216 PART I. C. M. Twyford, 432.

Divine drawings. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power and truth and love combine
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows;
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace the Conqueror's feet.

216 PART II. C.M. Hensbury, 323

Divine drawings implored.

1 IF thou hast drawn a thousand times,
O draw me, Lord, again;
Thy Spirit, word, and providence,
Cannot attract in vain.

2 Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world, and sin,
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.

3 O lead me to thy mercy-seat;
Attract me nearer still;
Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
To sit and learn thy will.

4 O draw me all the desert through
With cords of heavenly love,
And when prepared for going hence,
Draw me to dwell above.

216 PART III. L.M. Portugal, 97.

The time of love. Ezek. xvi. 6, 8.

1 LORD, 'twas a time of wondrous love,
When thou didst first draw near my soul,
And by the Spirit from above,
My raging passions didst control.

2 Guilty and self-condemn'd I stood,
Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near;
But He my evil heart renew'd,
And all his graces planted there.

3 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways;
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, equal praise.

GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

217 PART I. 8.8.6. Harwoods, 444.

Contentment encouraged.
Heb. xiii. 5. S. PEARCE.

1 LET ocean's waves tumultuous rise,
And strive in vain to pierce the skies,
And mingle with the stars;
Then disappointed backward roll,
And, wild with rage, disturb the pole
With their presumptuous wars;

2 Let rebel angels, doom'd to fire,
Provoke the dread Eternal's ire,
And combat with their God:
Then headlong from th' ethereal height,
Precipitate their downward flight,
At his effective nod.

3 [Let murmuring mortals too repine,
Arraign the Providence divine,
And blame the deeds of Heaven;
While passions strong, without control,
Disturb the agitated soul,
Enraged at what is given.]

4 But shall the Christian's nobler mind—
By grace renew'd, by heaven refined—
Indulge a murmuring thought?
Shall he who claims Jehovah's strength,
Who shall be brought to heaven at length,
Bemoan *his* present lot?

5 Forbid it, gracious God! he cries,
Nor let th' ungenerous thought arise,
Offspring of discontent!
No! while my God, my Saviour lives,
Thankful I 'll take whate'er he gives,
And prize the blessings sent.

6 Since he has said, 'I 'll ne'er depart,'
I 'll bind his promise to my heart,
Rejoicing in his care:
This shall support while here I live;
And, when in glory I arrive,
I 'll praise him for it there.

217 PART II. S.M. Fonthill Abbey, 455.

Faith, its Author and preciousness.
Eph. ii. 8. BEDDOME.

1 FAITH!—'t is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 It hears the Prophet's voice,
The Teacher sent from heaven:
And says, 'No lessons half so sweet
As those which he has given.'

3 Jesus it owns a King,—
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

4 To him it leads the soul
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

5 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me!

217 PART III. C.M. Prov. Coll. 10.

Hast thou faith?

1 HAVE I that faith which looks to Christ,
O'ercomes the world and sin—
Receives him, Prophet, Priest, and King,
And makes the conscience clean?

2 If I this precious grace possess,
All praise is due to thee;
If not, I seek it from thy hands;
Now grant it, Lord, to me.

217 PART IV. 7's. Atterbury, 377.

Stability of faith. HART.

1 LORD, we lie before thy feet;
Look on all our deep distress;
Thy rich mercy may we meet;
Clothe us with thy righteousness;
Stretch forth thy almighty hand;
Hold us up, and we shall stand.

2 Oh that closer we could cleave
To thy bleeding, dying breast!
Give us firmly to believe,
And to enter into rest.
Lord, increase, increase our faith;
Make us faithful unto death!

3 Let us trust thee evermore;
Every moment on thee call
For new life, new will, new power:
Let us trust thee, Lord, for all!
May we nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified!

218 C. M. Abingdon, 42. Ephesus, 378.
The power of faith. TURNER.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst for sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

5 Shows me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

219 L. M. Rochford, 22. Albina, 145.
Faith struggling. DODDRIDGE.

1 JESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame,
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispersed by opening light.

220 8's. Lambeth, 57. Rosewarne, 49.
Faith fainting.

1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
The rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold:
Attend to my sorrows and cries—
My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,—
'The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
Thy God will be gracious no more.'

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
Come, succour, and gladden my heart,—
Let this be the day of thy power.

221 8.8.6. Chatham, 59. Mottingham, 510.
Faith reviving.

1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?—
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on thee?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people owed;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood?

3 [If thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely, in my room, endured
The whole of wrath divine;
Payment God cannot twice demand,—
First, at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.]

4 Turn, then, my soul unto thy rest!
The merits of thy great High Priest
Speak peace and liberty:
Trust in his efficacious blood;
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

222 8's. New Jerusalem, 230.
Faith conquering. HART.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,—
Redemption in full through his blood:
Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he through Christ can op-
Led forth by the Spirit to fight. [pose—

2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name;
The work of God's Spirit it is;
A principle, active and young,
That lives under pressure and load;
That makes out of weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

3 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, O! let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer,—
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as *just*,
And look for his love to the end.

4 It says to the mountains, Depart,
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow and as white;
And raises the sinner on high
To dwell with the angels of light.

223 8's. New Jerusalem, 230, Lock, 49.
Faith triumphing. TOPLADY.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,—
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

224 Part I. S. M. Mt. Ephraim, 185.
Weak believers encouraged.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, '*For me*.'

5 Tarry his leisure then,—
Wait the appointed hour:
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
Reveal his love with power.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

224 Part II. 112th. Carey's, 11.
Encouragement to believe.

1 IF all the sins that men have done,
In will, in word, in thought, in deed,
Since worlds were made, or time began,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head;
The stream of Jesus' precious blood,
Applied, removes the dreadful load.

2 Then hear, ye trembling sinners, hear,
Th' inviting voice of Christ, and live;
With humble confidence draw near,
For he *commands* you to believe;
Believe, and fly to him alone,
Believe, and heaven is all your own.

224 Part III. 8.7. Vienna, 330.
Faith and repentance. HART.

1 JESUS is our God and Saviour,
Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend,
Bearing all our misbehaviour,
Kind and loving to the end.
Trust him; he will not deceive us,
Though we hardly of him deem:
He will never, never leave us;
Nor will let us quite leave him.

2 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us;
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

3 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from thee, the sovereign good,
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchased by thy blood.
From thy fulness we receive them;
We have nothing of our own:
Freely thou delight'st to give them
To the needy, who have none.

225 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Peru, 516.

Faith connected with salvation. Rom. i. 16. WATTS.

1 NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven:
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven:

2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word!
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdued.

4 O may thy grace its power display;
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain!

226 PART I. C. M. Ephesus, 378.

Being in the fear of God all the day long. DODDRIDGE.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may *our* eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.

3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne—
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!

4 As sanctified to noblest ends
Be each refreshment sought;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought!

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations tried,
We 'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

7 At night, we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

8 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear, the last.

226 PART II. S. M. Mt. Ephraim, 185.

Practical religion.

1 LET prayer and praise ascend,
When morning gives the light;
And prayer and praise like incense rise,
And hallow every night.

2 Peruse the heavenly page
Of truth and grace divine;
And mark the footsteps of your Lord,
Which through the Gospel shine.

3 Assist your fellow men,
And most your fellow saints;
Redress their wrongs, relieve their wants,
And pity their complaints.

4 Maintain a constant guard,
And wakeful be your eyes,
Quick to discover every sin,
In every fair disguise.

5 Let all terrene concerns
With vigour be pursued;
Nor let devotion on the hours
Of industry intrude.

6 Let thoughts of God and heaven
Your labours sanctify,
And oft your sacred wishes breathe
In whispers to the sky.

7 A life thus well improved
With blessings shall abound;
With balmy gales and smiling rays
Its evening shall be crown'd.

226 PART III. 7's. St. Austin's, 460.

The fear of the Lord. BEDDOME.

1 LORD, incline my wandering heart
To revere thy holy name:
Thou art good, the same thou art,
Through eternal years the same:
Plant thy fear within my breast,
Soothe my trembling soul to rest.

2 Whence I go and where I dwell,
Deign to be my guard and guide:
All my inward foes repel,
Bid my painful doubts subside,
Plant thy fear within my breast,
Soothe my trembling soul to rest.

3 Could I such a treasure prove,
Earth would sink with all its store;
To enjoy thy fear and love,
Nothing I could covet more:
Plant thy fear within my breast,
Soothe my trembling soul to rest.

227 C. M. Stamford, 9. Naomi, 477.

Fear united with love. NEEDHAM.

1 HAPPY beyond description, he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.

3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears.

4 Let fear and love, most holy God!
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

228 C. M. Michael, 119. Sprowston, 365.

Holy fortitude. WATTS.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,—
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

229 L. M. Chard, 175. Derby, 169.

Gravity and decency. WATTS.

1 BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys?
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play—
To wear out time, and waste the day?

3 Both vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richest vest!
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,
We 'll pass these gattering trifles by.

6 We 'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promised in the skies.

230 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Langshaw, 424.

Hope set before us.

1 AND be it so—that, till this hour,
We never knew what faith has meant;
And, slaves to sin and Satan's power,
Have never felt these hearts relent.

2 What shall we do? shall we lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan, and die?
And, sunk beneath th' Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace
As sinners, strangers, we will come;
Among thy saints we ask a place,—
For in thy mercy there is room.

4 Lord, we believe! O chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief.
Lord, we repent! O let thy ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!

5 Now spread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine;
Cheer us with blessings from above—
With all the joys of hope divine!

231 PART I. L. M. Buxton, 347.

Hope in darkness.

1 O GOD, my sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enlivening beams depart!

2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes!
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise?

3 O let me not despairing mourn!
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky,
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

231 PART II. 148th. Sovereignty, 362.

Who can tell? or, hoping against hope. Jonah iii. 9. BEDDOME.

1 GREAT GOD! to thee I 'll make
My griefs and sorrows known;
And with a humble hope
Approach thine awful throne;
Though by my sins deserving hell,
I 'll not despair;—for, "Who can tell?"

2 To thee, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there—
My foes subdue, my fears dispel—
I 'll daily seek;—for, "Who can tell?"

3 Endanger'd or distrest,
To thee alone I 'll fly;
Implore thy powerful help,
And at thy footstool lie;
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait;—for, "Who can tell?"

4 My heart misgives me oft,
And conscience storms within;
One gracious look from thee
Will make it all serene:
Satan suggests that I must dwell
In endless flames;—for, "Who can tell?"

5 Vile unbelief, begone;
Ye doubts, fly swift away;
God hath an ear to hear,
While I 've a heart to pray;
If he be mine, all will be well—
For ever so; and "Who can tell?"

6 Then let us not despond,
Inquiring "Who can tell?"
For in the sacred word
The question 's answer'd well;
That all who come to Christ *shall* be
Saved now, and through eternity.

232 8.8.6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

Hoping and longing. Num. xiii. 30.

1 COME, Lord! and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see our God;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the word of life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee, a God unknown;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and [height
Of thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
We stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow:

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

5 O when shall we at once go up,
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
But the good land possess?
When shall we end our lingering years,
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,—
A howling wilderness?

6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
Our unbelief remove;
The heavenly Canaan, Lord! divide;
And O, with all the sanctified,
Give us a lot of love!

233 PART I. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Hope encouraged. STEELE.

1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand—
That gracious hand on which I live,
Doth life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'T is he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name, [shine!
How wide they spread, how bright they

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then have I all my heart can crave;
A present help in time of need;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

233 PART II. L. M. Luton, 30.

Determination to hope. Ps. cxlvii. 11.

1 SINCE thro' the heaven-inspired lines
Mercy with signal splendour shines,
Help me, O Lord, to read and pray,
And drive desponding thoughts away.

2 Thy mercy pardons crying sins,
And washes out the deepest stains;
'T is free, and to the vilest given—
The vilest out of hell and heaven.

3 Then why should I, bow'd down with pain,
Relinquish all my hope as vain—
Live without Christ, restraining prayer,
Then sink and die in deep despair!

4 No! fly ye unbelieving fears;
Mercy through Christ shall wipe my tears;
Good hope has here its fullest scope—
Lord, in thy mercy I *will* hope.

234 L. M. Langdon, 217. Alfred, 509.

Happy poverty. Matt. v. 3. STEELE.

1 YE humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store:
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.

2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes
The bright reversion in the skies.

3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are *theirs*, a kingdom *yours*.

4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies:

5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved for ever must remain.

6 [There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend that died for you;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.]

7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer!
Reveal, confirm my interest there:
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know!

8 [O let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.]

235 C. M. Bangor, 231. Mercy, 523.

Humble pleadings for mercy.

1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 [On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 We sink with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell;
O give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears dispel.]

4 'T is mercy, mercy, we implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5 O for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking, soon relieve.

6 Thus melt us down; thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own!
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

236 L.M. Ulverston, 179. Antiquity, 331.

The humble publican. BEDDOME.

1 LORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look—to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
O help me soon, or else I die.

2 Here, on my soul, a burden lies!
No human power can it remove;
My numerous sins like mountains rise!
Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.

3 Break up these adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

237 7's. Alcester, 213. Hannah, 342.

A prayer for humility.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility;

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,—
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

238 L. M. Old 100th. Buxton, 347.

Rejoicing in God. DODDRIDGE.

1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state;
O'er all the earth his power extends;
All heaven before his footstool bends.

2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.

3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast;
No more, ye strong, your valour trust;
No more, ye rich, survey your store,—
Elate with heaps of shining ore;

4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,—
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have own'd his sovereign sway,—
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wisdom, wealth, and power we find
In one Jehovah all combined;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in raptures rise.

6 All else, which we our treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happiness can move,
Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love?

239 S. M. Sacred Song, 524.

Rejoicing in the ways of God. Ps. cxxxviii. 5. DODDRIDGE.

1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wand'rers on
To realms of endless day!

240 7's. Bath Abbey, 147. Alcester, 213.
Rejoicing in hope. CENNICK.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land,
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

241 PART I. L.M. St. Thomas, 272.
Return of joy. COWPER.

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

3 O let me, then, at length, be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn)
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine:
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive:
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

241 PART II. S.M. Reuben, 328.
Song of the redeemed. HAMMOND.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For us whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ th' eternal King!

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
'Ye blessed children, come!'
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptured tongues
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

242 L.M. New Sabbath, 122. Alfred, 509.
Justice and equity. WATTS.

1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,—
How righteous is this rule of thine,
'Never to deal to others worse
Than we would have them deal with us!'

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain:
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 'T is written in each mortal breast,
Where all our tenderest wishes rest;
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.

4 Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause:
Let our own fondest passions show
How we should treat our neighbour too.

5 How bless'd would every nation prove,
Thus ruled by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

6 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
Those savage passions, for our guide.

243 L.M. Chard, 175. Alfred, 509.
God shining in the heart.
2 Cor. iv. 6. DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright;
His presence gilds the world above,—
Th' unchanging source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd,
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in the horrid gloom.

3 'Let there be light,' Jehovah said!
And light o'er all its face was spread:
Nature array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

244 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Peru, 516.

One thing I know. Isa. liv. 13.

1 DEAR Saviour! make me wise to see
My sin, and guilt, and remedy;
'T is said of all thy blood has bought,
'They shall of Israel's God be taught.'

2 Their plague of heart thy people know;
They know thy name, and trust thee too;
They know the Gospel's blissful sound,
The path where endless joys abound.

3 They know the Father and the Son;
Theirs is eternal life begun;
Unto salvation they are wise,—
Their grace shall into glory rise.

4 But ignorance itself am I;
Born blind—estranged from thee I lie;
O Lord, to thee I humbly own
I nothing know as should be known.

5 I scarce know God, or Christ, or sin,—
My foes without, or plague within;
Know not my interest, Lord, in thee,
In pardon, peace, or liberty.

6 But help me to declare to-day,
If many things I cannot say,
'One thing I know—all praise to thee,
Though blind I was—yet now I see.'

245 C. M. Bedford, 91. Charmouth, 28.

Knowledge at present imperfect.
1 Cor. xiii. 9. FAWCETT.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veil of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy;—
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason, why?

4 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5 'T is but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

246 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Derby, 169.

Liberality.

1 O WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the Majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,—
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—
The grace that blazes like the sun!
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run;

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay!
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.

5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
Your bowels of compassion move;
Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,—
Their hatred recompensed with love.

6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

247 L. M. Manning, 245. Cambray, 494.

Thou shalt love the Lord, &c.
Deut. vi. 5. TURNER.

1 YES, I would love thee, blessed God!
Paternal goodness marks thy name:
Thy praises, through thy high abode,
The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.

2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son
For man to suffer, bleed and die;
And bid'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.

3 In him, thy reconciled face,
With joy unspeakable I see;
And feel thy powerful, wondrous grace
Draw, and unite my soul to thee.

4 Whene'er my foolish wandering heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there to stray no more!

248 C.M. New York, 33. Nehemiah, 572.

Delight in God. RYLAND.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee!
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

5 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

6 He, that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

7 O Lord! I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

249 L.M. Martin's Lane, 67. Alfred, 509.

Love to Christ. WATTS.

1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest!
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.

2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There 's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 While of thy absence we complain,
And long or weep in all we do,
There 's a strange pleasure in the pain;
And tears have their own sweetness too.

4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of thy love,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come!
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'T is best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

250 7's. Cookham, 36. Asia, 463.

Lovest thou me? NEWTON.

1 'T IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
'Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?'

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.

3 [Could my heart so hard remain;
Prayer a task and burden prove;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin;
Can I deem myself a child?]

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,—
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet;
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find at times the promise sweet;
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all I pray!
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

251 L.M. Lebanon, 79. Walton, 352.

Desiring to love Christ. WATTS.

1 COME, let me love! or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.

2 O! 't is a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assumed my guilt, and took my chains!

4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!—
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms—
Hangs on the cross of love, and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

6 Again he lives! and spreads his hands—
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart; [stands.
'By these dear wounds!' says he, and
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord! melt this flinty heart to tears;—
This heart shall yield to death or love.

252 PART I. C.M. Trinidad, 428.

Profession of love. STENNETT.

1 AND have I, Christ, no love for thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?

2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose generous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?

3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

5 A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,
Had I no love for thee:
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be!

252 PART II. S. M. Ryland, 48.

Desiring increased love. RYLAND.

1 THOU good and gracious Lord,
Whom I unseen adore;
But if thy love has reach'd my heart,
I fain would love thee more.

2 Of all the things in hell,
Not to love thee is worst;
Fill'd with thy love among the damn'd
I could not be accursed!

3 Of all the things in heaven,
The love of Christ is best;
And till this bliss to me is given,
I cannot, will not, rest.

252 PART III. L. M. Derby, 169.

Longing to love Christ. WESLEY.

1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
'My Lord, my Love is crucified.'

7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

8 First-born of many brethren Thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die; thine may we live.

253 8's. New Jerusalem, 230.

Supreme love to Christ. FRANCIS.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeem'd with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
To view with eternal delight
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 In Meshech as yet I reside,
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.
O when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day!

4 [My glorious Redeemer! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd;
O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?]

5 [Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,—
Perfection of glory reigns there:
This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.]

6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away:
The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,—
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

254 S.M. Stoke, 207. Bradley Ch. 442.

Love to the brethren. FAWCETT.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free:
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

255 S. M. Eagle Street New, 55.

Christian love. Gal. iii. 28. BEDDOME.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found:
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

256 L.M. New Court, 173. Antigua, 120.

Love of the brethren. DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love!
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move;
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To *all* that own a Saviour's name.

2 Still let the heavenly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure;
Let every heart and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

3 Celestial Dove! descend and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing;
And make us taste those sweets below
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

257 C. M. Ludlow, 84. Charmouth, 28.

Love to our neighbour. DODDRIDGE.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When throned above the skies;
And, 'midst th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise:—

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

258 PART I. C. M. Worksop, 31.

Love to our enemies. Luke xxiii. 34.

1 ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his murderers bare;
Which made the torturing cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 *Father, forgive!* his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing!
And whilst we sing, admire:
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray;
With love, their hatred—and their curse
With blessings will repay.

258 PART II. C.M. Providence Coll. 10.

Perfect love. MRS. SAFFERY

1 THAT perfect love is perfect bliss,
Proof rises all around;
Nor shall felicity but this
In earth or heaven be found.

2 This is the joy of joy I know,
That can delight impart;
Warm as the ruby tides that flow
Incessant from my heart.

3 This is the joy that angels feel,
Where harps celestial move;
And the fierce anguish known in hell,
Is perfect want of love!

4 Say—is not this the dazzling light
That decks the seraph's crown?
What is perdition's tenfold night,
But love's eternal frown?

258 PART III. S. M. Shirland, 304.

Unity and love. BEDDOME.

1 O BLEST society
Of saints in friendship join'd!
From envy, wrath, and malice free,
In words and actions kind.

2 No strife, but to excel,
No hatred, but of sin;
A perfect harmony without,
Substantial peace within.

3 Each other's joys they feel,
Each other's sorrows share;
Unite in melody of praise,
In fervency of prayer.

4 Thus in the world above,
Myriads surround the throne;
In loftier worship they engage,
And all their hearts are one.

259 C.M. New York, 33. Harmonia, 392.

All attainments vain without love.

1 Cor. xiii. 1—3. STENNETT.

1 SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God! I should be poor
If void of love to thee.

2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good:
Not zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God.

3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were denied thy grace;
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.

4 Though thou should'st give me heavenly [skill
Each mystery to explain,
If I 'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could do me real good
That did not work by love.

6 [What though to gratify my pride,
And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide
Among the hungry poor;

7 What though my body I consign
To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame!

8 These splendid acts of vanity,
Though all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
Can never please my God.]

9 O grant me, then, this one request,
And I 'll be satisfied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

260 S. M. Mansfield, 154. Reuben, 328.

The meek beautified with salvation.

Psa. cxlix. 4. DODDRIDGE.

1 YE humble souls, rejoice,
And cheerful praises sing;
Wake all your harmony of voice,
For Jesus is your King.

2 That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
T' avow you for his own.

3 He brings salvation near,
For which his blood was paid!
How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously array'd!

4 Sing, for the day is nigh,
When, near your Saviour's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie
The footstool of your feet.

5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,
And all thy saints confess
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

261 C. M. Crowle, 3. Trinidad, 428.

The saint indeed. NEEDHAM.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.

3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast;
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.

4 What blessings bounteous Heaven be-
He takes with thankful heart: [stows,
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined:
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heavenly love;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the peaceful dove.

7 His business is to keep his heart,
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

8 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

262 L. M. Portugal, 97. Pancras, 360.

Agur's wish.

Proverbs xxx. 7—9.

1 THUS Agur breathed his warm desire—
'My God, two favours I require;
In neither my request deny,
Vouchsafe them both before I die:

2 'Far from my heart and tents exclude
Those enemies to all that's good;—
Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
And falsehood's pestilential breath.

3 'Be neither wealth nor want my lot:
Below the dome, above the cot,
Let me my life unanxious lead,
And know nor luxury nor need.'

4 Those wishes, Lord, we make our own;
O shed in moderation down
Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,
Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!

5 But, shouldst thou large possessions give,
May we with thankfulness receive
Th' exuberance—still our God adore,
And bless the needy from our store!

6 Or, should we feel the pains of want—
Submission, resignation grant;
Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

263 L.M. Bramcoate, 8. Oswestry, 514.

Christian patience. GIBBONS.

1 PATIENCE!—O what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 O for this grace! to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's tumultuous voyage o'er,
We reach the shores of endless rest!

5 Faith into vision shall resign;
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And patience in possession end
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

264 L.M. Kingsbridge, 88. Hamburg, 340.

Patience. BEDDOME.

1 DEAR Lord, though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;—
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 Dash it with thy unchanging love;
Let not a drop of wrath be there!—
The saints, for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I 'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

265 C.M. Hammond, 226. Tekoa, 334.

God speaking peace to his people.
Ps. lxxxv. 8. DODDRIDGE.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend:
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey:
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more:
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

266 112th. Hoxton, 121. Old 112th, 533.

A prayer for the promised rest.
Isa. xxvi. 3. R. HILL.

1 DEAR Friend of friendless sinners,
And magnify thy grace divine; [hear,
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign;
A worm, by self and sin oppprest,
That pants to reach thy promised rest.

2 With holy fear and reverent love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne;
I long in thee to live and move,
And stay myself on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promised rest.

3 Thou say'st, 'Thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be,
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee:'
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee, the promised rest!

4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cause;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws:
In thy dear arms of love caress'd,
Give me to find thy promised rest!

5 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
With all its wrathful fury, die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
O may my heart, by thee possess'd,
Know thee to be my promised rest!

267 C.M. Bedford, 91. Tekoa, 334.

God's command to repent.
Acts xvii. 30. DODDRIDGE.

1 REPENT! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons reach thro' all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear;
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear!

4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love! that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

268 PART I. C. M. Walsall, 237.

Peter's admonition turned into prayer. Acts viii. 21—24. DODDRIDGE.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal!

3 If tinctured with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out the accursed stain.

4 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

268 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Hardness of heart lamented.

1 LORD! shed a beam of heavenly day
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt!
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But one can yet perform the deed;
That one in all his grace I need;—
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 O Breath of life, breathe on my soul;
On me let streams of mercy roll:
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

269 L. M. Bromley, 104. Glo'ster, 12

Christ exalted to give repentance. Acts v. 31. DODDRIDGE.

1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne;
'T is fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace:
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide may thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive!
Thine Israel shall repent and live!
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy death.

270 7's. St. Andrew's, 502. Stoel, 164.

Penitential sighs. STENNETT

1 FATHER, at thy call I come;
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,—
Press'd with grief on every side.

2 [Here I 'll make my piteous moan!
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell,
What I feel thou knowest well.]

3 Ah! how foolish I have been
To obey the voice of sin—
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

4 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll:
Pity, Father, pity me!
All my hope 's alone in thee.

5 But, may such a wretch as I,
Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be smiled upon by Heaven?

6 [May I round thee cling and twine,
Call myself a child of thine:
And presume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart?]

7 Yes, I may; for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
'T is a Father's bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.

8 Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do:
How he sent a Saviour down
All my follies to atone.

9 Has my elder Brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why—O, why—should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?

271 C. M. Ann's, 58. Mercy, 523.
The penitent. STENNETT.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 O let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm!

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt; [shed!—
No tears but those which thou hast
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

272 C. M. Ludlow, 84. Warwick, 471.
Penitence and hope. STEELE.

1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts re-
The wonders of thy grace, [call
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Should love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd,—betray'd
From Jesus to depart;—

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 O while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word
With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face:
And grateful own how kind, how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

273 L. M. Ulverston, 179.
The prodigal son. BEDDOME.

1 THE mighty God will not despise
The contrite heart for sacrifice;
The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,
Rises accepted to the throne.

2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray;
And mercy bears their sins away.

3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.

4 Thus, what a rapturous joy possest
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

274 C. M. Walsal, 237. Bangor, 231.
Why weepest thou?
John xx. 13. BEDDOME.

1 WHY, O my soul! why weepest thou?
Tell me from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies?

2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod?
Dost thou an evil heart lament,
And mourn an absent God?

3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin!
And after none but thee!
And then I would—O that I might,
A constant weeper be!

275 C. M. Ellenborough, 170.
The contrite heart. COWPER.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 't is only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that 's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more!
But, when I cry, 'My strength renew,'
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer!
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache!—
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

276 C. M. Abridge, 201. Ephesus, 378.
Resignation. BEDDOME.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store?
'T is but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey 's mix'd with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my All in All.

277 C.M. Bedford, 91. Submission, 362.

Submission. COWPER.

1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

278 C.M. James's, 163. Trinity, 181.

Filial submission. STEELE.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, 'My Father, God!'
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise:
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

279 C.M. Grove House, 143.

It is the Lord, &c. GREEN

1 'IT is the Lord'—enthroned in light
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 'It is the Lord'—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

3 'It is the Lord'—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And, of his bounties, may recall
Whatever part he please.

4 'It is the Lord'—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load;
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 'It is the Lord'—whose matchless sk
Can, from afflictions, raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever growing praise.

6 'It is the Lord'—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name!
Whose gracious promise, seal'd wi
Must ever be the same. [bloo

7 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire!

8 And can my soul, with hopes like thes
Be sullen or repine?
No, gracious God, take what thou pleas
To thee I all resign

280 C.M. Braintree, 25. Arabia, 324

Self-denial. NEEDHA

1 ASHAMED of Christ! my soul, disda
The mean, ungenerous thought:
Shall I disown that friend whose blo
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peac
From heaven to earth he came:
For us endured the painful cross—
For us despised the shame.

3 At his command, we must take up
Our cross without delay,
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours
Can ne'er his love repay.

4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight!
Their lives to him are dear; their dea
Are precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honour this!
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,—
Jesus, the Judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

281 C. M. Grove House, 143.
Self-denial. Mark viii.34. BEDDOME.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

Yes, let it go!—One look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear;
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I 'd glory in my gain.

282 C. M. Crowle, 3. Burford, 198.
Sincerity and truth. WATTS.

1 LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil;
The saints—the followers of the Lamb—
Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak—
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4 They hate the appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears,
Firm to the truth—and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo! from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his saints—his faithful friends—
Rise and possess their crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly?

283 S. M. Stoke, 207. Fonthill, 455.
Sincerity desired. BEDDOME.

1 IF secret fraud should dwell
Within this heart of mine,
Purge out, O God, that cursed leaven,
And make me wholly thine.

2 If any rival there
Dares to usurp the throne,
O tear th' infernal traitor thence,
And reign thyself alone.

3 Is any lust conceal'd?
Bring it to open view;
Search, search, dear Lord, my inmost [soul,
And all its powers renew.

284 PART I. C. M. St. Ann's, 58.
Spiritual mindedness. FAWCETT.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 More needful this than glittering wealth
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom:
'T will fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

284 PART II. C. M. Auburn, 517.
Godliness profitable. 1 Tim. iv. 8.

1 HOW vast the blessings, how divine,
From godliness which flow!
Nor men, nor angels, should they join,
Can half its value show.

2 Ten thousand comforts it procures
To Christians while on earth;
It endless happiness secures,
And frees from endless death.

3 God, for himself, hath set apart
The godly whom he loves:
They have a place within his heart;
Their conduct he approves.

4 [There is a rich and free reward,
The eye of faith descries,
Reserved for all who fear the Lord,
Above the starry skies.]

5 A glorious kingdom and a crown
Christ will on such bestow;
For them the seeds of bliss are sown,
The fruits of glory grow.

285 C.M. Michael's, 119. Wiltshire, 110.
Trusting and loving God. TATE.

1 THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

4 O make but trial of his love!—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,—
Your wants shall be his care.

6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supplied.

286 PART I. L. M. Addison's, 1.

Trust and confidence. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fears!
Let fear in me no more take place:
My Saviour doth not yet appear;
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord!
The God of my salvation praise!

3 Away, each unbelieving fear!
Let fear to cheering hope give place;
My Saviour will at length appear,
And show the brightness of his face;
Though now my prospects all be cross'd,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4 In hope—believing against hope—
His promised mercy will I claim;
His gracious word shall bear me up
To seek salvation in his name:
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh:
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

286 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.

All things working for good, &c.

1 TEMPTATIONS, trials, doubts and fears,
Wants, losses, crosses, groans and tears,
Will, through the grace of God our friend,
In everlasting triumphs end!

2 To those who him sincerely love,
All penal evils blessings prove;
Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.

3 Lord, let this thought in deep distress
Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise:
'Midst earth and hell's opposing powers,
We still are safe if thou art ours.

287 PART I. L. M. Ulverston, 179.

Humble trust; or, despair prevented.

1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons rich and free,
And grace an overwhelming flood?

2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee to regions of despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound—
To limit mercy's sovereign reign;
What other happy souls have found
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

4 I own my guilt, my sins confess:
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'T would only urge my speedy flight
To seek salvation at thy side.

6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

287 PART II. C. M. Piety, 513.

'I will be their God.' BEDDOME, alt

1 IF God is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, Christ, his Word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then, from his love
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4 If he is mine, let friends forsake—
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he who giveth me Himself,
Is more than these to me.

5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He is a solid comfort when
All other comforts fail.

6 O tell me, Lord! that thou art mine
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live
When all the streams are dried.

288 PART I. C. M. Oxford, 177.
Fear not. BEDDOME.

YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued stream.

Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

Fear not the want of outward good;
He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve—
To endless glory bring.

You, in his wisdom, power, and grace
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

288 PART II. C. M. Worksop, 31.
Trust in God.

DEAR Lord! why should I doubt thy
Or disbelieve thy grace? [love,
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
Although thou hide thy face.

Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
My drooping spirits cheer'd;
And wilt thou not appear again
Where thou hast once appear'd?

Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,
And told me I am thine?
And wilt thou now thy work undo,
Or break thy word divine?

Dost thou repent? wilt thou deny
The gifts thou hast bestow'd?
Or are those streams of mercy dry,
Which once so freely flow'd?

Lord! let no groundless fears destroy
The mercies now possess'd;
I 'll praise for blessings I enjoy,
And trust for all the rest.

289 8.8.6. Chatham, 59. Hinton, 266.
Fears removed. John vi. 20. JESSE.

UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin.
From first to last, O Lord, I 've been!
Deceitful is my heart:
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul;
But Jesus can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.

When first I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,—
Ungratefully delay'd:
At length his voice more powerful came,
'T is I,' he cried, 'I, still the same;
Thou need'st not be afraid.'

3 My heart was changed; in that same hour
My soul confess'd his mighty power;
Out flow'd the briny tear:
I listen'd still to hear his voice;
Again he said, 'In me rejoice;
'T is I—thou need'st not fear.'

4 'Unworthy of thy love!' I cried;
'Freely I love,' he soon replied,
'On me thy faith be staid:
On me for every thing depend;
I 'm Jesus, still the sinner's friend,—
Thou need'st not be afraid.'

290 104th. Enoch, 410. Portuguese, 263.
I will trust and not be afraid. Isa. xii. 2. NEWTON.

1 BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'T is mine to obey, 't is his to provide; [fail,
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He 'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review, [thro'.
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite

4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food; [long,
Though painful at present 't will cease before
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

291 L. M. New Sabbath, 122. Malta, 500.
True wisdom. Prov. iii. 13—18.

1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace—
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows, the Saviour died for me—
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace:
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared with her.

4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends:
The tree of life divines she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.

5 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

292 L. M. Alfred, 509. Samuel, 427.
Zeal for Christ. DODDRIDGE.

1 BLEST men, who stretch their willing hands,
Submissive to their Lord's commands,
And yield their liberty and breath
To him that loved their souls in death.

2 Lead me to suffer and to die,
If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh:
One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
And teach me, smiling, to expire.

3 If nature at the trial shake,
And from the cross or flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its tremblings into praise.

4 While scarce I dare with Peter say,
'I 'll boldly tread the bleeding way;'
Yet, in thy steps, like John, I 'd move
With humble hope and silent love.

293 PART I. C. M. Bedford, 91.
Holy zeal and diligence. BEDDOME.

1 WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow the advances which I make,
With heaven itself in view!

2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
Great God! my love inflame;
Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.

3 To gain the top of Zion's hill
May I with fervour strive;
And all those powers employ for thee
Which I from thee derive!

293 PART II. C. M. Biggleswade, 422.
Zeal for God; or, longing for the mind of Christ. BEDDOME.

1 IF duty calls, and suffering too,
My Lord! I 'd follow thee;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
As thou art, would I be.

2 With zeal inflamed, 't was thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love
Did through thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

4 Depending on thy sovereign grace,
I 'll tread the heavenly road;
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.

PAUSE.

5 O let me run the Christian race
With diligence and speed!
God's word, his Spirit, and his grace,
Do all to duty lead.

6 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss
To save from sin and hell?—
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.

7 Those who to Christ for refuge flee
Should in his footsteps tread;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should be
Both trusted and obey'd.

THE CHRISTIAN.

294 PART I. L. M. Fawcett, 184.
The Christian awakened—What must I do to be saved? Acts ix. 6. FAWCETT.

1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I lived at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
'I shall have peace at last,' I cried.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
'O save a wretch condemn'd to die.'

294 PART II. C. M. Abridge, 201.
The great question answered. BEDDOME, altered.

1 IS there, in heaven or earth, who can
A wretched mortal save?
Make a poor leprous sinner clean?
Redeem a helpless slave?

2 Who can appease an angry God?—
Relieve a burden'd mind?
In whom a soul, o'erwhelm'd with guilt
May ease and safety find?

3 Yes, there is One, who dwells on high,
That can do this and more;—
A Being of unbounded love,
And uncontrolled power.

4 Immanuel is his name; who once,
Upon the accursed tree,
Bore the vast weight of all their sins
Who, burden'd, to him flee.

5 But now he lives, he ever lives,
And pleads what he hath done;
While God ten thousand crimes forgives,
Through his atoning Son.

6 Jesus, I to thy feet repair,
And there will prostrate lie:
Be thou propitious to my prayer,
And I shall never die.

294 PART III. 8.7.4. Calvary, 297.
The strait gate. BEDDOME.

1 STRAIT the gate, the way is narrow,
To the realms of endless bliss;
Sinful men and vain professors,
Self-deceived, the passage miss;
Rushing headlong,
Down they sink the dread abyss.

2 Sins and follies unforsaken,
All will end in deep despair;
Formal prayers are unavailing,
Fruitless is the worldling's tear;
Small the number
Who to wisdom's path repair.

3 Thou who art thy people's guardian,
Condescend my guide to be;
By thy Spirit's light unerring,
Let me thy salvation see;
May I never
Miss the way that leads to thee!

295 8.7. Trowbridge, 21. Walmgate, 51.
Supplicating. Mark x. 17. TURNER.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation:
See! I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief!

3 [Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?—
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?]

4 [While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou sufferedst thus for me.

5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,—
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

6 Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone, [ing,
Search through heaven, the land of bless-
Seeking good and finding none.]

7 Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me;
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.

8 On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all:
Let thy arm be now revealed;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
'Here 's a soul that perish'd, suing
For the boasted Saviour's aid!'

10 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above!
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love!

296 PART I. 7's. St. Andrew's, 502.
Longing for an interest in Christ

1 GRACIOUS Lord! incline thine ear!
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry;—
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost!
In thy grace alone I trust:
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

7 Father, does thy justice frown?
Let me shelter in thy Son!
Jesus, to thy arms I fly,
Come and save me, or I die.

296 PART II. C.M. Bedford, 91.
The Christian's daily hymn.

1 HELP and salvation, Lord, I crave,
For both I greatly need:
None else these blessings can bestow—
From thee they must proceed.

2 Help me thy glories to behold,
Thy loveliness to see;
Save from an atheistic heart,
Which shuns the Deity.

3 [Help me the turpitude of sin
With shame to realize;
Save from impenitence, and thaw
A breast as hard as ice.]

4 Help me to cleave to Christ alone—
Where else can sinners fly?
Save me from all self-righteousness,
And every idol nigh.

5 Help me to live upon thy word,—
The Christian's daily food;
Save me from unbelief, that foe—
That bar to every good.

6 Help me to do thy holy will;
Let duty bliss dispense:
Save from a disobedient heart,
From sloth and negligence.

7 Help me to persevere in grace,
Still gladly following on:
Save me from each backsliding path
To which my heart is prone.

8 [Help, in prosperity, that I
True gratitude may find:
Save me from pride and carnal ease,
And from an earthly mind.

9 Help, in adversity, to bow
My neck to bear the yoke:
Save me from wrath and discontent,
Which would my God provoke.]

10 Help me to conquer all my foes,
Satan, the world, and sin:
Save from temptation's snares without,
And this base heart within.

11 Help me to wait the time decreed,
And then meet death with joy:
Save me from all the ills of life,
The dread of death destroy.

297 Part I. L. M. Perfection, 337.

Choosing the better part.
Luke x. 42. DODDRIDGE.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

297 Part II. 8.8.6. Broadmead, 150.

Admiring the love of God.

1 MY God, thy boundless love we praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'T is love that gilds the vernal ray—
Adorns the flowery robe of May—
Perfumes the breathing gale;
'T is love that loads the plenteous plain
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
And smiles o'er every vale.

3 But, in thy Gospel, it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravish'd breast:
There, love immortal leaves the sky
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

4 There smiles a kind propitious God—
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of sins forgiven:
There faith, bright cherub, points the way,
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all her heaven.

5 Then, in redeeming love rejoice,
My soul, and hear a Saviour's voice,
That calls thee to the skies;
Above life's empty scenes aspire—
Its sordid cares and mean desire,
And seize th' eternal prize.

298 Part I. S. M. Sarah, 391.

Devoting himself to God.
Rom. xii. 1. DODDRIDGE.

1 AND will th' eternal King
So mean a gift reward?
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepared.

2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame:
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

298 Part II. S. M. Aynhoe, 108.

Going forward. Exod. xiv. 15.

1 LIKE Israel, Lord, am I;
My soul is at a stand!
A sea before, a host behind,
And rocks on either hand.

2 O Lord, I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey;
Bid me advance, and through the sea,
Create a new-made way.

3 Without thee, I must sink
Beneath the swelling flood;
Or fall a prey to those who think
To glut them with my blood.

4 The time of greatest straits
Thy chosen time has been,
To manifest thy power is great,
And make thy glory seen.

5 Thou wast by Abra'm own'd
A God in time of need:—
Thou art *Jehovah-Jireh* found
By all of Abra'm's seed.

6 Thy power is still the same,
On thee I would rely;
Wilt thou not answer to thy name
To such a worm as I?

7 O send deliverance down,
Display the arm divine!
So shall the praise be all thine own,
And I be doubly thine.

298 PART III. L. M. Job, 474.
Renouncing the law of works.

1 WHEN Jesus for his people died,
The holy law was satisfied:
Its awful penalties he bore;
It can command, but curse no more.

2 He having suffer'd in their stead,
The law in covenant form is dead,
But rules them with a gentle sway!
And they, with sweet delight, obey.

3 Amazing love, how rich, how free!
That Christ should die for such as we!
From hence, the holiest duties flow
Of saints above and saints below.

299 PART I. L. M. Melcombe, 325.
Our bodies the temples of the Holy Ghost. STENNETT.

1 AND will th' offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?

2 The joyful news transports my breast;
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of glory in.

3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train!
Here live, and here for ever reign!
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I 'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
To thee I 'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

5 No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace;
Dagon before the ark shall fall,
And God in Christ be all in all.

299 PART II. C. M. Hensbury, 323.
Imploring the presence of God.

1 LORD, let me see thy beauteous face!
It yields a heaven below;
And angels round the throne will say,
'T is all the heaven they know.

2 A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee,
Would more delight my soul
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.

299 PART III. L. M. Rowles, 73.
Happy in God. FRANCIS.

1 INDULGENT God, to thee I raise
My spirit, fraught with joy and praise:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.

2 Rivers descending, Lord, from thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearse
Demands an everlasting verse.

3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation, lo! the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.

4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so;
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptured there—

5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below;—
The fulness of that boundless sea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.

6 My soul, with such a scene in view,
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

299 PART IV. C. M. Camb. New, 74.
Rejoicing in Jesus. OLIVER.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Saviour and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoners free:
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

300 8. 8. 6. Mottingham, 510.
The spiritual pilgrim. WESLEY.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and [thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine;
Already saved from self design,
From every creature love,—
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,—
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 Nothing on earth I call my own:
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,—
A country in the skies.

5 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

6 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

301 7.6. Bath-road.483. Grey Friars,484.

The pilgrim's song. CENNICK.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace!
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place!
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,—
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

302 C.M. Camb. New, 74. Nativity, 522.

Running the Christian race. Phil. iii. 12—14. DODDRIDGE.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'T is God's an-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We 'll lay our laurels down.

303 PART I. L. M. Coomb's, 45.

The Christian warfare. STENNETT.

1 MY Captain sounds the alarm of war;
'Awake! the powers of hell are near!
To arms! to arms!' I hear him cry,
''T is yours to conquer or to die!'

2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around,
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;
Resolved to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast:
Through troops of foes he 'll lead me on
To victory, and the victor's crown.

303 PART II. C. M. Camb. New, 74.

Elisha's question to the Shunamite improved. 2 Kings iv. 13.

1 LORD, when I saw, or thought I saw,
The sinfulness of sin,
My soul was grieved with foes without,
But more with foes within.

2 I saw they would o'er me prevail,
And my destruction prove,
In spite of all that I could do
To force them to remove.

3 But something whisper'd me, when hope
Was giving up the ghost,
'Wilt thou be spoke for to the King,
Or Captain of the host?'

4 O that the Captain of the host
Would in my cause appear,
Defeat my cruel deadly foes,
That chill my soul with fear.

5 'Fear not their looks,' the victor cried
'Though they are fierce and stout,
By little and by little, I
Will surely drive them out.'

5 I rest upon thy promise, Lord,
And trust thy love and power;
O make me more than conqueror now,
And in the final hour.

303 PART III. S. M. Mansfield, 154.

The Christian warrior exhorted to perseverance. WESLEY.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

5 In fellowship alone,
To God with faith draw near:
Approach his courts, besiege his throne
With all the powers of prayer:

6 Go, to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move;
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.

7 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

8 Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, 'Come;'
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

304 148. Eagle-st. 16. Casterton, 18.

The Christian's spiritual voyage. TOPLADY.

1 JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,—
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore
Where winds and waves distress no more!

5 [Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.]

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below
To heaven, my destined place;
Then, in full sail, my port I 'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

305 PART I. 7's. Hotham, 224.

Tempted—but flying to Christ. WESLEY.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the raging billows roll,—
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in All in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee!
Spring thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity!

305 PART II. 8.6.8. Francis, 200.

Safety and felicity.

1 WHENE'ER I wish the feather'd wings
Of a swift pinion'd dove,
To fly from all tempestuous things,
The long'd-for rest to prove—
I 'm ask'd what place can bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have reach'd my heart?

2 Full oft in fruitless, fond desire
I to the desert ran,
But could not from myself retire,
Nor 'scape the inner man:
I think no place can bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have won my heart.

3 No lonely desert where I go
Can hide me from my pain,
I carry with me my own woe,
While sin and guilt remain:
I find no place can bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have cleansed my heart.

4 No Eden, breathing vernal sweets,
No Paradise below,
Nor glory, if a graceless state,
Can half my wish bestow:
I feel no place can bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have cheer'd my heart.

5 A little genuine grace insures
The death of all my sins;
With more, my bliss shall more increase,
With much my heaven begins:
I 'm sure no place can bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have fill'd my heart.

6 Then, O my disappointed soul,
No longer rove from home;
Fly not to earth, to hell, nor heaven,
But to the refuge come:
Not heaven can perfect bliss impart,
Till Christ and grace have fix'd my heart.

7 Now, Holy Dove, on thy soft wings,
Waft me to Jesus' breast,
There, if I fly, I cannot fail
To find the promised rest:
For all his grace he will impart,
This shall beatify my heart.

305 PART III. 6.8.7.4. Egypt, 351.

The Christian's journey. KELLY.

1 FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Our toils and conflicts cease
On Canaan's happy shore;
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah! &c.

4 But hark! those distant sounds
That strike our listening ears;
They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
Where God our King appears.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
Hallelujah, &c.

6 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.
Hallelujah, &c.

7 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We 're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah, &c.

306 PART I. L. M. Luton, 30.

The Christian's temptations moderated. 1 Cor. x. 13. DODDRIDGE.

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song;
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day;
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood;
Still he is gracious, wise, and just,
And still in him let Israel trust.

306 PART II. 7's. Lunesdale, 418.

Welcoming the cross. COWPER.

1 'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil;
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here—
No chastisement by the way—
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not—would not if he might.

306 PART III. S. M. Wirksworth, 158.
The tried Christian's help.

1 THE troubles of the saint
Are constant as his days,
And when in trouble, if he prays,
The accuser comes and says,—

2 'Thou hast restrained prayer
Before the God of grace,
And were it not for trouble now,
Thou wouldst not seek his face.'

3 Ah, what can I reply?
Shall I pretend to say,
That were I now from trouble free
I heartily should pray?

4 This, this is my reply,
That God has said to me,
'Because thou art in trouble call,
And I 'll deliver thee.'

5 Then, Lord, if I have gone
In smiling days astray,
In trouble let me on thee call
Until my dying day.

306 PART IV. S. M. Shirland, 304.
The Christian encouraged. LUTHER.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears:
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He every where hath sway,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand?

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand.

6 Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on his throne,
He ruleth all things well.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee:
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love, and guardian care.

307 L. M. Chard, 175. Hamburgh, 340.
The ministry of angels.

1 GREAT God, what hosts of angels stand
In shining ranks at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!

2 Immortal fires! seraphic flames!
Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel;
For near the throne of God they dwell.

3 How eagerly they wish to know
The duties he would have them do!
What joy their active spirits feel
To execute their Sovereign's will!

4 Hither, at his command, they fly
To guard the beds on which we lie,
To shield our persons night and day,
And scatter all our fears away.

5 [Aghast the hostile Syrian band
Around the helpless prophet stand,
While mighty Gabriel downward flies,
And with his chariot fills the skies.

6 Herod attempts, but all in vain,
To bind a Peter with his chain;
At one soft word an angel speaks,
The massy chain asunder breaks.]

7 Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Though to a mortal eye unknown,)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.

308 C. M. Charmouth, 28. Essex, 409.
Walking in darkness, and trusting in God. Isa. l. 10. STEELE.

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone,
And when my joys arise?

2 My God!—O could I make the claim—
My Father and my Friend—
And call thee mine by every name
On which thy saints depend!—

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat:
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns.
Thy word is all my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns;
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

309 S. M. Stoke, 207. Pelham, 333.

Complaining. Rom. vii. NEWTON.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
Til Jesus make it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine:
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee!

6 But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
To thee my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun?
And, with a will, afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?

310 L. M. Peru, 516. Antiquity, 331.

Complaining of inconstancy. BEDDOME.

1 THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same:
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unstedfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

311 L. M. Mark's, 65. John's Chapel, 348.

Pride lamented. STENNETT.

1 OFT have I turn'd my eyes within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.

2 Here with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
To make a guilty wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.

3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies;
And, while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.

4 Rend, O my God! the veil away,
Bring forth the monster to the day;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue.

5 So shall humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine;
And form a temple for my God,
Which he will make his loved abode.

312 C. M. Crowle, 3. Trinity, 181.

Pleading with God. STENNETT.

1 WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within?
Since every sigh, and every pain
Is but the fruit of sin.

2 No, Lord, I 'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;
Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet through the stormy clouds I 'll look
Once more to thee, my God;
O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

313 PART I. L. M. Perfection. 337.

The backslider. DR. COLLYER.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep repentant sigh;
He saw thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;—
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'T is God who says, 'No longer mourn,'
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

6 Return, O wanderer, return,
Regain thy lost, lamented rest;
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn
To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.

313 PART II. 7.6.8. Tottenham, 111.
The backslider's prayer.

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep;
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all its freeness shown:
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown:
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was closed that we might live;
'Father,' (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd,) 'forgive!'
Surely with that dying word, [done;'
He turns, and looks, and cries, ''T is
O my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

313 PART III. 148th. Grove, 125.
The sincerely returning backslider.

1 GOD of eternal love,
Pity a troubled heart;
Shine from thy throne above,
And ease me of my smart;
The sin that doth my spirit grieve,
'T is Jesus only can relieve.

2 On thee I now rely,
My kind unchanging Friend,
And, Lord, I 'd rather die
Than thy great name offend;
O break corruption's iron neck,
And save me for thy mercy's sake.

3 Did I a world possess,
That world I 'd now resign,
To feel thy pardoning grace
And victory over sin;—
To find my God within my heart,
And feel my every sin depart.

4 Yet I will not despair,
But to my Lord I 'll flee,
He 'll bring salvation near,
And I his face shall see;—
On yonder throne his name adore,
And shout, I 'm saved to sin no more.

314 C. M. London, 180. Bangor, 231.
Peter's fall and recovery. FAWCETT.

1 HOW did the powers of darkness rage
Against the Son of God!
While cruel men on earth engage
To shed his precious blood.

2 His friends forsook him with surprise,
When that dread scene began;
And one perfidiously denies
He ever knew the man.

3 How feeble human efforts prove
Against temptation's power!
E'en Peter's flaming zeal and love
Are vanquish'd in an hour.

4 His firmest purpose will not stand;
Behold his guilt and shame!
Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I shall do the same.

5 At length the suffering Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes;
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.

6 So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble prayer;
If I am found in Peter's case,
I would not still despair.

7 Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love,
My wandering soul restore;
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me sin no more.

315 C. M. Crowle, 3. Adelphi, 405.
O that I were as in months past!
Job xxix. 2. NEWTON.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shades prevail'd
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And, when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 [Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.]

7 My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

316 C. M. Bedford, 91. Charmouth, 28.

Making God a refuge. STEELE.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

317 C. M. Cambridge New, 74.

Persecution to be expected by every true Christian. 2 Tim. iii. 12. DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT Leader of thine Israel's host,
We shout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
And legions fled with shame.

2 A victory glorious and complete
Thou by thy death didst gain;
So in thy cause may we contend,
And death itself sustain.

3 By our illustrious General fired,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepared to struggle and to bleed,
If thou, O Lord, be near.

4 We 'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
To triumph and renown;
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
May we but share thy crown.

318 PART I. 8.7.4. Westbury, 51.

Hoping in God.

Ps. xlii. 5. FAWCETT.

1 O MY soul! what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and tease thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he 'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he 'll bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

318 PART II. 8.8.6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

Sorrowing and hoping.

1 WHY are our hearts so full of grief?
What! cannot Jesus give relief,
And ease our troubled mind?
To this the contrite all can say,
Had we but now a heart to pray
We soon should comfort find.

2 But oft, alas! we cannot pray,
We can but just look up, and say,
Quicken our stupid heart;
Make us what thou wouldst have us be,
We would not live so far from thee,
From thee no more depart.

3 The Lord he hears when thus we moan,
Weighs and considers every groan,
And knows our very sigh:
For reasons best he seems to stay,
He won't forsake, he may delay,
It is our faith to try.

4 Then let us wait to feel his love,
And hope to meet our Lord above,
Beyond the reach of fear;
O may his smiles attend our days,
And all our future lives be praise,
Until safe landed there!

318 PART III. S. M. Eagle St. New, 55.

The wonder.

GOD look'd from heaven, and saw
Mankind all sunk in sin,
Filthy, abominable, vile,
A universe unclean!

Amazing patience which
Surveys a world of foes,
Yet plunges not a world like this
In an abyss of woes!

But wonder more, my soul,
If I, of Adam's race,
Am snatch'd from the consuming fire,
And saved by sovereign grace!

318 PART IV. 10. 5. 11. Pilgrimage, 536.

Christian courage. WESLEY.

COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

Of heavenly birth, Though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place;
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

At Jesus's call, We gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.

No longing we find For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above;

A country of joy, Without any alloy,
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

We march hand in hand To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity 's near.

The rougher our way, The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

318 PART V. C. M. Glasgow, 376.

Gospel comforts. TOPLADY.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

319 C.M. Brighton, 208. Grove House, 143.

The request.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

320 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Salem, 139.

Watchfulness and prayer. STEELE.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain;
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee.

321 L. M. Kingsbridge, 88. Ripon, 188.
Prayer answered by trials. NEWTON.

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'T was he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favour'd hour
At once he 'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed—
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,
'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?'
'T is in this way,' the Lord replied,
'I answer prayer for grace and faith:

7 'These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free:
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.'

322 PART I. L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Growing in grace. DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;
For all the influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.

2 Bless'd be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise;
And gave its heavenly beauties birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

3 But why does that celestial flower
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?

4 Too pain, alas! the languor shows
The unkindly soil in which it grows;
Where the biting frost, and beating storm,
Wither and cool its tender form.

5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams display,
To drive the frost and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cherish a plant so much thy own.

6 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

322 PART II. L. M. Pell-street, 306.
Growth in grace. Hos. xiv. 4.

1 SHOW us our welcome, gracious Lord,
To all the treasures of thy word:
And help us now in faith to trace
Thy promises of growth in grace.

2 Thou, on thy people, from above,
Wilt pour thy Spirit and his love,
Like plenteous showers and copious dews,
Which blooming life and joy diffuse.

3 Like fragrant lilies they shall grow,
Like cedars strike their roots below,
And spread their branches fair and green
As fruitful olive trees are seen.

4 As does the dying corn revive,
As vines in southern aspects thrive,
So shall their graces vigorous shine,
And breathe an incense all divine.

PAUSE. New Sabbath, 122.

5 O may the promises be mine,
The sure performance, Lord, is thine;
For little children and young men
Have grown, and honour'd fathers been.

6 [Paul said, with joy, of some he knew,
Exceedingly their graces grew—
So did their faith and love abound—
The fame spread all the churches round.

7 Precept and promise still unite
To make this service our delight;
To grow in grace—this, surely this,
Is the transcendent mark of bliss.]

8 Then, Lord, forbid, forbid that we
Should always little children be;
But may our path shine more, we pray,
And more until the perfect day.

322 PART III. L. M. Leeds, 19.
Unfruitfulness reproved.

1 DOES God, too ever good and kind,
Come seeking fruit, and find not find?
Sure, as the means he richly gives,
He justly looks for more than leaves.

2 The buds are pleasing in his view,
And beauteous are the blossoms too;
But pleasing fruits are, in his sight,
Fair objects of his chief delight.

3 Then what if Jesus comes and sees
That we are only barren trees,
Spreading our leafy branches round,
Mere worthless cumb'rers of the ground?

4 Ah, Lord, we have deserved the name,
But save us from the sin, the shame,
Lest thou and I thine should, with a frown,
Say, 'Cut, new cut the cumb'rer down.'

5 But a sweet wrestling voice we hear,
O spare it, Lord, another year,
That fruit may on each branch be found,
The graces clust'ring all around.

6 This prayer has often reach'd the skies
Now let it from our hearts arise;
'Spare, spare it, Lord,'—so mercy spake—
'Spare it,' we cry, 'for Jesus' sake.'

322 PART IV. S. 7. Alexandria, 361.
Consistency urged. HART.

1 LUKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger,
See what hosts your camp surround!
Arm to battle,—lag no longer;
Hark, the silver trumpets sound.
Wake, ye sleepers, wake; what mean you?
Sin besets you round about.
Up, and search; the world's within you,
Slay, or chase the traitor out.

2 What enchants you, gold or pleasure?
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part:
Ask your conscience, Where's your treasure?
For be certain there 's your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit.
Lo! the bloody flag 's unfurl'd;
That base heart, the word has said it,
Loves not God that loves the world.

3 God and mammon! O be wiser.
Serve them both?—it cannot be.
Ease in warfare, saint and miser?
These will never well agree.
Shun the shame of foully falling,
Cumber'd captives clogg'd with clay;
Prove your faith; make sure your calling;
Wield the sword, and win the day.

4 Forward press toward perfection,
Watch and pray, and all things prove,
Seek to know your God's election;
Search his everlasting love.
Dread backsliding, scorn dissembling,
Now salvation 's near in view;
Work it out with fear and trembling;
'T is your God that works in you.

322 PART V. C. M. Langshaw, 424.
Christians chosen to holiness.
John xv. 16. DODDRIDGE.

1 I OWN, my God, thy sovereign grace,
And bring the praise to thee;
If thou my chosen portion art,
Thou first hast chosen me.

2 My gracious counsellor and guide
Will hear me when I pray;
Nor, while I urge a Saviour's name,
Will frown my soul away.

3 Blest Jesus, animate my heart
With beams of heavenly love,
And teach that cold, unthankful soil,
The heavenly seed t' improve.

4 In copious showers thy Spirit send,
To water all the ground;
So to the honour of thy name
Shall lasting fruit be found.

323 L. M. Lebanon, 79. New Sab. 122.
Rising to God. GIBBONS.

1 NOW let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

324 L. M. Magdalene, 214. Luton, 30.
The grateful review. FAWCETT.

1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'T is even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'T is thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

325 S. M. Sutton, 149. Stockport, 47.
The active Christian. DODDRIDGE

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

326 PART I. L. M. Ulverston. 179.

Finishing his course with joy. Acts xx. 24. GIBBONS.

1 ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise
For the rich gospel of thy grace;
And that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital power.

2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view,—
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.

3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmoved their terrors we 'll survey;
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life or liberty.

4 Welcome those bonds, which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight!
Welcome that death, whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ, our better life!

326 PART II. C. M. Sprowston. 365.

Animated in prospect of overcoming. Rev. ii. 11.

1 ROUSE, rouse, my soul, and fight thy way,
Should earth and hell oppose;
Though thou art not, thy Saviour is
A match for all thy foes.

2 Yes, thou art weak, but he is strong,
And will his strength impart;
He 'll teach thy feeble hands to war,
And cheer thy fainting heart.

3 A few successful struggles yet,
Then, not a conflict more;
Satan and sin shall ne'er assault
On the celestial shore.

326 PART III. L. M. Tranquillity. 350.

Home in view. NEWTON.

1 AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He sights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 ''T is there,' he says, 'I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.'

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

326 PART IV. C. M. Triumphant. 437.

Gratitude and hope. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide;
And in that long experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream:
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
These distant courts I love;
But O, I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
To be removed no more.

327 L. M. Ulverston. 179. Old 100th.

Committing his departing spirit to Jesus. DODDRIDGE.

1 O THOU that hast redemption wrought,
Patron of souls thy blood hath bought,
To thee our spirit we commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.

2 Millions of blissful souls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With songs of endless praise proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.

3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,
Thy ever constant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
When every mortal bond was broke.

4 We on that friendship, Lord, repose,
The healing balm of all our woes;
And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine omnipotence to save.

5 O may our spirits by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, 'midst the blessings of thy reign,
Lose all remembrance of their pain!

In raptures there divinely sweet,
Give us our kindred souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph shall display.

328 C. M. Cambridge New, 74.
The Christian warrior. DODDRIDGE.

HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!

'Fight on, my faithful band,' he cries,
'Nor fear the mortal blow:
Who first in such a warfare dies
Shall speediest victory know.

'I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid;
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

'That throne, that glory you shall share;
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the sparkling honours wear,
While God himself shall live.'

Lord, 't is enough; our souls are fired
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fixed above.

WORSHIP—PRIVATE.

329 L. M. Old Hundredth. Ely, 446.
Retirement and meditation.
Psa. iv. 4. DODDRIDGE.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

O thou, great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.

Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

330 L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Reading the Scriptures. BEDDOME.

GREAT God, oppress'd with grief and fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find
Some gracious word of promise there,
To soothe the sorrows of my mind.

I turn the sacred volume o'er,
And search with care from page to page;
Of threatenings find an ample store,
But nought that can my grief assuage.

3 And is there nought? Forbid, dear Lord,
So base a thought should e'er arise;
I 'll search again, and, while I search,
O may the scales fall off mine eyes!

4 'T is done; and, with transporting joy,
I read the heaven-inspired lines;
There mercy spreads its brightest beams,
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.

5 Here 's heavenly food for hungry souls,
And mines of gold t' enrich the poor;
Here 's healing balm for every wound,
A salve for every festering sore.

331 PART I. L. M. Magdalene, 214.
Self-examination. PRES. DAVIES.

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear!
How few, alas! approved and clear!

2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts! O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove: let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear!

5 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself myself display.

6 May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

331 PART II. L. M. Virginia, 234.
Lord, is it I? Matt. xxvi. 21, 22.

1 METHINKS I hear the Saviour say,
One of you will the Lord betray:
Betray thee, Lord, my God, my King!
Forbid, forbid th' accursed thing.

2 But is the contrite heart, with pains,
Alarm'd at these affecting strains?
Let holy jealousy reply,
As in his sight, 'Lord, is it I?'

3 Yes, if I only look within
At my depravity and sin,
I see, but for thy mighty power,
I shall betray thee every hour.

4 But if the baleful crime I hate,
And e'en the thought I deprecate,
And if thine arms my soul entwine,
Lord, can the dreadful guilt be mine?

5 This moment I would rather die,
Than live my Saviour to deny;
Or treach'rously, in any way,
His cause or honour e'er betray.

6 Then hear me breathe my inmost heart,
Ne'er let me act the traitor's part,
But thy loved name and cause defend,
With hallow'd zeal, till life shall end.

7 Then may I breathe my life away
On thy dear breast while angels say,
'A faithful friend of Jesus dies,
We waft him to his native skies.'

331 PART III. C. M. Glasgow, 376.

Retirement. COWPER.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

332 C. M. Charmouth, 28. Turvey, 538.

Secret prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

1 FATHER divine! thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night:
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

5 Mercy, good Lord! mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
Mercy, through Christ, is all my suit;
Lord, let thy mercy come.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

333 C.M. Great Milton, 212. Arabia, 324.

Going to a new habitation.

1 GREAT God! where'er we pitch our tent
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and strength
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

334 L. M. Magdalene, 214. Horsley, 203.

The Christian's resolution. STEELE.

1 AH! wretched souls, who strive in vain
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint or tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

335 L. M. Portugal, 97. Ulverston, 175.

Family religion. DODDRIDGE.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While pleased and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

336 PART I. S. M. Handel's, 168.

Prayer for children.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
O bring the long'd-for happy hour,
That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
Then follow their despised Lord
Through the baptismal stream.

5 Thus let our favour'd race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sovereign grace,
And sing their dying Lord.

336 PART II. L. M. Eaton, 291.
The same.

1 DIVINE Redeemer, God of love,
Now let thy kindest bowels move;
Look from thy glorious throne on high,
With soft compassion in thine eye.

2 To thee, our God, our heavenly King,
Our tender offspring, lo! we bring;
Where should we bring them but to thee,
Thou Fount of all felicity?

3 O grant them all a God can give,
And all that mortals can receive;
Grace to believe in Jesus' blood,
Grace to enjoy and walk with God.

4 Then, God of grace, O hear our prayer,
Make them thy own peculiar care;
May ours be thine, or rich or poor,
For ever thine—we ask no more.

336 PART III. C. M. Arabia, 324.
The mother for her child.

1 FAIN, O my babe, I 'd have thee know
The God whom angels love,
And teach thee feeble strains below,
Akin to theirs above.

2 O when thy lisping tongue shall read
Of truths divinely sweet,
May'st thou, a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesus' feet.

3 I 'll move thine ear, I 'll point thine eye;
But, ah! the inward part—
Great God, the Spirit, hear the sigh
That trembles through my heart.

4 Break, with thy gracious beam benign,
O'er all the mental wild;
Bright on the human chaos shine,
And sanctify my child.

336 PART IV. L. M. Job, 474.
God the dwelling-place of his people.

1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been,
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;
In thee our fathers still are blest;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

5 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

6 To thee our infant race we leave;
Them may their fathers' God receive;
That voices yet unform'd may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

336 PART V. L. M. Buxton, 347.
David's charge to Solomon.
1 Chron. xxviii. 9. NEWTON

1 O DAVID'S Son, and David's Lord,
From age to age thou art the same
Thy gracious presence now afford,
And teach our youth to know thy name.

2 Thy people, Lord, though oft distrest,
Upheld by thee, thus far are come;
And now we long to see thy rest,
And wait thy word to call us home.

3 Like David, when this life shall end,
We trust in thee sure peace to find;
Like him, to thee we now commend
The children we must leave behind.

4 Ere long we hope to be where care,
And sin, and sorrow, never come;
But, oh! accept our humble prayer,
That these may praise thee in our room.

5 Show them how vile they are by sin,
And wash them in thy cleansing blood;
Oh! make them willing to be thine,
And be to them a covenant God.

6 Long may thy light and truth remain
To bless this place when we are gone:
And numbers here be born again,
To dwell for ever near thy throne.

337 C. M. Lydia, 327.
Christ's regard to children.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.'

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

338 PART I. 148th. Burnham, 396.
Opening a place of worship.

1 IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

338 PART II. C. M. Charmouth, 28.
Re-opening a place of worship.

1 O GOD, before whose radiant throne
The heavenly armies bend,
Now graciously incline thine ear,
And to our suit attend.

2 Where our forefathers join'd in praise,
We meet to praise thee too;
For us and others here they pray'd,
We now their works renew

3 This house, these walls re-edified,
Are raised, Lord, for thee;
In all the plenitude of grace,
Let this thy temple be.

4 By pious crowds of new-born souls,
Let countless proofs be given,—
This surely is the house of God,
The very gate of heaven.

5 Here may the dead be made alive,
Backsliding souls return;
More grace by gracious souls be felt,
And saints like seraphs burn.

6 Here build thy church, maintain thy cause,
Nor let it e'er decline;
But flourish when the trumpet sounds—
The kingdoms, Lord, are thine.

7 And on each flock around this hill
Shower mercy, grace, and love;
Thus meeten us and millions more
For the blest church above.

338 PART III. C. M. Stephens, 292.
Opening a place of worship.
BEDDOME.

1 ETERNAL Source of every good,
Before thy throne we bow,
And bless thee for thy gift bestow'd
On pilgrims here below.

2 Our hearts and hands hast thou inclined
To raise this house of prayer;
Oh! may we seek and ever find
Thy gracious presence here.

3 Here may thy children sweetly feed
On manna sent from heaven,
Drink freely at the fountain head,
Whence living streams are given.

4 Here let our offspring and their sons
Be of the Saviour blest,
And then, while time its circuit runs,
Find here a settled rest.

5 To the eternal sacred Three,
The great mysterious One,
Now may this house devoted be,
To thee, and thee alone.

339 PART I. L. M. Chard, 175.
The same. DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

339 PART II. L. M. Melcombe, 325.
on the opening of a place of worship after enlargement. COWPER.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 [Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord:
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.]

6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

340 C. M. Abridge, 201. Leicester, 380.
The same. NEWTON.

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

341 S.M. Bradley Ch. 442. Cranbrook, 303.
Social worship. STENNETT.

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

342 7's. Bath Abbey, 147. Alcester, 213.
The excellency of public worship. TURNER.

1 LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus, with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

343 L. M. Langdon, 217. Park-st. 370.
Happiness of humble worship. Psa. lxxxiv. STEELE.

1 HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.

2 O blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

3 Happy the men, whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

4 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

5 God is a sun: our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

6 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy favourites of his care.

7 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

344 L. M. Bramcoate, 8. Neapolis, 371.
Delight in God's house. STEELE.

1 THOU, Lord, my safety, thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright?
Strength of my life, what arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form:
One gift I ask, that, to my end,
Fair Sion's dome I may attend:

3 There, joyful, find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God;
For he within his hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign.

4 When thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
My heart replied to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord!

5 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my Father and my Friend.

6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,
On God with sacred courage wait:
His hand shall life and strength afford;
O ever wait upon the Lord!

345 PART I. S. M. Mornington, 47.
Religion not a form. WATTS.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wondrous is thy name;
Thy glories how diffused abroad
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curst pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship 's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true
Until 't is form'd again.

6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

THE LORD'S DAY.

345 PART II. 7's. Kennington, 198.
Saturday evening. NEWTON.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On th' approaching sabbath day;—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand:
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee!

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear!
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

345 PART III. 8.8.6. Praise, 321.
Longing for the Lord's day.

1 SWEET day of rest, for thee I'd wait,
Emblem and earnest of a state
Where saints are fully blest!
For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh,
I'd count the days till thou art nigh,
Sweet day of sacred rest.

2 O let my mind be always so;
My songs no interruption know,
Till death shall seal my tongue:
In heaven a nobler strain I 'll raise,
And rest from every thing but praise,—
My heaven an endless song.

345 PART IV. L. M. Bab. Streams, 23.
Saturday evening reflection.

1 ANOTHER week for ever gone!
How fast our days and minutes run!
The joys of heaven, or pains of hell,
Await us—and we soon must die.

2 The sins and follies of the week,
Pardon, O Lord, for Jesus' sake;
And a delightful Lord's-day frame
Grant in the morn when we awake.

3 The endless Lord's-day soon will dawn
Ye saints, rejoice, and homeward press
Each week, and day, and hour, for yet
Leaves one of sin and sorrow less.

345 PART V. C. M. Ellenbro', 170.
The same.

1 BEGONE, my worldly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight!
Let me begin the sweet Lord's day
Before I end this night.

2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my heart and tongue:
Begin, my soul; thy sabbath days
Can never be too long.

3 Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame:
And may my tongue rejoice to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.

4 Forgive my dulness, dearest Lord,
And quicken all my powers;
Prepare me to attend thy word,
T' improve the sacred hours.

5 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heaven ascend;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With thee the day to spend.

346 PART I. 7's. Turin, 244.
Resurrection of Christ. COLLYER.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave,—
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay.

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light,
Chase the terrors of the night.

346 PART II. S. M. Gosport, 53.
The resurrection announced.

1 YE saints, dismiss your fear,
Let joy and hope succeed;
Transporting news devoutly hear,
'The Lord is risen indeed.'

2 The promise is fulfill'd,
Redemption's work is done,
Justice with mercy 's reconciled,
For God hath raised his Son.

3 Angels with saints rejoice,
The risen Victor sing;
And all the blissful seats above
With loud hosannas ring.

346 PART III. C. M. Messiah, 293.
The Sun of Righteousness risen.

1 THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
This light shall scatter all our fears:
Come, saints, and all adore!

2 Twice had the sun withdrawn his light,
And twice restored the day;
But see, on the third dawning morn,
The God himself display.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He groans,—he dies,—behold the Man!
He lives,—behold the God!

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid his early rise;
Our Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And open'd Paradise.

346 PART IV. L. M. Coombs's, 45.
Early Lord's-day morning at home.

1 REVIVING sound, methinks I hear
The dear, the gracious Saviour say,
'Arise, my love, my fairest fair,
Make haste, prepare, and come away.'

2 I come, my Lord, what is thy will?
Tell me for what I should prepare;
'Meet me this day on Sion's hill!'
My Lord, I 'm blest to meet thee there.

346 PART V. 8. 8. 6. Chatham, 59.
Early Lord's-day morning. PEARCE.

1 OUR precious Lord, on duty bent,
To lonely places often went,
To seek his Father there;
The early morn and dewy ground
Can witness they the Saviour found
Engaged in fervent prayer.

2 And did my Saviour love to pray
Ere dawning light unveil'd the day?
Shall I not do so too?
O may I be inspired with zeal
To execute my Father's will
As Jesus used to do.

3 [And you who love his sacred name,
Who love to imitate the Lamb,
And more of Jesus know;
Come, let us all surround his throne,
And see what blessings on his own
Our Saviour will bestow.]

4 Tho' fears be great, temptations strong,
And you may oft have waited long,
Perhaps he may design
This morn to give each soul to see,
And say with Paul, 'He died for me,'
And my Redeemer's mine.

346 PART VI. 148th. Burnham, 396.
Sabbath morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Display the Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbath days be spent in vain.

346 PART VII. C. M. Suffolk, 315.

Lord's-day morning service.

1 ON this sweet morn my Lord arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
He dies to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.

2 I bless his name, and hail the morn,
It is my Lord's own day;
And faithful souls will surely scorn
To sleep the hours away.

3 These are the precious sacred hours
On which my Lord I 've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
Delighted I have been.

4 I come, I hear, and sing, and pray:
How sweet those days of love!
But what a sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

5 O if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I 'll clasp my Saviour in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

6 On all thy flock thy Spirit pour,
All saving grace convey;
A sweet refreshing Lord's-day shower
Will make them sing and pray.

346 PART VIII. Angel's Hymn, 60.

The silver trumpets calling the assemblies. Numb. x. 2.

1 THE day of rest once more comes
A day to all believers dear; 'round,
The silver trumpets seem to sound
That call the tribes of Israel near.

2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send thy people joyful home.

3 O hasten, Lord, the day of rest,
When we shall see thee face to face:
Then shall we be supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace.

346 PART IX. 8. 8. 6. Praise, 321.

Zeal for the house of God.
Ps. cxxii. MERRICK.

1 THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2 Hither from Judah's utmost end,
The heaven protected tribes ascend,
Their offerings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ
And hail th' immortal King.

3 Be peace implored by each on thee,
O Sion, while with bended knee,
To Jacob's God we pray;
How blest who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labours shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.

5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Sion, fail
To bless thy loved abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God!

346 PART X. Coventry, 529.

Hymn for the Lord's-day morning. STEELE.

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our soul's collected powers:
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours!
O may our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly,
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 The word of life, dispensed to-day,
Invites us to a heavenly feast:
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest!
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed.

4 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne

346 PART XI. C. M. Lydia, 327.

The sabbath—praise. S. WESLEY

1 THE Lord of sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak a world from nought;
'T was greater to redeem.

346 PART XII. C. M. Harmonia, 390.

The sabbath—private prayers.

C. WESLEY.

1 MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above,
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

347 7's. Feversham, 220. Hannah, 342.

A song of praise to the Redeemer.

Psa. xl. 7, 8. D. TURNER.

1 HOLY wonder, heavenly grace,
Come inspire our humble lays,
While the Saviour's love we sing,
Whence our hopes and comforts spring.

2 Man involved in guilt and woe,
Touch'd his tender bosom so,
That when justice death demands,
Forth the great Deliverer stands;

3 Cries to God, 'Thy mercy show;
Lo! I come thy will to do;
I the sacrifice will be,
Death shall plunge his dart in me.'

4 Though the form of God he bore,
Great in glory, great in power,
See him in our flesh array'd,
Lower than his angels made.

5 He that heaven itself possess'd,
Now an infant at the breast!
Angels from the world above,
See and sing the amazing love!

6 Through the shining hours of day,
Toil and danger mark his way;
Lonely mounts, and chilling air,
Witness oft his midnight prayer.

7 Now the heavenly lover dies!
Darkness veils the mid-day skies!
Angels round the bloody tree
Throng and gaze in ecstasy.

8 Powers unseen earth's bosom heave,
Rocks and tombs asunder cleave:
While the temple's rending veil
Tells the priest the awful tale.

9 But the third day's dawning come,
Lo! the Saviour leaves the tomb!
Re-ascends his native sky,
Where he lives no more to die.

10 On his cross he builds his throne,
Whence he makes his glories known,
Sends his Spirit down to give
Dying sinners grace to live.

348 L. M. Eaton, 291. Morning Hy. 398.

The sabbath. STENNETT.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

349 148th. Carter-lane, 141. Jubilate, 473.

Hymn for Lord's-day morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
'Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.'

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing the unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

350 C.M. Salem, 139. Northampton, 520.
Lord's-day evening. BROWNE.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine:
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

351 PART I. C. M. Submission, 364.
Lord's-day evening. CENNICK.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene:
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares:
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

351 PART II. L.M. Portugal, 97.
Lord's-day evening. WATTS.

1 LORD, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'T is like a little heaven below;
Nor all that hell or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word:
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

351 PART III. S. M. Whitefield's, 168.
Sabbath-evening recollections. EDMESTON.

1 THE light of sabbath-eve
Is fading fast away;
What pleasing record will it leave
To crown the closing day?

2 Is it a sabbath spent
Fruitless, and vain, and void?
Or have these precious moments lent
Been sacredly employ'd?

3 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will sabbath seasons lost appear,
That cannot come again!

4 God of these blissful hours,
O may we never dare
To waste, in worldly thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of prayer!

351 PART IV. 7's. Deptford, 124.
Lord's-day evening in retirement.

1 LORD, I've met thy saints to-day,
Where thou hast to praise and pray,
And have listen'd to thy word,
Gladly of my Saviour heard:
Still I pant thy face to see;
Wilt thou now retire with me?

2 Come, thou dear Immanuel, come,
Make my heart thy constant home,
Let me now thine influence feel,
Here thy richest love reveal:
Fain would I commune with thee;
Dearest Lord, retire with me.

3 May the savour of thy word
Joy in solitude afford:
Seal its truths upon my heart,
Let me ne'er from thee depart:
Lord, content I cannot be,
Till thou dost retire with me.

4 Stay, thou heavenly lover, stay,
Drive each earthly thought away;
Fix my soul on things divine;
May I be for ever thine!
Thus on earth may I be blest,
Till I rise to endless rest.

352 L. M. Gloucester, 12. Job, 474.
The eternal sabbath. DODDRIDGE.

1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

353 PART I. C. M. Providence, 367.
Importance of prayer. BEDDOME.

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came:
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burden'd spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 The prayers and praises of the saints,
Like precious odours sweet,
Ascend and spread a rich perfume
Around the mercy-seat.

4 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there 's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

5 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

353 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.
Exhortations to prayer. COWPER.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'

353 PART III. L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Ask, and it shall be given you.

1 COME, needy soul, howe'er distress'd;
And hear from heav'n thyself address'd:
Ask, saith the Lord, and let me know
What I shall now on thee bestow.

2 Art thou to seriousness inclined?
Ask, and I 'll solemnize thy mind:
Dost thou want love to Jesus' name?
Ask, and enjoy the matchless flame.

3 Dost thou want faith and holy fear?
Ask, and behold the blessings near:
Dost thou want strength to conquer sin?
Ask, and the victory thou shalt win.

4 Dost thou want justifying grace,
Through Christ's all-perfect righteousness?
Or holy peace and pardon seal'd?
Ask, for they wait to be reveal'd.

5 Would'st thou sweet fellowship renew
With Father, Son, and Spirit too;—
Delight thyself in God and prayer?
Ask, for the blessings promised are.

6 Would'st thou thy all to Jesus yield,
Be with his mind and Spirit fill'd,
The heights of holiness attain?
Ask, for thou canst not ask in vain.

7 Would'st thou surmount the fear of death,
Serenely breathe thy latest breath,
And live till then as those in heaven?
Ask, ask, the bliss shall all be given.

EPIPHONEMA.

8 Sweet precept, and sweet promise, Lord!
We'll ask, encouraged by thy word;
Now shall our wants be all supplied,
For Christ has promised, Christ has died!

353 PART IV. 7's. Turin, 244.
Ask what I shall give thee.
1 Kings iii. 5. NEWTON

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus into my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

354 7's. Turin, 244. Hannah, 242.
Holy importunity. Gen. xxxii. 26.

1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion himself bold;
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This encourages me to plead;
After so much mercy past
Canst thou let me sink at last.

7 No! I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

355 C. M. Ludlow, 84. Devizes, 11.
The successful resolve. [illegible]

1 COME, [illegible]
A [illegible]
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve—

2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 'Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 'I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 'Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 'I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

7 'But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (blessed thought!)
As sinner never died.'

356 S. M. Eagle-street, 55. Stoke, 207.
A broken heart and a bleeding Saviour. BEDDOME, alt.

1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou blay'st reject thy worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied;
And now to its most rigorous claims,
I answer, 'Jesus died.'

357 L. M. Ripon, 188. Antiquity, 331.
Holy boldness. BEDDOME.

1 SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God;
Thy face no flowing aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
Doth with refulgent brightness shine!
And while my flesh beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.

3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
With [illegible] sing, with fervour pray;
And, though myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son.

4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree
Expired to set the vilest free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

358 PART I. 8.8.6. Chatham, 59.
The Lord's prayer. J. STRAPHAN.

1 OUR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O lend a pitying ear!
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
O condescend to hear!

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend;
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sovereign love;
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.

3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:
Lord, give us still a fresh supply;
If thou withhold thy hand we die,
And fill the silent tomb.

4 Pardon our sins, O God, that rise
And call for vengeance from the skies;
And, while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
And malice harbour in that breast
That feels the love of heaven.

5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power
O set our spirits free!
And, if temptation should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.

6 Thine is the power; to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs,
All glory to thy name;
Let every creature join our lays,
In one resounding act of praise,
Thy wonders to proclaim.

358 PART II. C.M. Arabia, 324.
Prayer. MONTGOMERY.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold he prays!'

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

8 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord! teach us how to pray.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

359 L.M. Portugal, 97. Samuel, 427.
To be sung between prayer and sermon. STENNETT.

1 'WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 'There,' says the Saviour, 'will I be,
Amid this little company:
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.'

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

360 PART I. C.M. Great Milton, 212.
The necessity of Divine influence.

1 IN vain Apollos' silver tongue,
And Paul's, with strains profound,
Diffuse among the listening throng
The gospel's gladd'ning sound.

2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine
To form the heart anew;
Now let thy sovereign grace divine
Each stubborn soul subdue.

360 PART II. L.M. New Sabbath, 122.
The message of God. Judges iii. 20.

1 GREAT God, to-day thy grace impart,
Bring home thy word to every heart;
Deep let this truth impressed be,
God has a message unto me.

2 O be thine arm revealed now,
That stubborn enemies may bow,
And say, and feel, and clearly see,
God has a message unto me.

3 Now also let each saint rejoice,
And thankful sing with heart and voice
Blessed for ever let him be,
God has a message unto me.

360 PART III. L. M. Wareham, 117.
Speak, Lord, &c. 1 Sam. iii. 9.

1 SPEAK, Lord, to each of us this day,
But from the mercy-seat we pray;
That all may with deep reverence hear,
Receive thy word, adore, and fear.

2 May careless sinners now attend,
And ponder well their latter end;
And for this day have cause to praise,
While angels chant their endless lays.

3 O make the rocky heart to feel,
Though harder than the harden'd steel;
Repentance unto life impart,
That pleasing penitential smart.

4 [Bless those who think they are too good
To need the Saviour's precious blood;
Alas! too good to be forgiven!
Too good to sing the songs of heaven!

5 Bless those who are too bad, they say,
For Christ to wash their sins away;
But show the souls who mercy crave
He to the uttermost will save.]

6 O let us all without delay
Hear the Redeemer's voice to-day;—
Pardon and saving grace partake,
With all we need, for Jesus' sake.

361 PART I. 112th. Simeon's Song, 438.
Before sermon. FAWCETT.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear;
Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread:
Chor. Thus, Lord, &c.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:
Chor. Thus, Lord, &c.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day:
Chor. Thus, Lord, &c.

361 PART II. L. M. Gould's, 272.
Longing for God's presence.

1 LOOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee:
We sigh, we languish, and complain;
Revive thy gracious work again.

2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3 Thy presence in thy house afford,
To every heart apply thy word;
That sinners may their danger see,
And now begin to mourn for thee.

362 C.M. Michael's, 119. Sprowston, 365.
Freeness of the gospel. BEDDOME.

1 HOW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood!

2 The mightiest king, and meanest slave,
May his rich mercy taste;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the gospel-feast.

3 None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.

4 Come, then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue,
What you are willing to receive
Doth unto you belong.

363 7's. St. Andrew's, 502. Aaron, 508.
A blessing requested. HAMMOND.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

364 L. M. Portugal, 97. Walton, 352.
The pool of Bethesda. John v. 2—4.

1 HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?

2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, a helpless, sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 Thou covenant angel, swift come down;
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'st I would be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

365 8.7.4. Helmsley, 223. Tenterden, 495.
Prayer for minister and people.

1 DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve;
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
Every soul be Jesus' guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promised rest.

366 PART I. L. M. Job, 474.
Casting the gospel net. Luke v. 5.

1 NOW, while the gospel net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
From numerous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much-favour'd hour
To souls in Satan's bondage led!
O clothe thy word with sovereign power
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restored,
And all thy saints in praises join.

4 [O hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That, when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up
To love and praise thee in our room.]

366 PART II. C. M. Providence, 10.
The bow drawn at a venture.
1 Kings xxii. 34.

1 A CERTAIN man, when Ahab's sin
Was ripe for punishment,
At a mere venture drew his bow,
But God the arrow sent.

2 Thus in simplicity we bend
The Scripture's wondrous bow,
The arrow 's random in our hands,
But destined where to go.

3 Then, Lord, the random arrow guide
To some poor sinner's heart,
But to the wounded, bleeding mind
Thy healing balm impart.

366 PART III. L. M. Bampton, 275.
The same.

1 WHILE at a venture, gracious Lord,
Thy servant draws the gospel bow,
Direct the arrow to the heart,
For thou canst wound and heal, we know.

2 But dip it in the Saviour's blood,
Wing it with mercy from above,
That each may feel the pleasing pain
Of heartfelt penitence and love.

366 PART IV. C. M. Turvey, 538.
Christ's presence entreated in the church. Hag. ii. 7. STEELE.

1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise;
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies.

4 But ah! the song how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!

5 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise,
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

7 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

367 S. M. Wirksworth, 158.
He beheld the city, and wept over it.
Luke xix. 41. BEDDOME.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

368 8.7.4. Helmsley, 223. Tenterden, 495.
A blessing requested.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's design'd to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live!

369 148th. Chelsea, 112. Sovereignty, 362.
Blind Bartimeus. Luke xviii. 35—38.

1 SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face;
Begging I sit by the way-side,
And long to know the Crucified.

2 Jesus! attend my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear;
If now thou passest by,
Stand still and call me near:
The darkness from my heart remove,
And show me now thy pardoning love.

370 L. M. Job, 474. Oswestry, 514.
Thy kingdom come. BEDDOME.

1 ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

371 PART I. L. M. Antiquity, 331.
Vision of the dry bones.
Ezek. xxxvii. 3. DODDRIDGE.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye:
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That, mighty God! to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So, when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

371 PART II. L. M. Wareham, 117.
Prayer for the whole congregation

1 LORD, in our hearts implant thy fear,
And make and keep us all sincere;
Draw ourthen'd sinners to thy Son,
And make him to his mourners known.

2 Thy richest grace vouchsafe to give
As each is able to receive;
The blessed grief to an impart,
Or joy, or purity of heart.

3 Our helpless unbelief remove,
And melt us by thy pardoning love;
Work in us faith, or faith's increase—
The dawning or the perfect peace.

4 Give each whate'er for each is best,
But grant us all the promised rest;
Thy blessing in the means convey,
Nor empty send one soul away.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

372 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Tekoa, 334.
The parable of the sower.

1 NOW, Lord! the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water, too, in vain;
Lord of the harvest! God of grace!
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine:
'Thou, Lord! hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.'

373 PART I. 148th. Sovereignty, 362.
Success requested. NEWTON.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

373 PART II. 8. 7. 4. Kentucky, 113.
Show me a token for good.

GRANT us, Lord, some gracious token
Of thy love before we part;
Crown thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace to each impart!
And all blessings
Which shall sanctify the heart.

373 PART III. 148th. Carter-lane, 141.
A blessing implored. NEWTON.

1 TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us,
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear!
And follow thee to heaven our home,
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

373 PART IV. C. M. Halifax, 258.
Rest, the end of duty. NEWTON.

1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way;

2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

374 L. M. Denbigh, 54. Buxton, 347.
The spread of the Gospel.

1 TO distant lands thy gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of grace! salvation show.

2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,
Thy name, O God, immortalize:
May nations yet unborn confess
Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

375 C. M. Bedford, 91. St. George's, 2.
Duties and privileges. GIBBONS.

1 WHILE sinners, who presume to bear
The Christian's sacred name,
Throw up the reins to every lust,
And glory in their shame;

2 Ye saints, preserved in Christ, and call'd,
Detest their impious ways,
And on the basis of your faith
A heavenly temple raise.

3 Upon the Spirit's promised aid
Depend from day to day,
And while he breathes his quickening gale,
Adore, and praise, and pray.

4 Preserve unquench'd your love to God,
And let the flame arise,
And higher, and still higher blaze,
Till it ascend the skies.

5 With a transporting joy expect
The grace your Lord shall give,
When all his saints shall from his hands
Their crowns of life receive.

376 PART I. C. M. Submission, 362.
Now is the accepted time.

1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God loved the church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath:
And Jesus says he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

376 PART II. L. M. Eaton, 291.
The convinced sinner encouraged.

1 WHO is the trembling sinner, who,
That owns eternal death his due?
Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on God for mercy call?

2 Peace, troubled soul, dismiss thy fear,
Hear, Jesus speaks, 'Be of good cheer;'
Upon his cleansing grace rely,
And thou shalt never, never die.

377 PART I. L. M. St. Paul's, 246.
Acceptance through Christ alone.
John xiv. 6. STENNETT.

1 HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' Eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone:
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

377 PART II. 7's. Aaron, 508.
Pleasures of religion. MASTERS.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live!
'T is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

378 L. M. China, 300. Ely, 446.
Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

1 IS Jesus mine! I 'm now prepared,
To meet with what I thought most hard:
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like snow;

2 No blasted trees, nor failing crops,
Can hinder my eternal hopes:
Tho' creatures change, the Lord 's the same,
Then let me triumph in his name.

379 7's. Deptford, 124. Turin, 244.
Help. Hosea xiii. 9.

SELF-destroy'd, for help I pray:
Help me, Saviour, from above;
Help me to believe, obey;
Help me to repent, and love;
Help to keep the graces given,
Help me quite from hell to heaven.

380 C. M. Abridge, 201. Langshaw, 424.
Felix trembling. Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

1 SEE Felix, clothed with pomp and power,
See his resplendent bride,
Attend to hear a prisoner preach
The Saviour crucified.

2 He well describes who Jesus was,
His glories and his love,
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

3 Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
'Go, for this time, away;
I 'll hear thee on these points again
On some convenient day.'

4 Attention to the words of life
Let Felix thus adjourn;
Lord, let us make these solemn truths
Our first and last concern.

381 S. M. Eagle-st., 55. Lonsdale, 298.
Jabez's prayer. DODDRIDGE.

1 'O THAT the Lord indeed
Would me his servant bless;
From every evil shield my head,
And crown my paths with peace!

2 'Be his almighty hand
My helper and my guide,
Till with his saints in Canaan's land
My portion he divide.'

382 PART I. C.M. Northampton, 520.
Inquiring the way to Zion.
Psa. lxxxiv. 8. GIBBONS.

1 LORD GOD, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, hear my voice,
Incline thy gracious ear.

2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way
To Zion's blest abode!

3 Or, if I 'm travelling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thine heaven at length.

4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all comprised in this,
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

382 PART II. C.M. Sprague, 166.
Hope and gratitude.

1 IF, Lord, in thy fair book of life
My worthless name doth stand;
And in my heart the law is writ
By thine unerring hand;

2 I am secure, by grace divine,
Of crowns above the skies:
And on the road, from thy rich stores,
Shall meet with fresh supplies.

3 To thee in sweet melodious strains
My grateful voice I 'll raise;
But life 's too short, my powers too weak,
To show forth half thy praise.

4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I 'd give them all to thee.

383 PART I. 104th. Portugal New, 268.
Praise for salvation.

1 OUR Saviour alone, the Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne the Prince of our peace
Who evermore saves us by shedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jesus, our Lord and our God.

2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful spring of pity and grace;
Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
And say our dear Saviour redeems us from hell

3 Preserve us in love while here we abide;
O never remove thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see
With joy the blest vision completed in thee.

383 PART II. L.M. Shoels, 309.
Gratitude to Christ.

1 TO Him who on the fatal tree
Pour'd out his blood, his life for me,
In grateful strains my voice I 'll raise,
And in his service spend my days.

2 To listening multitudes I 'll tell
How he redeem'd my soul from hell;
And how, reposing on his breast,
I lost my cares and found my rest.

3 Through him my sins are all forgiven,
He ever pleads my cause in heaven;
I 'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

384 PART I. C.M. Jerusalem, 879.
Not unto us. Psa. cxv. 1

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be glory given;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inspired,
Like theirs our songs should rise:
Like them we never should be tired,
But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach thy Father's throne,
We 'll give thee nobler praise.

384 PART II. C.M. Otford, 106.
Joy & glory in the Lord. BEDDOME.

1 YE saints, of every rank, with joy,
To God your offering bring;
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud hosannas ring.

2 Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful tongues, and hearts inflamed,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

3 Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the world to know
How great the Master whom ye serve,
And yet how gracious too.

384 PART III. S. M. Thrapstone, 353.
God's care, and remedy for ours.
1 Pet. v. 7. DODDRIDGE.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
'Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.'

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I 'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

385 8's. Lock, 49. Israel, 94.
Our God for ever and ever. HART.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

2 'T is Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home:
We 'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that 's to come.

386 C.M. Newington, 61. Rochester, 459.
Christ the burden of the song.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music 's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedec.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We 'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

387 6.4. Bermondsey, 52. Bentinck, 261.
Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice;
And make a joyful noise;
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

5 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love
Praise his dear name;
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb!

388 L. M. Lebanon, 79. Malta, 500.
At dismission. HART.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

389 8.7.4. Helmsley, 223. Westbury, 51.
At dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us!
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
U's from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we ready
Rise, and reign in endless day!

390 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Piety, 513.
Growth in sanctification.

1 NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' imprisoning grave
Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save:

2 Through the rich merits of that blood
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make the eternal covenant sure
On which our hopes are built;

3 Perfect our souls in every grace
To accomplish all his will,
And all that 's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil!

4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We every blessing pray:
With glory let his name be crown'd
Through heaven's eternal day.

391 L. M. Islington, 40. Dresden, 178.
The peace of God. NEWTON.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts:

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

392 8. 7. Alexandria, 301. Tarleton, 210.
The benediction.
2 Cor. xiii. 14. NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

MEETING AND PARTING.

393 PART I. S. M. Finsbury, 155.
At parting.

1 HOW oft we joyful meet,
Then separate with pain;
Soon we shall part—no more on earth
Ever to meet again.

2 O may we meet above,
Our Saviour to adore,
Where we shall know, as we are known,
And then shall part no more.

393 PART II. L. M. Homerton, 310.
At parting.

1 WHILE pilgrims, Lord, we yet remain,
To part, and meet, and part again,
Let prayer and praise our lives employ,
Thy presence still our highest joy;
And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
O may we meet to part no more.

2 Present salvation let us prove,
In God the Father's boundless love,
In God the Son's redeeming grace,
In God the Spirit's heavenly peace;
Then, when our pilgrimage is o'er,
We hope to meet to part no more.

393 PART III. L. M. Wells, 102.
A welcome to Christian friends.
NEWTON.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive:
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 't is given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,—
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus:
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We 'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he 's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore:
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

394 PART I. L. M. Wareham, 117.
Dismission. H. K. WHITE.

1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
The closing song of grateful praise.

2 Perhaps we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

3 And now to God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Raise, raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

394 PART II. 7's. St. Andrews, 502.
At parting.

1 FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long,
In thy peace to meet again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.

394 PART III. L. M. Magdalene, 214.
The Christian farewell. DODDRIDGE.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

395 L. M. Mark's, 65. New Sabb. 122.
Meeting and parting.

1 ONCE more in peace we meet again,
But call'd to part, we part in pain,
And solemn scenes around us show
We soon shall meet no more below.

2 Then let us meet, and praise, and pray,
And live like Christ from day to day;
Within the veil our anchor cast,
And hope to meet in heaven at last.

3 There may we not each other miss,
But meet and mingle into bliss;
And raptured endless praise renew
To Father, Son, and Spirit too.

396 PART I. L. M. Eaton, 291.
Parting of Christian friends.

1 LORD, if we meet on earth no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore;
Leave sin, and guilt, and death behind,
And every bliss in glory find.

2 But if we longer here remain,
And ever meet on earth again,
May each with growing faith and love
Be fitter for thy courts above.

396 PART II. C. M. Bolton, 433.
Union at parting. C. WESLEY.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,—
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

397 S. M. Lonsdale, 298. Falcon-st. 209.
Parting. HART.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
We 'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies, every heart;
Sing, every tongue, the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

THE WORLD.

398 L. M. Portugal, 97. Samuel, 427.
The vanity of earthly things.
BLACKMORE.

1 WHAT are possessions, fame, and power,
The boasted splendour of the great?
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?

2 Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merit may descry;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply.

3 If, wounded with a sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?

4 Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with power divine renew,
With pure and sacred transports fire
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?

5 When with the pangs of death we strive,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give
Kind succour, when we need it most?

6 When at the Almighty's awful bar
To hear our final doom we stand,
Can they incline the Judge to spare,
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?

7 Can they protect us from despair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?

8 Sinners, your idols we despise,
If these relicts they cannot grant;
Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want?

399 C.M. New York, 33. Biggleswade, 422.

Vanity of the world. STENNETT.

1 IN vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
'Who will supply our vast desires,
Or show us any good?'

2 Through the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit;
Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There 's poison in the fruit.

4 Lord, from this world call off my love,
Set my affections right;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my bosom shine;
Assured of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

400 C.M. Tunbridge, 103. Langshaw, 424.

The rich fool surprised.
Luke xii. 16—22. NEEDHAM.

1 DELUDED souls, who think to find
A solid bliss below:
Bliss, the fair flower of Paradise,
On earth can never grow.

2 See how the foolish wretch is pleased
T' increase his worldly store;
Too scanty now he finds his barns,
And covets room for more.

3 'What shall I do?' distress'd he cries:
'This scheme will I pursue:
My scanty barns shall now come down,
I 'll build them large and new.

4 'Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
My soul to take its ease:
Eat, drink, be glad,—my lasting store
Shall give what joys I please.'

5 Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heaven
The Almighty made reply;
'For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?
This night thyself shalt die.'

6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
Are but an empty dream:
And may I seek my bliss alone
In thee the good supreme!

401 C.M. Charmouth, 28. Abridge, 201.

Value of the soul.

1 LORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
With solid good for show?
Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss
In everlasting woe?

2 Let us not lose the living God
For one short dream of joy;
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heaven away.

3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy;
And rate our precious souls too dear
For all thy wealth to buy.

402 PART I. L.M. Lebanon, 79.

The farewell. WATTS.

1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where 's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

4 Begone, for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires;
My soul pursues the sovereign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

402 PART II. 148th. Clapham, 18.

Renouncing the world. J. TAYLOR.

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear;
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'T is bitter pain, 't is cruel smart,
But ah! thou must consent, my heart!

3 Ye fair enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevail'd too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherish'd joys of early years:
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?
My heart still fondly pleads:
Yes—Dagon's self must fall,
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.
Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To soothe and heal the smarting wound?

5 O yes, there is a balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to Thee.

6 O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With Thee, my Lord, compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

403 PART I. L. M. Angel's Hymn, 60.

The bush burning, but not consumed. Exod. iii. 2. RYLAND.

1 THE burning bush which Moses saw
Might justly his attention draw:
Could ever sight like this be seen,—
The fire so bright, the bush so green?

2 T was no great wonder there to see
Fire kindled on so mean a tree;
But who could possibly presume
The flame would not the bush consume?

3 Turning aside to see the cause,
The reason soon discover'd was:
God in the bush the fire restrain'd;
God in the fire the bush sustain'd.

4 Thus he preserves from age to age
His church in persecution's rage;
What torturing flames the martyrs felt!
But in the bush Jehovah dwelt.

5 So, midst the sense of wrath divine,
Due to unnumber'd sins of mine,
And wrath of men and rage of hell,
I live—if Christ within me dwell.

6 His presence keeps the bush alive,
And midst the fire can make us thrive:
Nor need a single saint despair,
Long as he finds Immanuel there.

403 PART II. C. M. Harmonia, 392.

The stability and glory of Zion. Cant. vi. 10. GIBBONS.

1 SAY, who is she that looks abroad,
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orb'd glory rides;

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings;

4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!

5 This is the church, by heaven array'd
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

PAUSE.

6 Far, far beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Sure as thy truth, O God, shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

403 PART III. L. M. Job, 474.

The holy city purified and guarded. Is. lii. 1, 2. DODDRIDGE.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead,
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Rear'd and adorn'd by love divine,
Thy towers and battlements shall shine.

5 Grace shall dispose my heart and voice
To share and echo back her joys;
Nor will her watchful Monarch cease
To guard her in eternal peace.

404 PART I. L. M. Derby, 169.

The presence of Christ the joy of his people. STEELE.

1 THE wondering nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd,
And angels hail the glorious morn
That show'd the great Messiah born:

2 The Prince! the Saviour! long desired,
Whom men foretold, by Heaven inspired,
And raptured saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face;
And oft have seen his glories shine
With power and majesty divine:

4 But soon, alas! his absence mourn,
And pray, and wish his kind return;
Without his life-inspiring light,
'T is all a scene of gloomy night.

5 Come, dearest Lord! thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes:

6 Till, fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

404 PART II. L. M. Claybury, 310.

Perpetual presence of God desired.

1 O THOU, the hope of Israel's host,
Their strength, their helper, and their boast;
How oft their Saviour hast thou been,
In times of trouble and of sin.

2 And have not we beheld thy face?
Thy visits crown'd the means of grace;
O come *again*, indulgent Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford.

3 'Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest,
Enter, thou ever honour'd Guest;
Enter, and make our hearts thine own,'
Thy house, thy temple, and thy throne.

4 And stay, not only for a night,
To bless us with a transient sight;
But with us *dwell*, through time,—and then
In heaven for *evermore*.—Amen.

405 PART I. C. M. Gratitude, 383.

Asking the way to Zion.

Jer. l. 5. DODDRIDGE.

1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join,
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

4 O come, and join yourselves to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

405 PART II. C. M. Lydia, 327.

The high way to Zion.

Isa. xxxv. 8—10. DODDRIDGE.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath raised:
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound,
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

6 March, then, in your Redeemer's strength:
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your hearts,
While labouring up the hill.

406 148th. Darwell's, 82. Sovereignty 362.

Forming a church. DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place;
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home
And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim:
Our Father-King,
Thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine;
Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

407 L. M. Derby, 169. Monmouth, 382.

Institution of a gospel ministry.
Eph. iv. 8—12. DODDRIDGE.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage and our vows:
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung the apostles' honour'd [name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and teachers rise.

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

408 L. M. Wareham, 117. Old 100th.

Sending a member into the work of the ministry.

1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in majesty unknown;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all the ethereal hills:

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the seraphim adored;
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces and their feet.

3 Lord, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honours of so great a name!
O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch his lips, to fire his soul!

4 Then, if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
Through all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, 'Thy servant 's here.'

5 Nor let his willing soul complain,
Though every effort seem in vain;
It ample recompence shall be
But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

409 L. M. Paul's, 246. Antiquity, 331.

Seeking direction in the choice of a pastor. DODDRIDGE.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light
To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!

410 C. M. Abridge, 201. America, 265.

Watching for souls. DODDRIDGE.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give!
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And should'st thou strictly mark our [faults,
Lord, where should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

411 L. M. Alie-st. 241. Perfection. 337.

At the settlement of a minister. DODDRIDGE.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love.
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread!

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock!
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

412 PART I. C.M. Sprowston, 365.

Christ's care of ministers and churches. DODDRIDGE.

1 WE bless the eternal source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine;
And through this dark beclouded world
Diffuseth rays divine.

2 We bless the church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps we are,
Fix'd in the temples of his love,
To shine with radiance fair.

3 Still be our purity preserved;
Still fed with oil the flame,
And in deep characters inscribed
Our heavenly Master's name!

4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
And all our state surveys,
His smiles shall with new lustre deck
The people of his praise.

412 PART II. 148th. Burnham, 396.

Ministers a savour of life or death.
2 Cor. ii. 15, 16. DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide,
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breathed from every side.
Balmy and rich
The odours rise,
And fill the earth,
And reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls
Its influence feel, and live:
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
They breathe anew,
And rise and sing
Jesus the Lord,
Their conquering King.

3 But sinners scorn the grace
That brings salvation nigh;
They turn their face away,
And faint, and fall, and die.
So sad a doom,
Ye saints, deplore,
For, O, they fall
To rise no more!

4 Yet, wise and mighty God,
Shall all thy servants be,
In those who live or die,
A savour sweet to thee:
Supremely bright
Thy grace shall shine,
Guarded with flames
Of wrath divine.

413 L.M. Gould's, 272. Old 100th.

Dangerous illness of a minister.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And yield our woe-fraught hearts relief.

3 Though we have sinn'd, and justly dread
The vengeance hovering o'er our head,
Yet, Power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

4 Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,
Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,
To prowling wolves an easy prey.

5 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hope and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

6 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

7 Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Condemn'd on this dark desert coast
To mourn our much-loved leader lost;

8 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him through the gloomy way;
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,
And guide him thro' the dreary shade.

9 Around him may thy angels wait,
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly state,
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And waft him to his native skies.

414 C.M. Haddersfield, 212.

A minister's farewell charge.
Acts xx. 26, 27. NEWTON.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day!
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wiped their tears away.

2 In heaven they met again with joy,
Secure no more to part.
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorn'd.

5 On your own heads your blood will fall
If any perish here;
The preachers, who have told you all,
Shall stand approved and clear.

6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone
Is not their utmost view;
O, hear their prayer, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

415 L. M. Chard, 175. Melcombe, 325.

Prayer for ministers.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend:
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end:
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

416 L. M. Portugal, 97. Dryden's, 326.

The pastor's wish for his people.
Phil. iv. 1. GIBBONS.

1 MY brethren, from my heart beloved,
Whose welfare fills my daily care,
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness;
Adorn the Gospel with your lives,
And practise what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
When He, descending from the skies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image rise.

4 Glory in his dear honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchased by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.

5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;
O may he, at the Lord's right hand,
Himself, and all his people view.

417 L. M. Wareham, 117.

At a choice of deacons.

1 FAIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy deacons are thine own,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to the throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice
Of such whose generous, prudent zeal
Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.

3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,
May they his sacred table spread.—
The table of their pastor fill,
And fill the holy poor with bread!

4 [When pastor, saints, and poor, they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd!
While patience, sympathy, and joy,
Adorn, and through their lives abound.]

5 By purest love to Christ, and truth,
O may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee.

6 And when the work to them assign'd—
The work of love—is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

MONTHLY AND MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS.

418 PART I. 8. 7. Carlisle, 95.

Glorious things spoken of Zion, the city of God. NEWTON.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 [See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.]

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'T is his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

418 PART II. L. M. Power, 475.

Prayer for the spread of the gospel. YOKE.

1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
Insulted, everlasting King!
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blissful day,
When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.

3 Thy prophecies must be fulfill'd,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
Though unobserved, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the mangled image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,
And superstition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.

5 In one vast symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And infidelity, ashamed,
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.

6 Afric's emancipated sons
Shall join with Europe's polish'd race
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

7 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom must extend;
And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

418 PART III. L. M. Portugal, 97.

The fall of Babylon predicted. Rev. xiv. 6—8. YOKE.

1 PROUD Babylon yet waits her doom;
Nor can her tottering palace fall,
Till some blest messenger arise
The spacious heathen world to call.

2 And see the glorious time approach!
Behold the mighty angel fly,
The Gospel tidings to convey
To every land beneath the sky!

3 O see, on both the Indies' coast
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The unlearn'd savage press to hear;
And, hearing, wonder and adore.

4 See, while the joyful truth is told,
That Jesus left his throne in heaven,
And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
That guilty souls might be forgiven:

5 See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd attentive eye;
And hear him ask, 'For wretched me,
Did this Divine Redeemer die?'

6 'Ah! why have you so long forborne
To tell such welcome news as this?
Go now, let every sinner hear,
And share in such exalted bliss.'

7 The islands waiting for his law,
With rapture greet the sacred sound;
And, taught the Saviour's precious name,
Cast all their idols to the ground.

8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,
Thy cursed foundation shall give way,
And thine eternal overthrow
The triumphs of the cross display.

418 PART IV. L. M. Wells, 102.

Invitation to propagate the Gospel. YOKE.

1 GO, favour'd Britons, and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found;
Publish his ever-precious name
To all the wondering nations round.

2 Go, tell the unletter'd, wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring—'a freedom bought with blood
The blood of an incarnate God.'

3 And tell the panting sable chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come—'with a refreshing stream'
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.

4 Go tell on India's golden shores,
The Ganges, Tibet, and Bootan,
That to 'enrich their deathless mind'
You come—the friends of God and man.

5 Tell all the distant isles afar,
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—'a glorious light to show,'
You come—'their souls to seek and save.'

6 Say the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love,
And, crown'd with energy divine,
Its heavenly origin will prove.

418 PART V. L. M. Alfred, 500.

Neglect in spreading the Gospel reproved and deplored.

1 'GO,' said the voice of heavenly love,
'My Gospel preach to every land,
Lo, I am with you to the end,
Observe and follow my command.'

2 With joy the first disciples heard,
And told the ever gracious news,
As they from him received in charge,
First to the unbelieving Jews;

3 Then to the Gentiles, far and near,
Publish'd salvation in his name,
And the glad tidings of his grace
To this distinguish'd island came.

4 But, ah! to spread their sacred theme,
How few have our attempts been found!
What heathen lands from us have heard
That glorious heart-reviving sound?

5 To us their duty they bequeath'd,
And left the promise on record;
And had our ardour equall'd theirs,
The same had been our blest reward.

6 [We, too, had multitudes beheld
Forsake the gods their hands had made,
And the bright beam of heavenly day
Their yet benighted realms pervade.]

7 Saviour divine, our guilt forgive!
Inspire our souls with warmer zeal!
Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
And let us all his influence feel!

418 PART VI. 7.6. Greenland, 395.

The call of the heathen for help. HEBER.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

419 PART I. L.M. Chard, 175.

Prospect of success. VOKE.

BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear,
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part,
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail,
Till north, and south, and east, and west,
Shall be as favour'd Britain blest.

6 Invite the globe to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love,
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assured they shall acceptance meet.

7 [Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long has held his throne.]

8 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek, and Jew,
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

419 PART II. C.M. Church-st. 519.

Increase of the church promised and pleaded. GIBBONS.

1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2 'Ask, and I 'll give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance.'

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 When shall the untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark, bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under the expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son
Without exemption given?

6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored;
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord!

7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim!

420 PART I. C.M. Augustine, 501.

Prayer for missionaries. GIBBONS.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freed-men of the Lord?

5 When shall the untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark, bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise.

8 [O charge the waves to bear our friends
In safety o'er the deep:
Let the rough tempest speed their way,
Or bid its fury sleep.]

9 Whene'er thy sons proclaim good news,
Beneath the Banian's shade,
Let the poor Hindoo feel its power,
And grace his soul pervade.

10 O let the heavenly shaster spread;
Bid Brahmins preach the word;
And may all India's tribes become
One caste to serve the Lord!

PAUSE.

11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power;
Then thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

12 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits array'd,
A blooming Paradise.

13 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

14 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore:
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
No murderous cannon roar.

15 Lord, for those days we wait,—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

16 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply.

CONTINUATION, BY MR. LAWSON.

C. M. Walsal, 237. Jersey, 15.
Remember them.

17 While in the howling shades of death
The heathens scorn thy name,
And rage with bold blaspheming breath,
Dear Lord, remember them.

18 Darkly they roam, enslaved by lust,
Devoid of fear and shame;
Before their gods they crouch in dust,
But, oh! remember them!

19 The gushing blood from Calvary
For ever flows the same;
It wash'd my soul—then still I 'll cry,
Dear Lord, remember them!

20 I hear the lonely widow's wail!
I see the mountain flame!
But, while the dreadful fire they hail,
Do thou remember them!

21 Oft as thy servants, far and near,
Thy dying love proclaim,
Lest they should yield to cold despair,
Dear Lord, remember them!

22 And oh, when heathens bend the knee,
To call upon thy name,
Stretching their willing hands to thee,
Dear Lord, remember them!

23 But chiefly, when before the throne,
O interceding Lamb,
Wrestling thou pleadest for thine own,
Then, then remember them!

420 PART II. L. M. Wareham, 117.

A blessing on missions and missionaries requested. BEDDOME, alt.

1 WHERE'ER the blustering north-wind blows,
And spreads its frost, or fleecy snows;
Where'er the sun, with quickening ray,
Shines all abroad and gives the day;

2 Where'er the lesser orbs of light
Dart forth their beams, and gild the night;
There may his heralds loud proclaim
The Saviour's love, the Saviour's name.

3 For work so pleasing, so benign,
Lord, grant thy influence divine.
Till all 'the spacious globe around'
'With' raptured 'songs of praise resound.'

420 PART III. S. M. Mt. Ephraim, 185.

Missionaries encouraged. VOKE.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

420 PART IV. C. M. Camb. New, 74.
God invoked for his church.

1 AWAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which has such wonders wrought!
Which captive Israel freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.

2 Art thou not it, which Rahab slew?
And crush'd the dragon's head?
Constrain'd by thee the waves withdrew
From their accustom'd bed.

3 Again thy wonted prowess show,
Be thou made bare again:
And let thine adversaries know
That they resist in vain.

420 PART V. 7's. Jubilee, 403.
Great events from small beginnings. WESLEY.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
To bring fire on earth he came,—
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,—
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

421 PART I. L.M. Melcombe, 325.
Longing for the latter-day glory.

1 HOW many years has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven!
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wandering church, to roam no more?

2 Six thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
And ever since his fallen race,
From age to age, are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep the eternal jubilee?

4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land;
Send thou thine angels and command:
'Go, sound deliverance; loudly blow
Salvation to the saints below.'

5 We want to have the day appear,—
The promised great sabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6 Till then we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request:
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

421 PART II. L. M. Alie-street, 241.
Intercession for the spread of the Gospel. Zech. ix. 13—16. CENNICK.

1 'HOW long,' O God, 'has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven!
When wilt thou,' graciously, 'restore'
Thy banish'd sons to rove no more?

2 For near six thousand years, thy foe
Has triumph'd over all below;
Save that a little flock is found,
With ravening wolves encompass'd round.

3 Shall not the Lamb, who once was slain,
An ample compensation gain,
And many happy millions more
To happiness and God restore?

4 From every nation, every tongue,
A remnant must to him belong;
Nor can there be too vile a race
To furnish trophies of his grace.

5 Exert that power which could subdue
The furious slaughter-breathing Jew,
And make him in thy cause become
Victorious over Greece and Rome.

6 Now, Lord, before thy servants go;
Let God himself the trumpet blow;
Hasten the Gospel jubilee
That bids a captive world be free.

421 PART III. 50th. Warsaw, 211.
Fame and glory of the spiritual temple. 1 Chron. xxii. 25.

1 THE house now to be builded to the Lord,
Whose firm foundation-stone his hand hath laid,
Shall in magnificence and fame exceed
That which king Solomon so glorious made.

2 Wide as the spacious globe on which we tread,
This sacred temple shall its bounds extend;
Its coverings, not by Adam's seed confined,
Shall embrace of the Gentile race potentend.

3 See, as the torrid regions of the south,
The heathen worshipper approaches with joy;
And scattering incense of the fragrant pine,
In the same heavenly strains their tips employ.

4 With all simplicity of word and deed,
With zeal for God, and love to souls inspired,
See the successful missionaries teach;
Their ardour stirs to gathering converts fired.

5 Hark, they proclaim salvation by the cross,
And thousands press to accept the boundless grace;
Jesus his own omnipotent power displays,
His temple now is universal space.

421 Part IV. C. M. Jerusalem. 379.

On his head were many crowns.

Rev. xix. 12. BEDDOME.

1 GO forth, ye saints, behold your King
With God-like honours crown'd;
Ten thousand beauties in his word
Shall spread his fame around.

2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,
Both east and west shall own his grace,
And Christ be honour'd there.

3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show
The victories he hath won:
O may his conquests ever grow,
While time its course shall run!

4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,
And millions more subdue,
Destroy our enmity and pride,
And *we* will crown thee too.

421 Part V. C. M. Christchurch. 420.

The church awakened. RYLAND.

1 NOW let the slumbering church awake,
And shine in bright array:
Thy chains, O captive daughter, break,
And cast thy bonds away.

2 Long hast thou lain in dust supine,
Insulted by thy foes:
'Where is,' they cried, 'that God of thine?
And who regards thy woes?'

3 Thy God incarnate on his hands
Behold's thy name engraved;
Still unreversed his promise stands,
And Zion shall be saved.

4 He did but wait the fittest time
His mercy to display;
And now he rides on clouds sublime,
And brings the promised day.

5 Thy God for thee shall soon appear,
And end thy mourning days;
Salvation's walls around thee rear,
And fill thy gates with praise.

421 Part VI. C. M. Missionary. 257.

The church awakened.

Isa. lii. 1, 2; lv. 1–14. MONTGOMERY.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head:
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array:
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south,—'Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north.'

4 They come, they come: the exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, through the universe shall burn
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

422 Part I. 112th. Ragland, 204.

Prayer for Jews.

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed:
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us adopted in their stead,
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsought, unpitied, unforgiven;
Branded as Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and cursed of God.

3 But hast thou heavy forsook,
For ever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On Him they pierced, and weep, and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past,
'All Israel shall be saved at last.'

4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come:
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home,
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
And shout to God the glory due.

422 Part II. 148th. Portsmouth New, 144

Evangelical philanthropy.

1 REJOICE, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the prisoners' chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

The cause of righteousness,
And truth, and holy peace,
Design'd our world to bless,
Shall spread and never cease:
Gentile and Jew their souls shall bow,
Allegiance due, with rapture vow.

The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries,
Truth's empire to repel,
By cruelty and lies;
Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save;
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

All power is in his hand,
His people to defend;
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with smiles approves his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.

This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever-blessed leaven
Diffused abroad must be:
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on. Amen! Amen!

PAUSE.

Ye who have known his name,
Subserve his glorious plan;
Proclaim to all your race
The friend of God and man:
How happy ye who own his sway!
Ye own'd shall be another day.

All hail, incarnate Lord!
Our souls triumphant cry;
Be thy blest name adored,
By all beneath the sky!
But when we join the hosts above,
In strains divine we 'll sing thy love.

422 PART III. L.M. Refuge, 489.
The fields white for harvest.

LIFT up your joyful eyes, and see
A plenteous harvest all around,
Ripening for bliss, and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground:—

A harvest of immortal souls,
Secured by an Almighty power,
Nor heat, nor cold, nor storms shall hurt,
Nor ravenous beasts of prey devour.

O happy day! when all th' elect
Complete in number shall be found:
And like their great, their mystic Head,
Be with eternal honours crown'd.

422 PART IV. L.M. Crucifixion, 456.
He must reign. MORE.

YES, mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become like dust beneath thy feet.

2 Then rescued souls shall bless thy power;
Thy arm shall full salvation bring;
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering King

3 And when, through brilliant gates of gold,
Thou lead'st thy chosen to the skies,
May we the shining pomp behold,
And partners of the triumph rise.

4 Then, ranged thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we 'll proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

422 PART V. C.M. Gratitude, 383.
The latter-day glory. LOGAN.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain-tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they 'll say,
And to his temple go.

3 The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King that reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar those peaceful years;
To ploughshares shall they beat their swords—
To pruning-hooks, their spears.

6 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the useless helm on high,
And study war no more.

7 Come then, oh come from every land,
To worship at his shrine,
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

422 PART VI. Old 50th, 233.
The spread of the gospel. DWIGHT.

1 OH thou whose sceptre earth and seas obey,
And skies, and stars, and suns, confess thy sway,
Now to thy Son th' immortal kingdom give,
In him command a ruin'd world to live;
O'er every realm his mighty sway extend,
And bid o'er every throne his throne ascend.

2 O'er all created names his glories shine,
Supreme his beauty, and his grace divine;
Fairer than thrones, and powers, and seraphs bright,
The realms of nature, and the world of light;
The King of kings, the Prince to angels given,
Lord of the world, and Heir Divine of heaven.

3 His glorious hand shall hold a righteous sway -
Th' oppressor tremble, and the proud obey;
The friendless poor immortal treasures know,
The wearied bosom rest from every woe;
The houseless wanderer find a blest abode,
The soul a ransom, and the saint a God.

4 Fair as the tree of life the saints shall rise,
Redeem'd from death, and violence, and lies,
Loved by his soul as precious sons are loved,
Glorious as kings, as spotless priests approved;
On joyful hills shall truth and justice grow,
And peace in spreading streams the world o'er-flow.

5 Through endless years his glory shall extend,
For him increasing prayers to heaven ascend;
To heaven his name from every region rise,
More sweet than incense cheers the morning skies;
To him all lands a song of rapture raise,
And lisping infants join their artless praise.

6 As spring's mild showers refresh the thirsty plain,
As cloudless suns succeed the genial rain,
So shall his influence earth's sad face renew,
Where the scant seed his faithful labourers strew;
Like towering groves, behold the harvest rise,
Wave round like Lebanon, and reach the skies!

7 From shore to shore shall stretch his boundless sway:
His boundless blessings flow to every sea;
See round his altars suppliant kings attend,
Before his throne obedient nations bend;
To him their tribute distant realms unfold,
Her spices India, and Peru her gold!

8 See springs of life in thirsty deserts flow,
And savage tribes th' immortal Saviour know;
Prostrate in dust, his humbled foes shall lie,
Or send their hymns of transport to the sky;
And each blest land rehearse his praises o'er,
Till moons shall walk their evening rounds no more.

9 In him the curse in boundless bliss shall end;
From evil good, from darkness light ascend;
Diviner glories to mankind be given,
A nobler nature and a fairer heaven;
Let earth, let saints, that seek his bright abode,
Resound his praise, and bless their Father God.

ASSOCIATIONS; OR, GENERAL MEETINGS OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

423 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26. Piety, 513.

God's approbation of attempts to revive religion. DODDRIDGE.

1 THE Lord on mortal worms looks down,
From his celestial throne;
And, when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.

2 He sees the tender hearts that mourn
The scandals of the times,
And join their efforts to oppose
The wide-prevailing crimes.

3 Low to the social band he bows
His still attentive ear;
And, while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair,
In the Redeemer's book of life
Their names recorded are.

5 'Yes,' saith the Lord, 'the world shall know,
These humble souls are mine:
These, when my jewels I produce,
Shall in full lustre shine.

6 'When deluges of fiery wrath
My foes away shall bear,
That hand, which strikes the wicked thro',
Shall all my children spare.'

424 L. M. Derby, 169. Doversdale. 430.

Ministers abounding in their work. B. FRANCIS.

1 BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring,—
Their tribute of united praise
For heavenly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word:
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme:
And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like seraphim above.

4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise
With us an equal song of praise;
They are the noblest work of God,
But we, the purchase of his blood.

5 Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above;
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

425 C. M. Brighton, 208. Devizes, 14.

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 15. DODDRIDGE.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 [Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?]

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

426 L. M. Portugal, 97. Oldham, 527.

Prayer for ministers. BEDDOME.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light thro' distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

427 PART I. 8.7.4. Tenterden, 495.

Prayer for a revival. NEWTON, alt.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, &c.

3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirit nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
Lord, &c.

4 [But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.
Lord, &c.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth?
Lord, &c.

6 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas, we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
Lord, &c.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood:
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Lord, &c.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again:
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, &c.]

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, &c.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

427 PART II. L. M. Antiquity, 331.

For a church in a low condition.

1 O GOD of Zion, from thy throne
Look with an eye of pity down;
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer—
Thy church, the object of thy care.

2 We are a building thou hast raised,
How kind thy hand, that hand be praised!
Yet all to utter ruin falls,
If thou forsake our tottering walls.

3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of prayer and praise,
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heaven on earth.

4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn;
Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many number'd with the dead.

5 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes:
If earth and hell should yet assail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

6 Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity;
O pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our numerous wants supply.

7 O show that in our low estate,
No blessing for us is too great;
We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous Lord!

427 PART III. L.M. Thanksgiving, 19.

The suffering people. KELLY.

1 'POOR and afflicted,' Lord, are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But tho' the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

2 'Poor and afflicted,' 't is their lot,
They know it, and they murmur not;
'T would ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deign'd to choose.

3 'Poor and afflicted,' yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King;
Through sufferings perfect now he reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

4 'Poor and afflicted,' but ere long
They join the bright celestial throng;
Their sufferings then will reach a close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.

5 And while they walk the thorny way,
They oft are heard to sigh and say—
Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come,
And take thy mourning pilgrims home.

427 PART IV. 11's. Geard, 156.

Comfort for the church in trouble.

1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful as the Pilot who sits at the helm,
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 'O fearful! O faithless!' in mercy he cries,
'My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I 'll bring thee to land.

4 'Forget thee, I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

5 'I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones.
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 'Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

7 'The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows the louder they 'll sing.'

428 8.7.4. Kentucky, 114. Calcutta, 295.

Longing for the spread of the Gospel. WILLIAMS.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the saving light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn,
And the everlasting Gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name,
All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase,
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

6 Every creature, living, breathing,
In divinely grateful lays,
Father, Son, and Spirit, praising,
Magnify the God of grace;
Hallelujah!
Fill the universe with praise.

429 L.M. Glos'ter, 12. Power, 478.

Increase of the church. BEDDOME.

1 SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns!
Through distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.

4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring:
And unconstrain'd their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

5 O may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

6 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

430 148th. Sovereignty, 362.

Increase of Messiah's kingdom. SCOTT.

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days;
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign!
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

431 148th. Grove, 125. Burnham, 396.

The spiritual temple. DODDRIDGE.

1 SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise:
Ye saints around, through all its frame
Harmonious sound the Builder's name.

2 Beneath his eye and care,
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies:
There shall he place the polish'd stone
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND POOR BRETHREN.

432 8. 7. Jewin-st. 222. Vienna, 330.

At a collection for poor ministers or missionaries. B. FRANCIS.

1 PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love:
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know!
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See, how beauteous on the mountains
Are thy feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around—
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

433 PART I. C. M. Braintree, 25.

Relieving Christ in his members. Matt. xxv. 40. DODDRIDGE.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheer'd:
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence, and with love,
We in thy poor would see!
O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee.

433 PART II. C. M. Streatham, 218.

Collection for poor saints, &c.

1 WE who need mercy every hour,
And by compassion stand,
Should show that mercy to the poor
Which Jesus doth command.

2 Christ in his members asks your alms,
Speaks in his brethren's cry;
The widow's wail his language is,
And orphan's sigh his sigh.

3 The lonely widow, desolate,
With cheerfulness relieve;
The fatherless commiserate;
Bread to the hungry give.

4 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

434 PART I. L. M. Lebanon, 79.
Of thine own have we given thee.

1 THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well-spread board prepares:
My grateful thanks to him shall rise:
He knows my wants, those wants supplies.

2 And shall I grudge to give his poor
A mite from all my generous store?
No, Lord, the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

434 PART II. 8.7.7. Batavia, 133.
Christ's love constraining to liberality. 2 Cor. viii. 9. KELLY.

BRETHREN, let us freely offer;
All we have is from above;
Let us give, and act, and suffer;
What is this to Jesus' love!
Did he die our souls to save?
Then we 're his, and all we have.

435 L. M. Horsley, 205. Thomas's, 272.
Christ's beneficence for imitation.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives:
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank:

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

436 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.
Providing bags that wax not old. Luke xii. 33. DODDRIDGE.

1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day!

2 The bags are rent, the treasures lost,
We fondly call our own:
Scarce could we the possession boast,
And straight we found it gone.

3 But there are joys that cannot die,
Which God laid up in store;
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4 To that my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest,
And glories in such wide desires
Of all their wish possess'd.

5 The seeds which piety and love
Hath scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

6 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesu's feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And heaven at last repay.

CHURCH AND FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS.

437 S. M. Wirksworth, 158.
Praise for conversion. STENNETT.

1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen, while I tell
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flattering joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the poisonous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish roused me into life,
And pleasures sprung from pain.

4 Darkness, and pain and grief,
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5 At length to God I cried;
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he raised;
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;
Pardon'd my sins; and, with a smile,
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

438 C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.
The conversion of sinners.

1 THERE 's joy in heaven, and joy on earth
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 'Come, saints, and hear what God hath [done,'
Is a reviving sound:
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around!

3 Often, O sovereign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day;
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey.

4 Great God, the work is all thy own,
Thine be the praises too;
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

439 PART I. C.M. Brighton, 208.

Apostacy. NEWTON.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
'Wilt thou forsake me too?'

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirr'd—
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

439 PART II. S.M. Dunbar, 252.

Will ye also go away?

1 AND will ye go away
From Christ, as some of old?
Who walk'd no more, the Scriptures say,
With him and with his fold.

2 And will ye go away
From Christ, his house, his friends,
His table, his delightful day,
And bliss that never ends?

3 And will ye go away?
And whither will ye go?
Will you in sin and bondage stray
To everlasting woe?

4 And will ye go away
And vile apostates be?
O rather with your Saviour stay,
And die on Calvary's tree?

5 And WILL ye go away?
And can this be your *choice?*
O how would this his friends dismay,
And make his foes rejoice!

6 Did not your heart once say,
'Though others thee deny,
Yea, should a world thy cause betray,
Yet never, Lord, will I?'

7 [For pure are thy commands,
Thy words are all divine;
Eternal joys are in thy hands,
And thou canst make them mine.]

8 To go away from thee!
What sin and folly worse?
Who from a smiling God would flee
To meet a frowning curse?

9 Dear Lord, one bliss impart,
('T is not for heaven we pray,)
But—let us not from thee depart,
No, NEVER go away.

440 PART I. L.M. Simeon New, 357.

To whom shall we go? STEELE.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,—
While thou art near, in vain they call:
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name, my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee! 't is death—'t is more,
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

440 PART II. 8's. Israel, 94.

Christian union.

1 BLESS'D union! in Eden ne'er found,
No, not in a Paradise lost!
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Christ all his sufferings it cost.

2 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again?
Engraved on his hands and his heart,
How can we at distance remain?

3 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
Transported his glories shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah! Amen!
Amen! even so let it be!

440 PART III. S. M. Ryland's, 48.

For fellowship meetings.

1 UNITING hearts and hands,
Let each provoke his friend
To run the way of God's commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 May we our course pursue
With vigour till we die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of fellowship on high.

3 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here;
But how divine will be the joy
To meet and worship there!

440 PART IV. S. M. Hopkins, 157.

The same.

1 DEAR Saviour, with thy flock
May we in love abide,
Protected from the noon-day beams,
And resting near thy side.

2 How precious is thy fold
To all thy saints below;
Beneath thy tender watchful care,
They feed, and thrive, and grow.

3 Thy cause is dear to us;
Thy people are our choice;
With them afresh we take our lot,
And with them will rejoice.

440 PART V. 7's. Alcester, 213.

Christians helping each other.
Rom. xv. 2. WESLEY.

1 GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:
Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu's name;
See with joy each other's face;
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make
Past the reach of hell secure.
Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

3 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possest:
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

440 PART VI. 7's. Jubilee, 403.

The communion of saints.

1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise,
Walk in him we have received;
Show we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu's love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee th' unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee!
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

4 Hence may all our actions flow;
Love the proof that Christ we know:
Mutual love the token be.
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

440 PART VII. C. M. Naomi, 477.

The family in heaven and earth.
Eph. iii. C. WESLEY.

1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath:
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die!

6 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled band
On the eternal shore.

7 O that we now might see our guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide
And land us all in heaven.

440 PART VIII. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.
The one church. WESLEY.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

440 PART IX. C. M. Arabia, 324.
Christian unity. MONTGOMERY.

1 IN one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

3 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

441 PART I. L.M. Green's Hundred, 89.
Prayer for the church. GIBBONS.

1 IN thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.

2 We, the productions of thy power,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.

3 Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.

4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
Give to the mourners heavenly day,
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

441 PART II. 7's. Aaron, 508.
Jesus met them. BURDER.

1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet;
When the Saviour is the theme;
When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we, then, eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
When he saw the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love,
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour 's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of Him.

BAPTISM.

442 PART I. 112th. Carey's, 11.
Christ baptized. FELLOWS.

1 IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
A fit example this for you:
The sacred record while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But, lo! from yonder opening skies
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like th' eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amazed, they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples shine.

4 But, hark! my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along?
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song?
'This is my well-beloved Son,
I see well-pleased what he hath done.'

5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod:
Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bade us hear the Son of God;
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

442 PART II. C. M. Lydia, 327.
The baptism of Christ. DEACON.

1 TO Jordan's stream the Saviour goes
To do his Father's will:
His breast with sacred ardour glows,
Each precept to fulfil.

2 Behold him buried in the flood
(The emblem of his grave)
Who, from the bosom of his God,
Came down a world to save.

3 As from the water he ascends,
What miracles appear!
God with a voice his Son commends—
Let all the nations hear!

4 Hear it, ye Christians, and rejoice;
Let this your courage raise;
What God approves, be this your choice,
And glory in his ways.

442 PART III. C.M. Jerusalem, 379.
The same. Matt. iii. 13—15.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day,
Their ardent zeal to express;
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,
Like him be number'd with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee,
Our grateful voices raise;
Wash'd in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

442 PART IV. L.M. Buxton, 347.
The same. John i. 32, 33. BEDDOME.

1 ALL glory be to Him who came
From Galilee to Jordan's stream;
There did he sink beneath the wave,
And to his saints a pattern gave.

2 Glory to Him who from on high
Proclaim'd to all both far and nigh
That He on whom his glory shone
Was his beloved and only Son.

3 Glory to the celestial Dove,
Who, swift descending from above,
Rested upon Messiah's head,
And there a heavenly lustre spread.

4 Ye saints, with cheerfulness submit
To this mysterious solemn rite,
On which the sacred Three combine
To put an honour so divine.

443 L.M. Bramcoate, 8. Buxton, 347.
A baptismal hymn. STENNETT.

1 THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave.

2 'Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness,' he meekly said;
Why should we then to do his will
Or be ashamed, or be afraid?

3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 't is our glory to descend;
'T is wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interr'd by such a friend.

4 Yet, as the yielding waves give way
To let us see the light again,
So on the resurrection-day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide,
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

444 8.8.6. Chatham, 59. Praise, 321.
Thus it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii. 15.
NORMAN.

1 THUS it became the Prince of Grace,
And thus should all the favour'd race
High Heaven's command fulfil;
For that the condescending God
Should lead his followers though the flood,
Was Heaven's eternal will.

2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
We make these ways our favour'd choice,
And thus with zeal pursue:
No, heaven's eternal sovereign Lord
Has, in the precepts of his word,
Enjoin'd us thus to do.

3 And shall we ever dare despise
The gracious mandate of the skies,
Where condescending Heaven
To sinful man's apostate race,
In matchless love and boundless grace,
His will reveal'd has given?

4 Thou everlasting gracious King,
Assist us now thy grace to sing;
And still direct our way
To those bright realms of peace and rest,
Where all the exulting tribes are bless'd
With one great choral day.

445 8.7. Welsh, 210. Alexandria, 361.
Follow the Lamb. FAWCETT.

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,—
Tread the path that Jesus trod:
Flee to him your only Saviour;
In his mighty name confide:
In the whole of your behaviour
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice:
Jesus says, 'Let each believer
Be baptized in my name:'
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

446 C.M. Charmouth, 28.
The believer constrained by the love of Christ to follow him. FELLOWS.

1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That 's worthy of my God?

Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays:
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy divine ways.

447 C.M. Devizes, 14. Hensbury, 323.
Difficulties surmounted.—Hinder me not. Gen. xxiv. 56. RYLAND.

1 [WHEN Abraham's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebekah—told his wish—
Her parents gave consent.

2 Yet for ten days they urged the man
His journey to delay;
'Hinder me not,' he quick replied,
'Since God hath crown'd my way.'

3 'T was thus I cried, when Christ the Lord
My soul to him did wed;
'Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes,
Since God my way hath sped.']

PAUSE.

4 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I 'll pursue;
'Hinder me not,' ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

5 ['Stay,' says the world, 'and taste awhile
My every pleasant sweet:'
'Hinder me not,' my soul replies,
'Because the way is great.'

6 'Stay,' Satan, my old master, cries,
'Or force shall thee detain;'
'Hinder me not, I will be gone,
'My God has broke thy chain!']

7 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I 'll follow where he goes;
'Hinder me not,' shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

8 Through duty, and through trials too,
I 'll go at his command;
'Hinder me not,' for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

9 And when my Saviour calls me home
Still this my cry shall be,
'Hinder me not,' come, welcome death,
I 'll gladly go with thee.

448 C.M. Bath Chapel, 26. Trinity, 181.
Immersion. J. STENNETT.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plunged
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body raised
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.

449 PART I. 8.7. Felicity, 535.
Buried with Christ in baptism. Rom. vi. 4. FELLOWS.

1 JESUS! mighty king in Sion!
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee:

2 As an emblem of thy passion
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, arising
To a life divinely new.

449 PART II. C.M. Hensbury, 323.
Burial with Christ.

1 SAVIOUR, we seek the watery tomb,
Illumed by love divine;
Far from the deep tremendous gloom
Of that which once was thine.

2 Down to the hallow'd grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'T is thus the world around shall know
We 're buried with the Lord.

3 'T is thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in:
O may we rise to life anew,
And only die to sin.

450 L.M. Chard, 175. New Windsor, 504.
A baptismal hymn. J. STENNETT.

1 SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow through his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God!

2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire,
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
They shine in clean and bright attire!

3 O sacred rite, by thee the name
Of Jesus, we to own begin;
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men:
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join the loud Amen.

451 PART I. L.M. Horsley, 205.
Not ashamed of Christ. GREGG.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be?
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning-Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

451 PART II. 8.7.4. Kelly's, 419.

Taking up the cross. J. E. GILES.

1 HAST thou said, exalted Jesus,
Take thy cross and follow me?
Shall the word with terror seize us,
Shall we from the burden flee?
'Lord, I 'll take it,
And rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave;
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I 'll enter,
Jesus enter'd Jordan's wave.

3 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love to me;
Sweeter still the love that binds me
In its deathless bond to thee.
O, what pleasure
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connexion,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to all around,
So I rise t' enjoy the blessing
Kept for those in Jesus found,
When th' archangel
Wakes the sleeper under ground.

6 Then baptized in love and glory,
Lamb of God, thy praise I 'll sing,
Loudly with the immortal story
All the harps of heaven shall ring.
Saints and seraphs,
Sound it loud from every string.

451 PART III. 8.7. Alexandria, 351.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.
Mark x. 28. LORD GLENELG.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee!

452 L. M. New Court, 173. Power, 478.

The candidates. FELLOWS.

1 GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey;
Let saints and angels hail the day!

2 Great things, O everlasting Son!
Great things for us thy grace hath done:
Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

3 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite, and be denied;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

453 PART I. C. M. Bedford, 91.

Morning before baptism; or, at the water side. BEDDOME.

1 HOW great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When pain'd and grieved at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Relieved our every smart.

3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercised again;
And, nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.

4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy;
Vain world, begone! let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.

6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

453 PART II. L. M. Denbigh, 54.
Candidates at the water-side.

1 LORD, our dependence is alone
On what thy blessed Son hath done;
Unless we to his merits fly,
Baptized, or unbaptized, we die.

2 Thy name, our covenant God, we boast—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
O may we ever speak thy praise,
Long as the heavens their anthems raise.

453 PART III. 7's. St. Austin's, 460.
Candidates encouraged. BEDDOME.

1 COME, ye humble, contrite souls,
Leave your doubts and fears behind,
Trust in Jesus' mighty name;
And his mercy you shall find.
Yield obedience to his laws,
And defend his glorious cause.

2 Your Redeemer led the way,
Safe is found the path he trod;
You have nothing hence to fear,
While you urge your way to God,
Yield obedience to his laws,
And avow his glorious cause.

3 Press ye on, believing souls,
Lo, your Captain 's gone before;
You who wear his easy yoke,
Shall his love and grace adore.
Now embark'd in his dear cause,
Pay allegiance to his laws.

454 PART I. L.M. Lofty Praise, 408.
The administrator. FELLOWS.

1 'GO, teach the nations and baptize,'
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries:
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.

2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face;
O bless them with peculiar grace:
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

454 PART II. L.M. Job, 474.
The command. BEDDOME.

1 ERE Christ ascended to his throne,
He issued forth this great command—
'Go preach my gospel to the world.
And spread my name through every land.

2 'To men declare their sinful state,
The methods of my grace explain;
He that believes and is baptized
Shall everlasting life obtain.'

3 Dear Saviour, we thy will obey,
Not of constraint, but with delight;
Hither thy servants come to-day,
To honour thine appointed rite.

4 Descend again, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.

5 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The mysteries of thy love explore;
And, wash'd in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM.

455—467 Old Hundredth, 100.
Portugal, 97.

WHATE'ER to thee, our Lord, belongs,
Is always worthy of our songs:
And all thy works, and all thy ways,
Demand our wonder and our praise.
BEDDOME.

Hosanna to the Church's Head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead;
He was immersed in Jordan's flood,
And then immersed in sweat and blood!
STENNETT.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood;
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood!
BEDDOME.

Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you!
What more could the Redeemer do?
BEDDOME.

We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.
BEDDOME

Eternal Spirit! heavenly Dove!
On these baptismal waters move!
That we through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'T is you, ye children of the light!
The Spirit and the Bride invite.
H. F—.

Ye who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
'Ye blessed of the Lord, come in.'
H. F—.

Jesus, my Saviour and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
These are the sounds that chide my [stay,
'Arise, my love, and come away.'
H. F—.

Amazing grace! and shall I still
Prove disobedient to thy will?
Ah, no, dear Lord, the watery tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come. H—.

Apostles trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go;
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.
J. STENNETT.

With lowly minds and lofty songs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
Till the great rising day reveal
The immortal glory of his face. G—.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We humbly dedicate our powers;
If with Jehovah's blessing crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.

468 148th. Chelsea, 112. Sovereignty, 362.
Address to the Spirit. FELLOWS.

1 DESCEND, celestial Dove!
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of Light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew, the King to crown.

3 The day was never known,
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shown such grace
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.

4 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire:
This ordinance is thine;
Do thou our souls inspire!
Thou wilt attend on all thy sons,
Till time shall end, thy promise runs.

469 C. M. Crowle, 3. Langshaw, 424.
After baptism. J. NEWTON.

1 'PROCLAIM,' saith Christ, 'my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.'

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

470 PART I. C. M. Piety, 513.
Practical improvement of baptism. Col. iii. 1. DODDRIDGE.

1 ATTEND, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your Brother still,
And your Forerunner there.

4 Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love:
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix on high.

470 PART II. L. M. Eaton, 291.
Baptized admonished. BEDDOME.

1 YOUR work, ye saints, is not comprised
In being solemnly baptized;
There is much more for God to do,
Much more that must be done by you.

2 An arduous race you have to run,
That race which you have just begun;
There are few friends, and many foes,
Those to assist, while these oppose.

3 Truths now profess'd must be maintain'd,
The immortal crown by striving gain'd:
Your faith, and hope, and patience tried,
And all corruption mortified.

4 Heavy afflictions you await, [great;
Your strength but small, your burdens
Resistance must be made to sin,
And you must keep your conscience clean.

5 Then sit you down and count the cost,
Or efforts past will all be lost;
Unless, with unremitting care,
In wisdom's paths you persevere.

6 See that your armour be of proof,
And boast not till you put it off;
'Tis when the last sharp struggle's o'er,
That you may triumph—not before.

471 C. M. Nehemiah, 512.
He went on his way rejoicing. Acts viii. 9. BEDDOME.

1 THE holy Eunuch, when baptized,
Went on his way with joy,
And who can tell what rapturous [thoughts
Did then his mind employ?

2 'Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
Of whom I lately read;
Who, bearing all my sins and grief,
Was number'd with the dead?

3 'Is he who, bursting from the grave,
Now reigns above the sky,
My Advocate before the throne,
My portion when I die?

4 'Have I profess'd his holy name?
Do I his Gospel bear
To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
And shall I spread it there?

5 'Bless'd pool in which I lately lay,
And left my fears behind;
What an unworthy wretch am I!
And God profusely kind.

6 'Bless'd emblem of that precious blood
Which satisfied for sin;
And of that renovating grace
Which makes the conscience clean.'

7 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy,
Help us to keep in view;
The same our work, the same, O make
Our consolation too.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

472 L. M. Ailie-st. 241. Melcombe, 325.
A preparatory thought. WATTS.

1 WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2 The Lord! the Saviour! yes 't is he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own these wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.

4 Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord, why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food?

5 'T was his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'T was his own love this table spread,
For such unworthy guests as we.

6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love:
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

473 PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.
Invitation to the Gospel feast. Luke xiv. 22. STEELE.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconciled
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore!
Approach, there yet is room!

473 PART II. S. M. Reuben, 328.
Ye shall eat it. Ex. xii. 11.

1 COME all who truly bear
The name of Christ your Lord,
His sacramental supper share,
And keep his kindest word;

2 Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified;
'In memory of my dying love
Do this,' he said, and died.

3 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal
That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will:

4 His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood;
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us now to God.

5 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honour'd name,
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb:

6 In proof that such we are
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

473 PART III. L. M. Nehemiah, 512.
Receiving members. MONTGOMERY.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
(Our Saviour's blood and righteousness)
Freely with us partake.

4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear,—
They lend their mutual powers.

5 Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in Him!

473 PART IV. L. M. Crucifixion, 339.

Invitation to fellowship.

1 COME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
Ye that believe his holy word;
Come, and receive our heavenly bread,
The food with which his saints are fed.

2 Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on his redeeming love:
Come, all ye happy souls that thirst;
The last is welcome as the first.

3 Come to his table, and receive
Whate'er a pardoning God can give:
His love through every age endures,
His promise and himself are yours.

173 PART V. L. M. Oldham, 527.

If thou believest, &c. Acts viii. 37.

1 DO we with humble heart inquire,
Who are the persons God invites
To dwell within his house below,
And to attend its solemn rites?

2 The sacred word declares them such
Whose hearts are changed by sovereign grace;
Who place their confidence and hope
In Jesus' blood and righteousness;

3 Who know the truth, and in the ways
Of holiness direct their feet;
Who love communion with the saints,
And shun the place where scorners meet.

4 With just attainments not content,
Increasing purity they seek;
By whom uprightness is maintain'd
In all they do and all they speak.

5 These are the men whom God invites;
For them the church sets wide her door,
Whate'er their birth or rank may be,
The bond, the free, the rich, the poor.

6 Come, then, thou happy waiting soul,
To whom these characters apply;
Come in—come in, and be a guest—
Come, and receive a rich supply!

474 L. M. Melcombe, 325. Luther's, 301.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning. WATTS.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden tremoring shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here 's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo, what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb:
Up to his Father's courts he flies:
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

6 Say, 'Live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!'
Then ask the monster, 'Where 's thy sting?
And where 's thy victory, boasting grave?'

475 C. M. Liverpool, 83. Arabia, 324.

Sacramental hymn. J. STENNETT.

1 JESUS, O word divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound;
What joyful news, what heavenly sense
In that dear name is found!

2 Our souls all guilty and condemn'd,
In hopeless fetters lay;
Our souls, with numerous sins depraved,
To death and hell a prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,
He mighty was to save;
He died, but could not long be held
A prisoner in the grave.

5 Jesus, who mighty art to save,
Still push thy conquests on:
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
Where'er the sun has shone.

6 O Captain of salvation, make
Thy power and mercy known:
Till crowds of willing converts come
And worship at thy throne.

476 L. M. Chard, 175. Thanksgiving, 19.

Sacramental hymn. J. STENNETT.

1 THUS we commemorate the day
On which our dearest Lord was slain!
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appear on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer! open wide
The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

3 Come, King of kings! with thy bright train,
Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.

Come, Lord! and where thy cross once stood
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

477 PART I. L.M. Ulverston, 179.
Holy admiration. BEDDOME.

JESUS! when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

Look, saints, into his opening side,
The breach how large, how deep, how wide!
Thence issues forth a double flood
Of cleansing water, pardoning blood.

Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows
To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.

Thus I could ever, ever sing
The sufferings of my heavenly King;
With glowing pleasure spread abroad
The mysteries of a dying God.

477 PART II. 9.8. St. Chrysostom, 544.
The believer supplicating.

BREAD of our life! in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul! in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

478 L.M. Wareham, 117.
Meditating on the cross of Christ.

COME, see on bloody Calvary,
Suspended on th' accursed tree,
A harmless sufferer cover'd o'er
With shame, and weltering in his gore.

Is this the Saviour long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?

'Tis he! 'tis he! he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And heir th' unperishable skies.

See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bands of guilt released,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.

Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

6 That tree, that curse-empoison'd tree,
Which proved a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.

7 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliss:
What love can be compared to this?

479 PART I. L.M. Old Hundredth, 100.
Principalities and powers subject to Christ. Rev. v. 12. D. TURNER.

1 NOW far above the starry skies,
Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

2 [The countless hosts that round him stand,
The subjects of his sov'reign power,
Fly through the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.

3 Satan and all his rebel crew
That raged to pull his kingdom down,
Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.

4 His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all controls!
Yet from his high exalted state
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]

5 Though in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere this world or time began,
He shines the Son of God confess'd,
Yet owns himself the Son of Man.

6 Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;
Of joy there pours the eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.

7 All hail! thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

8 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal honours raise,
The full salvation, promised, bring,
Then every tongue shall sing thy praise!

479 PART II. C.M. Richmond, 15.
This do in remembrance of me. Luke xxii. 19. MONTGOMERY.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary.
O Lamb of God! my sacrifice!
I must remember thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me,—
Yes, while a pulse, or breath remains,
I will remember Thee!

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And thought and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

479 PART III. S.M. Peckham, 7.
The same.

1 JESU, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
Here in thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord;

2 The way Thou hast enjoin'd
Thou wilt therein appear:
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Our hearts now open wide
To make the Saviour room:
For lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The sinner's Friend is come!

4 His presence makes the feast:
Let now our bosoms feel
The glory not to be express'd,
The joy unspeakable.

5 With pure celestial bliss,
He doth our spirits cheer,
His house of banqueting is this,
And He hath brought us here.

6 He doth his servants feed
With manna from above;
His banner over us is spread,
His everlasting love.

479 PART IV. C.M. Devizes, 14.
The same. NOEL.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And mitigate our woe!

3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd,
'Meet and remember me.'

4 Remember Thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his, recorded there!

479 PART V. C.M. Northampton, 520.
Take, eat, this is my body.
1 Cor. xi. 24. DR. WARDLAW.

1 REMEMBER Thee, redeeming Lord!
While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life
Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of life with glory crown'd,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom on earth
He heaved his dying groan.

3 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell;
Yet, 'tis the chief of all his joys,
That souls are saved from hell.

4 For this He came and dwelt on earth,
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquish'd death,
For this He pleads in heaven.

5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

479 PART VI. C.M. New York, 33.
We are one bread, one body.

1 HOW happy are thy servants, Lord,
Who thus remember Thee!
What tongue can tell our sweet accord,
Our perfect harmony!

2 Who of thy sacred supper share,
Here at thy table fed,
Many, and yet but one we are,
One undivided bread.

3 One with the living Bread divine
Which now by faith we eat,
Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,
And all in Jesus meet.

4 So dear the tie where souls agree
In Jesu's dying love,
Then only can it closer be
When all are join'd above.

479 PART VII. C.M. Ludlow, 84.
The communion. 1 Cor. x. 16.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence
And realize the sign.
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy power into the wine.

2 Effectual let the tokens prove:
Make them, by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

480 L.M. Redemption, 243.
Love on a cross and a throne.
WATTS.

1 NOW let our faith grow strong and rise
And view our Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath our sins he groan'd and died;
See where he sits to plead our cause,
By his Almighty Father's side.

3 If we behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And seals our pleasure with his pains.

4 Or, if we climb the eternal hills,
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthroned,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

5 How shall vile pardon'd rebels show
How much they love their dying God?
Lord! here we 'd banish every foe,
We hate the sins that cost thy blood.

6 Commerce no more we hold with hell,
Our dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell,
Stamp'd as a seal on every heart.

481 L. M. Portugal, 97. Simeon, 355.
Triumphs of the cross. STENNETT.

1 NO more, dear Saviour! will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause:
The world hath all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.

2 In every feature of thy face,
Beauty her fairest charms displays;
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.

3 Thy wealth the power of thought transcends,
'T is vast, immense, and all divine:
Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends,
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.

4 Yet, (O how marvellous the sight!)
I see thee on a cross expire:
Thy Godhead veil'd in sable night;
And angels from the scene retire.

5 But why from these sad scenes retreat?
Why with your wings your faces hide?
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.

6 The indignation of a God
On him avenging justice hurl'd;
Beneath the weight he firmly stood,
And nobly saved a falling world.

7 Those triumphs of stupendous grace
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart;
Lord, at thy cross, I stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart!

482 PART I. C. M. Wantage, 204.
A sacramental hymn. J. STENNETT.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:—

2 I that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood—

3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 'Eat, O my friends,' the Saviour cries,
'The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too.'

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'T is a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I 'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

482 PART II. 7's. Kennington, 498.
Heavenly bread & wine. CONDER.

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died.

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
'T is thy wounds my healing give:
To thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life! Oh, let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

483 C. M. Bangor, 231. Langshaw, 424.
My flesh is meat indeed. STENNETT.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares the rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 The bitter torments he endured
Upon the shameful cross,
For us, his welcome guests, procured
These heart-reviving joys.

4 His body, torn with rudest hands,
Becomes the finest bread;
And with the blessing he commands,
Our noblest hopes are fed.

5 His blood, that from each opening vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine
That cheers both God and man.

6 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine!
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all:
With life itself I 'll freely part,
My Jesus! at thy call,

484 L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Jesus wept—he died.—See how he loved us. John xi. 35. BEDDOME.

1 SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!
What beauty, e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?

2 Enthroned above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.

3 Still his compassions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame;
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

485 C. M. Wantage, 204. Abridge, 201.
The wonders of redemption. STEELE.

1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes! the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!

4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free;
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its sacred power to me?

6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

486 C. M. Irish, 171. Devizes, 14.
Room at the gospel feast.
Luke xiv. 22. DODDRIDGE.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board:
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come!
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here!
And millions more still on the way
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready; come away;
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

487 L. M. Wareham, 117. Oldham, 527.
Communion with Christ at his table. STEELE.

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth adored!)
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 But while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

488 C. M. Liverpool, 83. Irish, 171.
Praise to the Redeemer. STEELE.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
'The Saviour died for me.'

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

489 148th. Swithin's, 44.
Praise to Christ. STENNETT.

1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

Such was his zeal for God,
And such his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do:
His every deed of love and grace
All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

Jesus! we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

490 PART I. L.M. Portugal, 97.
Self-dedication. DAVIES.

LORD! am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchased and saved by blood divine?
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all:
Lord! let me live and die to thee,
Be thine through all eternity.

490 PART II. C.M. Abridge, 201.
After admission. BEDDOME.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak:
To Him we make our solemn vow—
A vow we dare not break:—

That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field!

We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
That with returning wants the Lord
Will all our need supply.

Oh! guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise!

490 PART III. L.M. Portugal, 97.
The irrevocable pledge. 2 Cor. xi. 2.
DODDRIDGE.

1 'TIS done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?

3 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

490 PART IV. C.M. Devizes, 14.
Arise, let us go hence. John xiv. 31.

1 LORD, from thy table we retire,
With gratitude and love;
Oh, may thy Holy Spirit's fire
Our cold affections move!

2 Whatever dangers throng our way,
We would confess thy name;
Nor once thy sacred cause betray,
Through sinful fear and shame.

3 Thy grace shall be our pleasing theme,
Thy law our constant guide;
We give to Thee our love supreme,
And worship none beside.

4 Then lead us through this weeping vale,
To see thy blest abode;
And may our feeble faith prevail,
To bear our souls to God!

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

491 PART I. L.M. Morning Hymn, 398.
Morning. BISHOP KEN.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

5 Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

6 May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will:
O may I never more do ill!

7 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and [will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

8 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

491 PART II. C. M. Bedford, 91.

Morning hymn.

1 TO Thee let my first offering rise,
Whose sun creates the day.
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsafed before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply!
And I that hand adore!

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay!

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!

5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

492 C. M. Braintree, 25. Lydia, 327.

A morning hymn. D. TURNER.

1 WITH thee, great God! the stores of light,
And stores of darkness lie:
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

2 And when with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.

3 Numbers, this night, great God! have met
Their long eternal doom:
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand upraised,
A thousand pleasures feel.

5 To thee, great God! in thankful songs
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious in thy Son accept
The willing sacrifice.

493 8. 8. 6. Leach, 290. Serlby, 167.

Morning.

1 LORD, I am vile!—what shall I say?
I live to see another day,
O let me live to thee!

A thousand years to hope for this
Should be unutterable bliss;
What must fruition be!

2 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Jesus hath for his prepared,
Nor can the heart conceive;
Thou hast commanded me, to-day,
To live by faith, and I'd obey;
Lord, help me to believe.

494 S.M. Sutton, 149. Sacred Song, 524.

A morning hymn.

1 SEE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 Thus does thine arm support
This weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

5 O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Tinged with thy blood it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

495 L. M. Ulverston, 179.

An evening hymn.

1 GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus, his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

496 PART I. L. M. Magdalen, 214.
The same. BISHOP KEN.

GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, &c.

496 PART II. 8. 6. 6. Havant, 227.
Evening prayer.

1 ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day show'd by my God,
I do bless my Saviour.

2 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace be my bliss
Till thou hence remove me.

3 And whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

497 PART I. C. M. Irish, 171.
An evening hymn.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

497 PART II. 8. 7. Alexandria, 361.
Evening. EDMESTON.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing—
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

498 C. M. Michael's, 119.
On the spring. NEEDHAM.

1 THE icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolved and gone:
Waked by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts his new livery on.

2 Where awful desolation reign'd
Blest plenty rears her head:
Exulting with a smile to see
Her late destroyer fled.

3 Teeming with life the advancing sun
Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heaven! he seems to wish
To make a longer stay.

4 In clouds of gold behold him set,
Beyond the west he flies:
Short is his nightly course, and soon
He gilds the eastern skies.

5 My soul, in every scene admire
The wisdom and the power;
Behold the God in every plant,
In every opening flower.

6 Yet in his word the God of grace
Has wrote his fairer name:
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest songs shall claim.

7 With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into spring,
And be the glory thine.

499 S. M. Mansfield, 154.
The return of spring celebrated.

1 FROM winter's barren clods,
From winter's joyless waste,
The spring in sudden youth appears
With blooming beauty graced.

2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the solar beams!
And, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3 Great God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise;
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.

4 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herbs and corn
For men, enrich the land.

5 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

500 PART I. C. M. Warwick, 471.

The spring improved. NEWTON.

1 BEHOLD! long wish'd-for spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 Where'er we tread, the clustering flowers
Beauteous around us spring;
The birds with joint harmonious powers
Invite our hearts to sing.

3 But ah, in vain I strive to join,
Oppress'd with sin and doubt;
I feel 't is winter still within,
Though all is spring without.

4 Oh, would my Saviour, from on high,
Break through these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose!

500 PART II. 7's. Jubilee, 403. Amboyna, 289. Worship, 539.

The same. NEWTON.

1 PLEASING spring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise!
Where in winter all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow,
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

2 What a change has taken place!
Emblem of the spring of grace;
How the soul, in winter, mourns,
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again:
Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,
And each grace springs forth afresh.

3 Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see!
Ah, my winter has been long,
Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song.
Winter threaten'd to destroy
Faith and love, and every joy;
If thy life was in the root,
Still I could not vield thee fruit.

4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice;
O beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past:
On thy garden deign to smile,
Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
Soon thy presence will restore
Life to what seem'd dead before.

5 Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come!
Where the saints no winter fear,
Where 'tis spring throughout the year;
How unlike this state below!
There the flowers unwithering blow;
There no chilling blasts annoy;
All is love, and bloom, and joy.

501 C. M. Abridge, 201. Trinity, 181.

On a year of threatening drought. GIBBONS.

1 THE spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms, and flowers,
To adorn her reign appear.

2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promised joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bless or to destroy.

3 The sun, thy minister of love,
That from the naked ground,
Calls forth the hidden scenes to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;

4 At the dread order of his God
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.

5 Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around
In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.

6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And showers of mercy send.

502 C. M. Ann's, 58. Wanley, 308.

On a year of threatening rain.

1 HOW hast thou, Lord, from year to year,
Our land with plenty crown'd!
And generous fruit and golden grain
Have spread their riches round.

2 But we thy mercies have abused,
To more abounding crimes;
What heights, what daring heights in sin,
Mark and disgrace our times!

3 Equal, though awful is the doom,
That fierce descending rain
Should into inundations swell,
And crush the rising grain!

4 How just that, in the autumn's reign,
When we had hoped to reap,
Our fields of sorrow and despair
Should lie a hideous heap.

But, Lord, have mercy on our land,
Those floods of vengeance stay;
Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
Shine in unclouded day.

To thee alone we look for help;
None else of dew or rain
Can give the world the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

503 PART I. L. M. Oldham, 527.
The God of thunder. WATTS.

O THE immense, the amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God!
Who treads the world beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!

He speaks, and lo, all nature shakes,
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air:

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas through.

Celestial King! thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We shout to hear thy thunders roar
And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

503 PART II. C. M. Camb. New, 74.
Controlling the tempest.
Isa. xxvii. 3. DODDRIDGE.

GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will:
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

Thy mercy softens every blast
To them that seek thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

503 PART III. L. M. Dryden's, 326.
Summer. COBBIN.

LORD, to thy bounteous care we owe
The clouds that cause our fields to grow; [glide,
And streams which through our valleys
And fruitful crops of corn provide.

Thy rain makes soft the harrow'd clod,
And numerous blades break through the sod;
Then rising to the waving ear,
At length in ripen'd grain appear.

3 Thy goodness thus prepares a crop,
Our very paths with fatness drop,
And teeming nature's cheerful voice
Seems in thy bounty to rejoice.

4 The little hills have praising tongues;
Thy fruitful vales break forth in songs;
While numerous bleating flocks are seen
Dancing among the pastures green.

5 Lord, make us fruitful thus in grace,
And joy shall animate each face:
With living spring our souls renew,
Our hearts shall leap and praise thee too.

504 PART I. C. M. Eythorn, 313.
A harvest hymn. NEEDHAM.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers;
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well-pleased the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams,
The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

PAUSE. Otford, 106.

6 O may the promised blissful hour,
The welcome season come,
When all thy servants shall unite
To shout the harvest home.

7 A joyful harvest they shall have
Who now in sadness sow;
And those shall live to sing above
Who wept for sin below.

504 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.
Harvest. PEACOCK.

1 LO, clad in nature's bright array,
The fields a beauteous scene display;
See how the golden ears of corn,
Wide waving, all the hill adorn.

2 See earth with God's rich goodness crown'd,
A joyful plenty smiles around;
But now, to our admiring eyes,
Behold superior prospects rise.

3 Rich harvests, where salvation grows,
Their fair celestial fruits disclose;
A paradise on earth is seen,
How pleasing, how divine the scene!

4 See sinners hastening to embrace
The tidings of forgiving grace;
Redeem'd from hell with price divine
In faith and holiness they shine.

5 All crown'd with immortality
These fruits of righteousness shall be;
Then they that reap, and they that sow
Shall everlasting triumphs know.

6 Together shall their songs arise,
In the fair fields of paradise;
And shouts of triumph and of joy
Their blest eternity employ.

504 PART III. C. M. Twyford, 432.
Harvest. Acts xiv. 17. BOYCE.

1 GREAT sovereign Lord, what human eye
Amidst thy works can rove,
And not thy liberal hand espy,
Nor trace thy bounteous love?

2 [Each star that gilds the heavenly frame,
On earth each verdant clod,
In language loud to men proclaim
The great and bounteous God.

3 The lesson each revolving year
Repeats in various ways;
Rich thy provisions, Lord, appear;
The poor shall shout thy praise.]

4 Our fruitful fields and pastures tell,
Of man and beast, thy care;
The thriving corn, thy breezes fill;
Thy breath perfumes the air.

5 But oh, what human eye can trace,
Or human heart conceive,
The greater riches of the grace
Impoverish'd souls receive!

6 Love everlasting has not spared
Its best beloved Son,
And in him endless life prepared,
For souls by sin undone.

504 PART IV. C. M. Church-st. 519.
Harvest. Jer. v. 24.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gavest refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

505 PART I. C. M. Abridge, 201.
Harvest. Prov. x. 5.

1 SEE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours,
While summer lasts, through all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.

2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
But youth of life 's the prime:
Blest is this season for our work,
And this the accepted time.

3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;
To-morrow, Folly cries:
And still to-morrow 't is, when, oh,
To-day the sinner dies.

4 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promised grace,
And God will give the power.

505 PART II. C. M. Devizes, 14.
Harvest.

1 LONG did the patient peasants toil
And wait for plenteous crops:
Heaven on their labours deign'd to smile,
Nor would deceive their hopes.

2 Rich were the fields of waving corn
Which recompensed their care:
And to their barns in safety borne,
Crown'd the revolving year.

3 And now, their annual labours o'er,
With joy we see them come,
In triumph view their precious store,
And hail the harvest home.

4 Not theirs alone Heaven's gracious care,
Not theirs alone the song:
We in its bounties richly share,
And we 'll the notes prolong.

5 God of our mercies, let each voice
Unite to sound thy praise:
And Britain's utmost coasts rejoice
In thine abounding grace.

6 Since all we have to thee we owe,
May we be wholly thine;
And serve thee first in worlds below,
And then in realms divine.

505 PART III. 8. 7. 7. Nuneaton, 133.
Harvest home.

1 BRITONS, now your harvest ended,
All your fruits securely stored,
Come, with grateful joy attended,
Praise and bless your bounteous Lord:
Friends and neighbours, hither come,
Swell the notes of harvest home.

2 Cheerfulness and holy pleasure
Well become our happy isle,
When our God in copious measure
Deigns to bless us with his smile:
Joyful, then, all people come,
Celebrate the harvest home.

'T was his sun, his showers, his blessing,
Which the kindly fruits matured;
And his love and care unceasing
Watch'd till it was safely stored:
Else we had not hither come,
Thus to hail the harvest home.

From his hand all good receiving,
May we trust in him alone;
Ever to his glory living
Through the grace of Christ his Son;
Till with all his saints we come
To his heavenly harvest home.

505 PART IV. 7's. Amboyna, 289.
Harvest. NEWTON.

SEE the corn again in ear!
How the fields and valleys smile;
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil:
Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food;
In thy mercy is our hope;
We have sinn'd, but thou art good.

While I view the plenteous grain
As it ripens on the stalk,
May I not instruction gain,
Helpful to my daily walk?
All this plenty of the field
Was produced from foreign seeds;
For the earth itself would yield
Only crops of useless weeds.

Though when newly sown, it lay
Hid awhile beneath the ground,
(Some might think it thrown away,)
Now a large increase is found:
Though conceal'd, it was not lost,
Though it died, it lives again:
Eastern storms and nipping frosts,
Have opposed its growth in vain.

Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours!
He in season, still affords
Kindly heat, and gentle showers;
By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd lands;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

Thus in barren hearts he sows
Precious seeds of heavenly joy;
Sin and hell in vain oppose,
None can grace's crop destroy:
Threaten'd oft, yet still it blooms,
After many changes past,
Death the reaper, when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at last.

505 PART V. 8.7. Walmgate, 51.
The fall of the leaf an emblem of death. Isa. lxiv. 6. BP. HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

2 'Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lesson we are reading,
Mark the awful truth we tell.

3 'Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

4 'What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 'Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.'

6 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be staid!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

506 C.M. Worksop, 31. Trinity, 181.
Winter. STEELE.

1 STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round:
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart:
And drooping lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart—

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold inactive chains;
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode!
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

507 L.M. Rothwell, 174. Sampson, 107.
Winter. NEWTON.

1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand
Has stript the trees, and seal'd the ground:
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain:
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise,
'T is thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh, hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love.

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear:
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour
With humble prayer and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious power,
Repose on what his promise saith.

6 He, by whose all-commanding word
Seasons their changing course maintain,
In every change a pledge affords,
That none shall seek his face in vain.

508 L. M. Gloucester, 12. Blendon, 115.

The seasons crowned with goodness. Ps. lxv. 11. DODDRIDGE.

1 ETERNAL source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail thee sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coast redundant stores,
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

509 8. 7. Jewin Street, 222.

Grateful recollection—Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12. ROBINSON.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here 's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

510 PART I. L. M. Antigua, 120.

Help of God. Acts xxvi. 22. *New Year's day.* DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand.
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God:
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

510 PART II. L. M. Protection, 337.

God's helping hand reviewed. New Year's day. DODDRIDGE.

1 MY helper God! I bless his name:
The same his power, his grace the same;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I, 'midst ten thousand dangers, stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more:
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

511 PART I. L. M. Power, 478.

The barren fig tree. SCOTT.

1 GOD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great Deliverer 's nigh.

3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found?

4 Still may the barren fig tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life, and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

511 PART II. 148th. Sovereignty, 362.
A new year. WESLEY.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, Let it still alone;
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space:
Thou didst on our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let some gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound:
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

512 PART I. 7's. Alcester, 213.
A birth-day hymn. FAWCETT.

1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own
Hitherto thy help I 've known.

2 What may be my future lot
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest—
What thy will ordains is best.

3 I my all to thee resign;
Father, let thy will be mine:
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.

4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.

6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

512 PART II. 148th. Burnham, 396.
Birth-day self-dedication. WESLEY.

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise,
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days.
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth
And all my blessings came;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, oh, let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and blessings give;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

513 PART I. C.M. New York, 33.
A wedding hymn. BERRIDGE.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 [True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.]

6 As Isaac and Rebekah give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

7 On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

513 PART II. 7's. St. Austin's, 460.
Marriage. 1 Pet. iii. 7. COLLYER.

1 DEIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love!
Bless thy servants, on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed;
In this nuptial bond to thee
Let them consecrated be.

2 In prosperity, be near,
To preserve them in thy fear;
In affliction, let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile:
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last.

513 PART III. 7's. Aaron, 508.
The same. Gen. ii. 19—24. COLLYER.

1 FATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.

2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And, as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.

3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety,
One for ever, Lord, with thee.

514 PART I. S. M. Plymouth, 336.
Family altar erected. BEDDOME.

1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee,
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

514 PART II. C. M. Christ Church, 420.
Family prayer. BURN.

WHEN soon or late we reach the coast
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May we be found, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.

515 PART I. 8. 7. Tarleton, 210.
Peace be to this house. Luke x. 5.
C. WESLEY.

1 PEACE be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Prince of Peace, be present near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our favour'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

BIRTH AND DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

515 PART II. 7's. Saxa Gotha, 496.
On the birth of a child.
DR. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

1 BUD of being! beauty's flower!
Sprung to birth this smiling hour;
While upon thy form we gaze,
Grateful thoughts to heaven we raise.

2 Nothing yet thine eyes can see
Of the world's dread mystery;
Of the tumult and the strife
That embitter human life.

3 Saviour, from thy heavenly throne,
Smile upon this little one;
If its trembling life be spared,
Deign to be its constant guard.

4 Let thy Spirit be its guide,
Let its wants be well supplied;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,
Fit it for thy blest abode.

515 PART III. C. M. Beaumont, 526.
The same. DR. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

1 BLESSINGS attend thee, little one,
Sweet pledge of mutual love:
On this new coast a stranger thrown,
Directed from above.

2 Live to reward thy parents' heart
For every kindness given,
And when earth's fleeting scenes depart,
Rejoice with them in heaven.

515 PART IV. 8. 7. Mariners, 286.
The Lord bless thee and keep thee.
DR. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

1 WELCOME, welcome, lovely stranger,
Welcome to a world of care;
Where attends thee many a danger,
Where awaits thee many a snare.

2 But may Heaven in love defend thee
'Mid life's dangers and alarms,
And may blessings still attend thee,
Circled in a Saviour's arms.

515 PART V. C. M. Harmonia, 390.
On dedicating a child.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down,
O save this child, by nature lost,
And take [him] for thine own.

2 Oh, let thine unction on him rest,
Thy grace [his] soul renew,
And write within [his] tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

3 If thou should'st quickly end [his] days,
[His] place with thee prepare;
Or, if thou lengthen out [his] race,
Continue still thy care.

4 Thy faithful servant may [he] prove,
Girded with truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

515 PART VI. 8.7.4. Rousseau, 384.
The same. REED.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast bidden,
At thy feet we humbly bend;
May our prayers arise to heaven,
May thy blessing now descend:
For thy blessing,
Lo, we all unite to pray.

2 Pour thy Spirit on this infant,
Sanctify [him] from the womb;
Let thy gracious arms surround [him]
In [his] journey to the tomb;
There victorious,
Raise [him] to thy heavenly throne.

3 Make [his] parents wise to train [him]
In the nurture of the Lord,
And beyond these mortal regions
Let [us] share thy bless'd reward,
And our household
Find in heaven a lasting home.

515 PART VII. L. M. Doversdale, 430.
Prayer for a blessing. COLLYER.

1 UNITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind;
Smile on this waiting family,
Thy blessing let thy servants find.

2 Let the dear pledges of our love,
Like tender plants around us grow;
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon our little ones bestow.

3 Regard their parents' earnest prayers:
A father's sigh, a mother's tears,
And while her infant charge she rears,
Crown with success her pious cares.

4 To every member of the house
Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

515 PART VIII. L. M. Samuel, 427.
I will bring him before the Lord,
1 Sam. i. 22.

1 O LORD, encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne;
Give [him] within thy house a place,
Let [him] be thine, and thine alone.

2 Remove from [him] each stain of guilt,
May [he] be early sanctified;
Lord, thou canst cleanse [him] if thou wilt.
And all [his] native evils hide.

3 We ask not for [him] earthly bliss,
Or earthly honours, wealth, or fame;
One boon we humbly crave, 't is this,
That [he] may love and fear thy name.

FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

515 PART IX. 7's. Turin, 244.
Teach diligently thy children.
Deut. vi. 7.

1 LORD, assist us by thy grace
To instruct our infant race;
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.

2 May we teach them day by day
In the house, and by the way,
When they rise, and when they rest,
Till thy truth shall make them blest.

3 Gracious Saviour, hear our prayer,
We commit them to thy care;
Be their shepherd and their guide,
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

515 PART X. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.
A prayer for the young.

1 FORTH from the world our children lead
Beneath thy banner blest;
Nor let, O God, the foe succeed
With one unguarded breast.

2 Thine enemy and theirs, at hand,
Lurks prowling to devour:
O, may they every aim withstand
Of cunning or of power.

3 Do not our hearts within us burn
In fervency of prayer?
Saviour of souls, to thee we turn,
Or sure we should despair.

4 Urge, Saviour, urge the needful flight—
As hope, as life they prize;
And ere this day's departing light,
Enrol them for the skies.

515 PART XI. L. M. Doversdale, 430.
Prayer for youth. HYDE.

1 DEAR Saviour, if our children stray
Far from religion's hallow'd bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 In all their erring sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember, then, the prayers and tears
By which we gave them, Lord, to thee.

3 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderer to thy fold restore.

515 PART XII. S. M. Shirland, 304.
The same.

1 O GOD of Abra'm hear,
The parents' humble cry;
In cov'nant mercy now appear
While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love
In mercy thou hast given,
That we, through grace, may faithful
In training them for heaven. [prove,

3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember, now thy gracious word,
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

515 PART XIII. C.M. Liverpool, 83.
Parents pleading.

1 THOU, who a tender parent art,
Regard a parent's plea;
Our offspring with an anxious heart
We now commend to thee.

2 Our children are our greatest care,
A charge which thou hast given;
In all thy graces let them share,
And all the joys of heaven.

3 If a centurion could succeed,
Who for his servant cried,
Wilt thou refuse to hear us plead
For those so near allied?

4 On them bestow thy saving grace,
Their sinful hearts refine;
Among thy saints give them a place,
Oh, leave not one behind.

515 PART XIV. L. M. Portugal, 97.
The same.

1 GREAT God! now condescend to bless
Our tender offspring with thy grace;
While in the slippery paths of youth
Direct their footsteps, God of truth.

2 To holiness their hearts incline;
O Saviour! let those hearts be thine;
Their wayward spirits raise above
This world's affections, God of love.

515 PART XV. C.M. Condescension, 116.
The same. C. WESLEY.

1 THE great redeeming angel, thee,
O Jesus, we confess;
Do thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.

2 Early discipled to the Lord,
May they be taught of thee;
And made to know and trust thy word,
Wise to salvation be.

3 Partakers of our nature, make
Partakers of thy grace;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before thy face.

515 PART XVI. C.M. Twyford, 432.
Suffer little children to come to me, &c. Mark x. 4.

1 'FORBID them not!' the Saviour cried,
But suffer them to come;
Ah, then maternal tears were dried,
And unbelief was dumb.

2 Lord, we believe, and we obey;
We bring them at thy word;
Be thou our children's strength and stay,
Their portion and reward.

515 PART XVII. L. M. Old 100th.
Parents praying for wisdom.

1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,
For whom was made whatever is;
Who hath intrusted to our care
A candidate for glorious bliss;

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry;
For grace to guide what grace has given;
We ask for wisdom from on high
To train our infant up for heaven.

515 PART XVIII. C.M. Hensbury, 323.
The same.

1 GOD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road
To guide our steps aright.

2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand,
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 We would in every step look up,
By thy example taught,
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And train each budding thought.

4 We would persuade their heart t' obey,
With mildest zeal proceed;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

5 For this we ask in faith sincere
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
Teach them thyself to love.

515 PART XIX. 11. 8. Palestine, 191.
Parents exhorted to fervent prayer on behalf of their offspring.

1 WAKE, parents of Israel! O, hasten to plead
For the Spirit of grace to descend;
The word has gone forth, and the faithful have need
Of your prayers the great cause to defend

2 Let pure clouds of incense be wafted to heaven
From all hearts united in one, [given,
That wisdom and grace to our youth may be
And strength for the race they must run.

3 From the youth of our country shall armies arise,
The Gospel of peace to proclaim; [that flies
O'er the land and the seas, the glad message
Shall re-echo Immanuel's name.

4 Wake, parents in Israel! O, wrestle and pray
That grace to our youth may be given;
For the hands that in faith are uplifted to day
Shall prevail with our Father in heaven.

515 PART XX. L.M. Old 100th.
Parents pleading.

1 FATHER of all, before thy throne,
Grateful but anxious parents bow;
Look in paternal mercy down,
And yield the boon we ask thee now.

2 'T is not for wealth, or joys of earth,
Or life prolong'd, we seek thy face;
'T is for a new and heavenly birth,
'T is for the treasures of thy grace.

3 'T is for their souls' eternal joy,
For rescue from the coming woe:
Do not our earnest suit deny—
We cannot, cannot let thee go.

515 PART XXI. L.M. Portugal, 97.
The same.

1 BEHOLD these children of our love,
Who love not thee, nor tread thy ways;
Oh, by thy grace their spirits move,
Teach their young lips to sing thy praise.

2 Vast is their peril, deep their sin;
Yet not for peace nor hope they cry:
Long their delay, their sleep has been,
While death and judgment both are nigh.

3 Oh should they perish, and our sons
Be torn for ever from our arms!
Our God, arise, and fix at once
Deep in their hearts these just alarms.

4 Not for their sake, nor yet our own,
Guilty alike, with thee we plead;
But for thy dear exalted Son,
Whose lips for sinners intercede.

THE YOUNG.

516 C.M. Northampton, 520.
Prayer for the young. COWPER.

1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root:
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 [True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast:
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.]

5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh, join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
Oh, shed yourselves a tear!

6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

517 L. M. Ulverston, 179.
Early piety. STENNETT.

1 HOW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2 The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown:
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threatening winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble souls he bears a part,
In all the sorrows they endure:
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.

5 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Though press'd with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end.
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto victory send.

518 C.M. Salem, 139. Eversley, 335.
The encouragement young persons have to seek Christ. DODDRIDGE.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by
Your friendship to pursue.

3 'The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain.'

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

519 C. M. Great Milton, 212.
Seek first the kingdom of God. Matt. vi. 33. DODDRIDGE.

1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away, each grovelling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

4 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

520 L.M. Ulverston, 179. Oswestry, 514.
A lovely youth falling short of heaven. Mark x. 21. WATTS.

1 MUST all the charms of nature, then,
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?—

2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing now?

3 But mark the change: thus spake the Lord,
'Come part with earth for heaven to-day;'
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
Thus test unable to endure,—
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure.

5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear,
And life and heaven so cheaply sold?

6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me;
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

521 S. M. Harborough, 142.
How shall a young man cleanse his way? Ps. cxix. 9. FAWCETT.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know:
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

5 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

6 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

521 PART II. L. M. Magdalen, 214.
Our Father which art in heaven. JANE TAYLOR.

1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
Which such a little one can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek obedient child to thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? I 'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

5 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.

521 PART III. L. M. St. Olave's, 176.
The young man's hymn. COLLYER.

1 I LEAVE the world with willing feet,
Great God, to find repose in thee;
Once its enchantments, soft and sweet,
Threw silken fetters over me.

2 Imagination lent her aid
To strengthen every dangerous snare,
But soon the flattering vision fled
And gave its victim to despair.

3 I thought to find unceasing good,
My passions bade my heart confide;
I tasted the forbidden food,
Tasted—and but for thee had died.

4 I still had wander'd but for thee,
Lord, 't was thine own all-powerful word
Sin's fetters broke, and set me free,
And reason to my mind restored.

5 My youth preserved from fatal wiles
Has learn'd temptation's power to fear,
To dread the world's delusive smiles,
And 'scape the fowler's cruel snare.

521 PART IV. C.M. Twyford, 432.
The youthful surrender.
MRS. GILBERT.

1 SAVIOUR, with fear and trembling see
We come as thou hast said,
And long, and pray, and hope to be
With those thou 'st loved and fed.

2 We dare not speak the solemn vow,
But by thy Spirit's aid
Yet come, in humble faith that thou
Our surety shalt be made.

3 Life with its perils while we view,
Our souls in terror shrink,
But if thy promise bear us through,
We know we cannot sink.

4 Fain would we now surrender make
Of our whole selves to thee;
Jesus, the humble offering take,
Unworthy though it be.

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

522 8.8.6. Broadmead, 150.
Importance of educating youth.
BRADBERY, altered.

Congregation.

1 NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise
Who reigns enthroned above.
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
Like grateful odours to the skies,
The voice of joy and love.

Children.

2 Teach us to bow before thy face;
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or slight thy providence:
When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

Congregation.

3 O what a numerous race we see,
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincipled, untaught;
Shall they continue still to lie
In ignorance and misery?
We cannot bear the thought.

Children.

4 Give, Lord! each liberal soul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love;
And, while thy praise we sing,
May we the sacred Scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

Congregation.

5 We feel a sympathizing heart;
Lord, 't is a pleasure to impart;
To thee thine own we give:
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,—
O let these children live to thee,
O let these children live!

522 PART II. L.M. Monmouth, 382.
For a sabbath-school anniversary.

Children.

1 O THOU, who from the infant's tongue
Wert wont of old to perfect praise,
Almighty Father, hear the song
Which we thy creatures humbly raise.

Congregation.

2 How blest are they, who, early taught
To know and love thy word of truth,
Far from the sinners' path are brought
To serve their Maker in their youth.

Children.

3 And blest are they whose pious care
Forbids the youthful foot to stray,
Unfolds the book of truth, and there
To life eternal points the way.

Whole Congregation.

4 Accept our praise, O Lord, and still
Let streams of heavenly goodness flow,
That all the earth may learn thy will,
And babes thy power and glory show.

522 PART III. C.M. Ashley, 152.
Children praising God.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord, with joy to thee
Our infant voices rise;
Accept, O God, our feeble praise,
And humble sacrifice.
Chor.—Glory, honour, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

2 We glorify, we bless thy name
For all thy mercies given,
But most, for Jesus Christ, who died
To raise our souls to heaven.
Chor.—Glory, honour, &c.

3 O bless the Lord, our gracious God,
Whose mercies thus we prove,
Who bids the infant tongue proclaim
The wonders of his love.
Chor.—Glory, honour, &c.

522 PART IV. 11. 8. Greek Air, 560.
The child's desire. THOMPSON

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above;
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

522 PART V. 7.6. Hosanna, 561.
The children's hosanna.

1 WHEN his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He bade them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.
Hosanna!
Hosanna to Jesus they sing.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We 'll flock around his banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!
Hosanna, &c.

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too should be the Lord's.
Hosanna, &c.

522 PART VI. C. M. Glory, 562.
Children in heaven.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, &c.

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Singing, &c.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Singing, &c.

523 PART I. C. M. Bath Chapel, 26.
Sunday-school. J. STRAPHAN.

1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads:
O, may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God, thy influence shed,
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

523 PART II. L. M. Dryden's, 326.
Thoughtful children of a sabbath-school. MRS. GILBERT.

1 LORD, while the little heathens bend,
And call some wooden god their friend,
Or stand and see, with bitter cries,
Their mothers burnt before their eyes;

2 While many a dear and tender child
Is thrown to bears and tigers wild,
Or left upon the river's brink,
To suffer more than heart can think;

3 Behold what mercies we possess!
How far beyond our thankfulness!
Cheerful and happy here we stand,
To serve thee in a Christian land.

4 Oh, when that awful day shall rise,
When Christ shall come in yonder skies,
And we must answer, one by one,
For every deed our hands have done;

5 Lord, let it not be said of us
That heathens could not have been worse;
But may we now that pardon crave,
Which can the guiltiest sinner save.

6 With all the bright and happy crowd
We then would praise thee long and loud;
And oh, to little heathens send,
The news of Christ, the sinner's friend.

523 PART III. C. M. Abingdon, 42.
Sunday-school. SLATTER.

1 GREAT God, to thee, a lowly band,
We raise our artless prayer,
And bless thy kind preserving hand
For all the good we share.

2 Once with a helpless, hopeless throng,
E'en on thy holy day,
In sin we held our course along,
And trifled time away.

3 Unknown, untutor'd, and forlorn,
We sought the downward road,
Far on the stream of pleasure borne
From happiness and God.

4 But now, instructed, with delight
Thy Spirit we implore,
To guide our youthful feet aright,
That we may err no more.

O may the word of truth divine
Our earliest thoughts engage,
On life's unfolding prospects shine,
And crown our growing age.

523 PART IV. C.M. Arlington, 17.
Hymn for a child. DR. RYLAND.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

A sinful creature I was born,
And from the womb have stray'd:
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,
For he has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears he'll wipe away:

For all that early seek his face
Shall surely taste his love;
Jesus shall guide them by his grace
To dwell with him above.

524 PART I. C.M. Bangor, 231.
Old age approaching.

ETERNAL God, enthroned on high,
Whom angel-hosts adore,
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.

O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool:
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

My flying years time urges on;
What's human must decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

Can I exemption plead when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can medicines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour,—
On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

Then shall my soul, O gracious God,
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay—

Through heaven, howe'er remote the [bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim,
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

524 PART II. 112th. Eaton, 291.
Prayer of the aged. C. WESLEY.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

524 PART III. C.M. Bedford, 91.
Trust in old age. LOGAN.

1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain,
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

3 I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

524 PART IV. C.M. Abridge, 201.
The same. LOGAN.

1 MY God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat;
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wand'ring feet;

2 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.

3 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

524 PART V. 7's. Lunesdale, 418.
The aged Christian seeking Christ's protection. REED.

1 GENTLE Saviour, look on me,
Full of woe, to thee I flee;
Roughly do the billows roll,
Wave o'er wave afflicts my soul.
Thou hast long my Saviour been,
I have oft thy mercy seen;
Let me see it yet once more,
Brighter than it was before.

2 Mighty is thine arm, O Lord,
True and faithful is thy word,
Wisdom shines in all thy ways,
World on world thy will obeys.
Thou dost softer pity show
Than the fondest parents know;
Every glory meets in thee,
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Let me in thy name confide,
Let me in thy bosom hide;
There in safety would I stay
Till the storm has pass'd away.

There for ever would I dwell,
Far beyond the range of hell;
There thy endless peace proclaim,
Sweet hosannas to thy name.

524 PART VI. 7's. Aston Sandford, 507.
The aged Christian praising.
A. T. RUSSELL.

1 CHEERFULLY my soul shall praise
God, whose mercy crowns my days,
Who forgiveth all my sin,
Cleanseth me from stains within,
Hears my plaints, regards my sighs,
And my daily need supplies.

2 He with loving kindness brings,
Life and healing in his wings;
O, my soul, beneath their shade,
Thou shalt find eternal aid;
There reposing, ever praise
God, whose mercy crowns my days.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

525 C. M. Carolina, 13.
For a public fast. STEELE.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and why is Britain spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, Forbear!

4 What numerous crimes increasing rise
Through this apostate isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile!

5 How changed, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face;—

8 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear:
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

526 C. M. Abridge, 201, Trinity, 181.
Hymn for a fast-day. SCOTT.

1 WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued;

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her numerous saints can boast,
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?

6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land;
Forsake us not, O God!

527 L.M. Portugal, 97. Hamburgh, 340.
Another. STEELE.

1 LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode,
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just and holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 O may our souls thy grace adore,—
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing glorious name.

4 With all the boasted pomp of war,
In vain we dare the hostile field;
In vain, unless the Lord be there;
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.

5 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust invite!
Again attend our humble prayer!
Again be mercy thy delight!

6 [Our arms succeed, our councils guide;
Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.]

7 O when shall time the period bring
When raging war shall waste no more,—
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing
From Europe's coast to India's shore?

8 When shall the Gospel's healing ray
Kind source of amity divine,
Spread o'er the world celestial day?
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

528 L. M. Paul's, 246. Old 100th.
National judgments and mercies.
Amos iii. 1—6. FRES. DAVIES.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword!
Oh, whither shall the helpless fly;
To whom but thee direct their cry?

The helpless sinners' cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

On thee, our guardian God, we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there,
And must we perish in despair?

See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country, spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises:
And are they unavailing pleas?

These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

529 C. M. Camb. New, 74. Arabia, 324.

Thanksgiving for victory.

TO thee, who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below,
Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,
We our successes owe.

The thundering horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain;
And victory flies at thy command
To crown the bright campaign.

Thy mighty arm, unseen, was nigh
When we our foes assail'd:
'Tis thou hast raised our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.

Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers
Into our hands are given,
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But through the grace of Heaven.

What though no columns lifted high
Stand deep inscribed with praise,
Yet sounding honours to the sky
Our grateful song shall raise.

To our young race will we proclaim
The mercies God has shown,
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.

Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threatening dangers come,
Their fathers' God shall be their trust,
Their refuge and their home.

530 L. M. Derby, 169. Eaton, 291.

Peace prayed for. BEDDOME.

ON Britain, long a favour'd isle,
Now overwhelm'd with grief and shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.

2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed;
Her liberties be well secured,
And commerce lift its fainting head.

3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground:

4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The useless sword, the glittering spear,
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.

5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land;
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

531 L. M. Wareham, 117.

Praise for national peace. STEELE.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reigns,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more:

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore.

532 L. M. Horsley, 205. Ely, 446.

For national deliverance. DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear,
Propitious to his people's prayer,
And though deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

2 Salvation doth to God belong;
His power and grace shall be our song;
The tribute of our love we bring,
To thee our Saviour, and our King.

3 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And every peaceful, private home
To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd sight;
Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

533 L. M. Wells, 102. Doversdale, 430.

For the Fifth of November.

DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, whose mighty hand,
So oft reveal'd, hath saved our land;
And when united nations rose, [foes.
Hath shamed and scourged our haughtiest

2 When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wafted floating war,
His breath dispersed them all with ease,
And sunk their terrors in the seas.*

3 While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep a burning snare:
He shot from heaven a piercing ray,
And the dark treachery brought to-day.†

4 Princes and priests again combine
New chains to forge, new snares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their chains, and cuts their snares.

5 Obedient winds at his command
Convey his hero‡ to our land:
The sons of Rome with terror view,
And speed their flight when none pursue.

6 Such great deliverance God hath wrought,
And down to us salvation brought;
And still the care of guardian Heaven
Secures the bliss itself hath given.

7 In thee we trust, Almighty Lord,
Continued rescue to afford:
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants' hopes are there.

534 L. M. Ailie-street, 241. Ely, 446.

The same. STEELE.

1 TO thee, Almighty God, we bring
The humble tribute of our songs;
O teach our thankful hearts to sing,
Or praise will languish on our tongues.

2 While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
Recalls the wonders God hath wrought,
Let grateful joy adoring rise,
And warm to rapture every thought.

3 When hell and Rome combined their power,
And doom'd these isles their certain prey,
Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,—
Their impious plots in ruin lay.

4 Again our restless cruel foes
Resumed, avow'd their black design;
Again to save us God arose,
And Britain own'd the hand divine.

5 Why, gracious God, is Britain saved?
Why bless'd with liberty and light?
Nor by fell tyranny enslaved,
Nor lost in superstition's night?

6 Not for our sake, we conscious own;
A wretched, vile, ungrateful race:
'T is done to make thy glory known,
To show the wonders of thy grace.

7 The wonders of thy grace complete;
Reform this wretched guilty land:
Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,
Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand!

8 Let every age adore thy name,
While nature's circling wheels shall roll;
Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,
And sound thy praise from pole to pole.

535 PART I. L. M. Truro, 105.

Deliverances. GIBBONS.

1 WHAT hath God wrought! might Israel say,
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands
Safely to march across its sands.

2 What hath God wrought! might well be said,
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of pagan night,
And bless'd the nations with his light.

3 What hath God wrought! let Britain see
Freed from the plagues of Popery,—
Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
Its galling yoke, its cruel pains.

4 What hath God wrought! in glad surprise
Shall sound thro' all the earth and skies
When, like a millstone in the main,
Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.

5 What hath God wrought! O blissful theme!
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the desert through—
And safe arrive at glory too?

6 The news shall every harp employ,
Fill every tongue with rapturous joy;
When shall we join the heavenly throng
To swell the triumph and the song!

535 PART II. Old 50th, 233.

Thanksgiving for peace.

DODDRIDGE.

1 NOW let our songs address the God of peace,
Who bids the tumult of the battle cease;
The pointed spears to pruning hooks he bends
'And the broad falchion in the ploughshare ends.'
His powerful word unites contending nations
In kind embrace, and friendly salutations.

2 Britain, adore the Guardian of thy state;
Who, high on his celestial throne elate,
Still watchful o'er thy safety and repose,
Frown'd on the counsels of thy haughtiest foes.
Thy coast secure from every dire invasion
Of fire and sword, and spreading desolation.

* Spanish Armada, 1588. † Gunpowder Plot, 1605.
‡ King William, 1688.

While we beneath our vines and fig-trees sit,
Or thus within thy sacred temple meet,
Accept, great God, the tribute of our song,
And all the mercies of this day prolong.
Then spread thy peaceful word thro' every nation,
That all the earth may hail thy great salvation.

535 PART III. C. M. New York, 33.
Abolition of slavery.

THE day has dawn'd, Jehovah comes
To crush oppression's rod;
Now Ethiopia soon shall stretch
Her hands to thee, O God.

Where'er the sun doth rise or set,
Or spread his beauteous ray,
May freedom, with her glorious train,
Hurl slavery away.

Let charity, benevolence,
And every smiling grace,
In golden links of brotherhood
Unite the human race.

Tyrants no more shall lift the scourge,
Nor captives drag the chain:
Millions, beatified, shall bless
The dear Redeemer's reign.

Then every colour, every clime
Shall in his worship meet;
And bring their prayers, their praise, their all,
An offering at his feet.

PAUSE.

Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

Amen, with joys divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply.

Free us from sin and all its chains,
The worst of slavery;
Bind us to Christ in holy bonds,
The sweetest liberty.

535 PART IV. 8. 7. 4. Lewes, 63.
Praise for the abolition of slavery.
MONTGOMERY.

AGES, ages have departed,
Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken-hearted,
To the Carribean shore,
She, like Rachel,
Weeping, for they were no more.

Millions, millions have been slaughter'd
In the fight and on the deep;
Millions, millions more have water'd,
With such tears as captives weep,
Fields of travail,
Where their bones till judgment sleep.

Mercy, mercy, vainly pleading,
Rent her garments, smote her breast,
Till a voice, from heaven proceeding,
Gladden'd all the gloomy West:
'Come, ye weary;
Come, and I will give you rest.'

4 Satan, Satan heard and trembled,
And, upstarting from his throne,
Bands of Belial's sons assembled,
Fired with rancour all his own,
Madly swearing
'Christ to slaves shall *not* be known.'

5 Tidings, tidings of salvation!
Britons rose with one accord,
Swept the plague-spot from our nation,
Negroes to their rights restored:
Slaves no longer!
Freemen, freemen of the Lord.

536 8. 8. 6. Chatham, 59. Serlby, 167.
Prayer for the king.

1 LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign,
Rulers, and governors, and powers:
And, lo! we humbly pray for ours;
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his anointed head:
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
Through paths of righteousness and peace
Our king, propitious, lead.

3 Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their proud, malicious aim,
And make their counsels vain;
Preserve him, Providence Divine!
And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.

4 Upon him shower thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joys;
While wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bless,
And praise the globe employs.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

537 PART I. C. M. Charmouth, 28.
Desiring God's presence in affliction. STEELE.

1 THOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain opprest
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

3 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.

4 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!

5 O happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart!

6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

7 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that, where thou art,
I shall for ever be.

8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

537 PART II. L. M. Doversdale, 430.

Confiding in the Saviour. CONDER.

1 WHEN in the hour of lonely woe
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;

2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
Oh, this shall check each rising sigh,
My Saviour is for ever nigh.

3 His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are;
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

4 Jesus, in whom, but thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?

5 My flesh is hastening to decay;
Soon shall the world have pass'd away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and life shall fail?

6 But, oh, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

538 C. M. Abridge, 201.

Complaint and hope under great pain. WATTS.

1 LORD, I am pain'd, but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are the ways of Providence,
While they who love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.

4 These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease:
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.

5 [How shall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confined?
Damp'd is my vigour while this clod
Hangs heavy on my mind.]

6 Is not some smiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

539 C. M. Windsor, 247. Burford, 19

For a time of general sickness. LEECH

1 DEATH, with his dread commissio
seal'd,
Now hastens to his arms;
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.

2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

3 With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly power;
While the grave waits its destined prey
Impatient to devour.

4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.

5 What though his darts, promiscuou
Deal fatal plagues around, [hurl'd
And heaps of putrid carcasses
O'erload the cumber'd ground;

6 The arrows that shall wound your flesh
Were given him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.

7 These with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too;
But heavenly strength supports the
souls,
And bears them conquerors through

8 Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise
To the fair palace of their God,
And mansions in the skies.

540 PART I. S. M. Stoke, 207.

Submission in affliction. BEDDOME

1 DOST Thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,—
There 's honey at the end.

2 Dost Thou, through death's dark val
Conduct to heaven at last?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.

3 Lord, I would not repine,
At strokes in mercy sent;
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

540 PART II. 8's. Limefield, 94.
When deprived by sickness of attending public worship. PEARCE.

1 THE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints, 'tis the joy of the earth,
The most glorious and beautiful place.
To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of God:
Enraptured we entered his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.

2 The Father of mercies we praised,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour we loved and adored,
Who loved us and made us his own:
Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky,
We listen'd, extolling that grace
Which set us, once rebels, on high.

3 Faith clave to the crucified Lamb;
Hope, smiling, exalted its head;
Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.
What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and sisters around!
With transport all seem'd to reflect
On the blessings in Jesus they'd found.

4 Sweet moments! if aught upon earth
Resembles the joy of the skies,
It is when the hearts of the flock
Conjoin'd to their shepherd arise.
But, ah! these sweet moments are fled,
Pale sickness compels me to stay
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
As the moments are hasting away.

5 My God, thou art holy and good,
Thy plans are all righteous and wise,
O help me submissive to wait
Till thou biddest thy servant arise.
If to follow thee here in thy courts,
May it be with all ardour and zeal,—
With success and increasing delight,
Performing the whole of thy will.

6 Or should'st thou in bondage detain
To visit thy temples no more,
Prepare me for mansions above,
Where nothing exists to deplore,—
Where Jesus, the Sun of the place,
Refulgent incessantly shines,
Eternally blessing his saints,
And pouring delight on their minds.

7 There myriads and myriads shall meet,
In our Saviour's high praises to join;
While transported we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.
Enough then; my heart shall no more
Of its present bereavements complain:
Since ere long I to heaven shall soar,
And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.

540 PART III. C.M. Ludlow, 84.
Painful uncertainty in affliction.

1 HOW sad on the keen edge of death
To say, 'I cannot tell
Whether, at my expiring breath,
I go to heaven or hell:'

2 Unite my powers to fear thy name,
Thy grace, Lord, I implore;
Let doubt, and fear, and guilt, and shame,
Distract my heart no more.

3 Decide the dubious, painful case,
By some assuring sign,—
May thy good Spirit, word, and grace,
Say whether I am thine.

4 Rise, Sun of righteousness, and shine,
Spring a celestial day,
That this benighted soul of mine
May praise as well as pray.

541 PART I. 8.7.4. Lewes, 63. Alma, 345.
Sweet affliction. A song in a storm.

1 IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given,
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven,—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven.

3 'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play;
'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flowrets
Look more beautiful and gay;
Hallelujah, &c.

4 So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations
To reanimate and cheer:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

5 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those that know not Christ ye frighten,
But my soul defies your power:
Hallelujah, &c.

6 In the sacred page recorded
Thus the word securely stands,
'Fear not, I 'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck you from my hands:'
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.

7 All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy:
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Hallelujah, &c.

8 Blest there with a weight of glory,
Still the path I 'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat;
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

541 PART II. L.M. Portugal, 97.
Sickness and recovery.

1 A WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,
Till Jesus gave me back my life:
My life?—my soul, recall the word,
'T is life to see thy gracious Lord.

2 Why inconvenient now to die?
Vile unbelief, O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be,
My loving Lord, to come to thee?

3 He saw me made the sport of hell,
He knew the tempter's malice well,
And when my soul had all to fear,
Then did the glorious Sun appear!

4 O bless him! bless, ye dying saints,
The God of grace, when nature faints!
He show'd my flesh the gaping grave,
To show me he had power to save.

542 PART I. C.M. David's, 186.
Praise for recovery from sickness.
Psa. cxviii. 18, 19. DODDRIDGE.

1 SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand
In every chastening stroke;
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our labouring breath:
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour
Those heavenly gates display,
Where pain, and sin, and fear, and death,
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the blest
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace
In sweeter strains shall sound.

542 PART II. S.M. Stoke, 207.
Sanctified affliction. DODDRIDGE.

1 HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And oh, how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high,
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honour his commands.

5 Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pain that makes our souls
Still more completely thine.

6 Supported by thy love
We tend to realms of peace;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

542 PART III. 8.7. Carl, 445.
Hope thou in God. SEARLE.

1 WHY, when storms around you gather,
Should your trembling spirits sink,
Look to God, your heavenly Father,
And of his sweet promise think.

2 Fancy will be often painting
Scenes in dark and fearful shade,
Yet why should thy soul be fainting,
Of prospective woes afraid.

3 Cease that dark anticipation,
Still let love and faith abound;
For the day of tribulation
Strength sufficient will be found.

4 God is love, and will not leave you,
When you most his kindness need;
God is true, nor can deceive you,
Though your faith be weak indeed.

542 PART IV. 8's. Liverpool New, 497.
Doth his promise fail. Ps. lxxvii. 8.

1 HOW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near,
The soul that can trust thee is blest,
Thy smile gives deliv'rance from fear.

2 The Lord has in kindness declared,
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

4 O, Saviour, thy promise fulfil,
Its comfort impart to my mind,
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resign'd.

542 PART V. 8's. Limefield,
Confidence in God. REED.

1 THE thoughts of my heart, they are known,
All known to the Guide of my youth,
He never will leave me alone
To question his love or his truth.

2 Till now he has prosper'd my course,
And greatly exceeded my prayer,
And still is the blessed resource
To which I may ever repair.

Our lives and our times are with him
Who sees from the first to the last;
He raises my cup to the brim,
Or empties my vessel as fast.

His purpose and love are the same,
Whatever the changes I find,
A trifle may alter my frame,
But nothing unsettles his mind.

542 PART VI. 8's. Potsdam, 319.
The same. REED.

ENCOURAGE my heart with thy smile,
My ever unchangeable Friend;
Each season of darkness beguile,
And let me exult in the end

'T is better to suffer and die
Beneath thy compassionate rod;
Than feel my enjoyments run high,
But never have thee for my God.

I would not contend with thy will,
Whatever that will may decree;
But O, may each trial I feel
Unite me more firmly to thee.

542 PART VII. 8.8.6. Westb. Leigh, 278.
Thou hast been my refuge. SEARLE.

OH, strange infirmity, to think
That he will leave my soul to sink
In darkness and distress,
Who has appear'd in times of old,
Who saved me while the billows roll'd,
And cheer'd me with his grace.

What sweeter pledge could God bestow
Of help in future scenes of woe,
Than grace already given?
But unbelief, that hateful thing,
Oft makes me sigh when I should sing
Of confidence in heaven.

542 PART VIII. 8.7. Benediction, 320.
The bitter cup. MRS. GILBERT.

SAVIOUR, help me to sustain it,
Whatsoe'er thy will to me;
Hold the cup, if I must drain it,
Pleasant then the draught will be.
Health and cure therein receiving,
Why distrust a Father's care,
If not faithless, but believing,
Only mercy can be there.

542 PART IX. 7's. Aaron, 508.
As thy day thy strength shall be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

WAIT my soul upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace.
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

4 Rock of ages, I'm secure
With thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure:
'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

542 PART X. S. M. Sacred Song, 524.
It shall be well with the righteous. Isa. iii. 10.

1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell,
In time and in eternity
'T is with the righteous well.

2 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

3 'T is well, when on the mount,
They feast on dying love:
And, 't is as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

4 'T is well, when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'T is well, when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

5 'T is well, when Jesus calls,
'From earth and sin arise,
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise.'

542 PART XI. C. M. Arabia, 324.
A song of deliverance. Ps. xxxii. 7.

1 THE song of gratitude I'll raise
Up to thine high abode,
For thou hast fill'd my mouth with praise,
My ever gracious God.

2 The hour of agony is past,
Which often life destroys;
Sorrow and anguish fled in haste,
And left me to my joys.

3 What shall I render to the Lord,
Who brought me from the grave?
For ever be his name adored,
For he is strong to save.

542 PART XII. L. M. Albina, 145.
I delivered thee. Ps. lxxxi. 7.
SEARLE.

1 DISDAIN not, O eternal King,
To hear thy grateful handmaid sing:
O for a seraph's ardent flame,
To celebrate thy glorious name.

2 To Him who saved me from my fears,
And wiped away my falling tears,
Who in my weakness made me strong,
To him I'll consecrate my song.

3 Raised from the borders of the grave,
I sing thy mighty power to save;
My rescued soul shall trust in Thee,
Through time and in eternity.

542 PART XIII. C. M. Lydia, 327.
He helped me. Ps. cxvi. 6.
DODDRIDGE.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise.

2 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

3 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come,
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

4 Where Thou shalt settle mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

543 L. M. Ulverston, 179. Eaton, 291.
The shortness of time. STEELE.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

544 PART I. L. M. Paul's, 246.
Wisdom of redeeming time.
Eph. v. 15, 16. DODDRIDGE.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw;—
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows;
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid streams are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

544 PART II. 8. 7. Benediction, 320.
Shortness of time. GREVILLE.

1 TRANSIENT as the hues of morning
Earthly joys like shadows pass;
Forms, the brightest life adorning
Fade and wither like the grass.
O may we, our fetters breaking,
Cling no more to things below,
But to heavenly visions waking,
More abiding glory know.

2 O how swift the moments flying,
Bear us on their wings away!
Jesus, in the hour of dying,
Be thy trembling servants' stay.
When they call, O Saviour, hear them
Answer them in peace and love:
In the darkest shade be near them,
Guide them to the throne above.

544 PART III. L. M. Oldham, 527.
The time is short. 1 Cor. vii. 29.

1 THE time is short ere all that live
Shall hence depart, their God to meet
And each a strict account must give,
At Jesu's awful judgment-seat.

2 The time is short, oh, who can tell
How short his time below may be;
To-day on earth his soul may dwell,
To-morrow in eternity.

3 The time is short: sinner, beware!
Nor squander these brief hours away;
O flee to Christ, by faith and prayer,
Ere yet shall close this fleeting day.

4 The time is short; ye saints, rejoice!
Your Saviour-Judge will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice
Invite you to his heavenly home.

5 The time is short ere time shall cease,
Eternity be ushered in,
And death shall die, and joy and peace
O'er the new earth benignant reign.

545 PART I. 7's. Stoel, 164.
The saint happy in God's disposal.
Psa. xxxi. 15. RYLAND.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,—
All events at thy command.

2 His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time—
All appointed were by him.

3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Order'd in his wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love thinks fit.

O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?—
I resign it to thy will.

May I always own thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
. and mine are all thy own.

Thee, at all times, will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

45 PART II. L. M. Buxton, 347.
He careth for you. BOWRING.

O SWEET it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom, our wand'rings here,
No night of sorrow can conceal
Me from thy notice, from thy care.

When disciplined by long distress,
nd led through paths of fear and woe,
ay, dost thou love thy children less?
No, ever-gracious Father, No.

Then let my trembling soul be still,
hy purpose though I may not see,
nd wait thy wise, thy holy will;
ll must be well, since ruled by thee.

45 PART III. C. M. Mt. Calvary, 15.
Remember me. HAWEIS.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord! remember me.

Then on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily;
y pardon speak, new peace impart:
In love remember me.

Then trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
ord, let my strength be as my day:
For good remember me.

hen worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
ant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
l hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, Remember me!

545 PART IV. L. M. Doversdale, 430.
I remember thee. CARR.

1 WHEN by affliction's rod oppress'd,
Or toss'd on trouble's billowy sea,
'Tis sweet to hear the words address'd,
'The God of love remembers thee.'

2 'Tis sweet, though trials may not cease,
Though pain afflict, though fears appal,
To feel my comforts still increase,
And say, 'My Father sends them all.'

3 The tender parent may forget
That infant she has nursed with care;
But God has ne'er forgotten yet
One soul that sought his face by prayer.

4 O, may my soul be daily led
To view a father in that God!
And when affliction's path I tread,
Submissive bow, and kiss the rod.

545 PART V. S. 6. S. Covington, 159.
The sufferer supported by a contemplation of the Saviour's agonies.
Luke xxii. 41—44. HEMANS.

1 HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and pray'd
When but his Father's eye
Look'd through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony:
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death!

2 The sun set in a fearful hour.
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow Him!
That He who gave man's breath, might know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He proved them all; the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All gather'd round his head:
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away.

4 It pass'd not—though the stormy way
Had sunk beneath His tread;
It pass'd not—though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent Him from on high,
A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet,
In death's dark narrow way?
Through Him—through Him, that path who trod—
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

545 PART VI. S. 6. S. Covington, 159.
Submission. CONDER.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—

Bow, all resign'd, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,—
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

3 Oh! blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes:
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

546 C. M. Crowle, 3. Barnsley, 416.

Time and eternity. STEELE.

1 HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our heart and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

2 These transient scenes will soon decay;
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will the brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There joys unseen to mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

547 PART I. S. M. Henley, 38.

Mercies in constant succession.
Lam. iii. 22, 23. STENNETT.

1 HOW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that bless'd day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.

5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sovereign, and how free!
Our souls that had been dead in sin
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

6 Now we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

7 There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight:
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drown'd in endless light.

8 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness,
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

9 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away,
Beneath the setting sun.

10 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

547 PART II. 11, 8. Beaconsfield, 4

The end of affliction and troul
2 Cor. iv. 17. FOR

1 THE gloom of the night adds a charm to
morn,
Storm winter the spring-time endears;
And the darker the cloud on which it is dra
The brighter the rainbow appears.

2 So trials and sorrows the Christian prepare
For the rest that remaineth above;
On earth tribulation awaits him, but there
The smile of unchangeable love.

547 PART III. C. M. Condescension, 1

Affliction leading to glory.
2 Cor. iv. 7. C. F

1 OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,
Dark though they seem, 't were hard
A frown of anger there.

2 It needs our hearts be wean'd from ea
It needs that we be driven,
By loss of every earthly stay,
To seek our joys in heaven.

3 For we must follow in the path
Our Lord and Saviour run;
We must not find a resting place
Where He we love had none.

547 PART IV. C. M. Wiltshire, 1

The same. YOU

1 THESE hearts, alas! cleave to the
By strong and endless ties!
Whilst every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.

Resign—and all the load of life
That moment you remove;
Its heavy load, ten thousand cares,
Devolve on One above—

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his almighty hand;
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

547 PART V. L. M. Rushden, 468.
The same. KELLY.

YES, 'tis a rough and thorny road,
That leads us to the saints' abode;
But when our Father's home we gain,
'T will make amends for all our pain.

And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall come,
And take his weary pilgrims home?

548 L.M. Wareham,117. Antiquity,331.
Eternity joyful and tremendous.

ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

Eternity! tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But oh, if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents, how divine!

Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer;
An interest in the Saviour's blood—
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

But should my brightest hopes be vain—
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!—
My fears, O gracious God, remove;
Speak me an object of thy love.

Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

549 PART I. 8.8.6. Leach, 290.
Prayer for seriousness in prospect of eternity. C. WESLEY.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee—against myself—to thee,
A sinful worm, I cry;
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

3 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,—
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above:
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

550 PART II. 8.8.6. Chatham, 59.
Serious consideration.

1 AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or bitter pains,
To all eternity!

2 How ought I then on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And spares this house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that awful day.

3 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness:
O write the pardon on my heart,
And, whensoever I depart,
Let me depart in peace.

DEATH.

551 PART I. C. M. Canterbury, 199.
Death and eternity. WATTS.

1 MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign—Death.

2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here!*
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.

* Bunhill-fields

4 But where the souls,—those deathless things,
That left their dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

5 O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar!

6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves:
While the pale carcase breathless lies
Among the silent graves.

7 'Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand!
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear our souls away!'

550 PART II. 7. 6. Grange-road, 281.

Anticipation of death and glory.

1 AH! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But, on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day—
The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown,—
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.

2 He once, a spotless victim,
Upon mount Calvary bled;
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead:
Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am;
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.

3 To him by grace united,
I joy in him alone;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold him on his throne.
There he is interceding
For all who on him rest,
The grace from him proceeding
Shall waft me to his breast.

4 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.
Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
Shall charm the courts above.

550 PART III. L. M. Oldham, 527.

Death contemplated. DODDRIDGE.

1 SOVEREIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo, mortal men by thousands die!
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banish'd at once from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.

3 The friendly hand no more shall greet
Accents familiar once, and sweet:
No more the well-known features trace
No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

5 He nobler friends than here I leave,
In brighter, surer worlds can give;
Or by the beamings of his eye
A lost creation well supply.

550 PART IV. C. M. Grove House, 143.

The safe and happy exit.

1 LORD, must I die? O let me die
Trusting in thee alone;
My living testimony given,
Then leave my dying one.

2 If I must die—O let me die
In peace with all mankind;
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refined.

3 If I must die—as die I must—
Let some kind seraph come
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks
I'll boldly venture through.

550 PART V. C. M. St. Mary's, 532.

Death. DR. COLLYER.

1 THAT solemn hour will surely come,
Nor distant is the day,
When in the shadows of the tomb
This life shall fade away.

2 The cup of trembling in my hand,
My fearful soul must drink,
And wavering, hoping, shivering, stand
On life's alarming brink.

3 Amid the anguish and the strife
That shrinking nature fears,
Look gently down, great Source of life
And dry death's starting tears!

550 PART VI. C. M. Stephens, 292.

The same. DR. COLLYER.

1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command:

2 O thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And let a beam of love divine
Illume my dying bed.

4 Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in thy soft embraces lose
'The bitterness of death.'

551 PART I. 148th. Burnham, 396.
The midnight cry. Matt. xxv. 6.

1 YE virgin souls, arise!
With all the dead awake,
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky;
Your everlasting Friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love:
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found,
Enrobed in righteousness divine
In which the bride shall ever shine.

551 PART II. L. M. Wareham, 117.
Prayer for deliverance from the fear of death.

1 O GOD of love, with cheering ray
Gild my expiring streak of day;
Thy love, through each revolving year,
Has wiped away affliction's tear.

2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,
And all the guilt which shrouds the tomb!
Heighten my joys, support my head,
Before I sink among the dead.

3 May death conclude my toils and tears!
May death destroy my sins and fears!
May death, through Jesus, be my friend!
May death be life when life shall end!

4 Crown my last moment with thy power—
The latest in my latest hour;
Then to the raptured heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known n more.

551 PART III. L. M. Bampton, 275.
Life to be feared by Christians more than death.

1 HOW many of thy children, Lord,
Do but in part receive thy word!
And thus, till near their latest breath,
Go trembling thro' the fear of death:

2 Yet others in this world of cares,
Exposed to sin and Satan's snares,
Have fear'd the treacherous path of lif
Far more than death the closing strife.

3 O thou 'who livest and wast dead,'
Say, 'I 'm your ever-living Head;'
And from each fear O set us free,
But that of sinning against thee.

4 Faith then shall wipe away our tears,
Hope, smiling, cheer our following years:
And all the graces victory sing, [King
For death is ours, through Christ ou

551 PART IV. L. M. Pergolese's, 344
Faith and sense looking at the grave.

1 'ASHES to ashes, dust to dust!'
Down to the grave descend we must
Flesh trembles at the monster's dart,
Lest he transfix our shivering heart.

2 But Faith shall triumph o'er his sting
Gaze on her risen Lord, and sing,
'Through him to us the victory's given,
And death is now the gate of heaven.'

3 O Lord, to me this faith impart,
To cheer and purify my heart;
Let all its beauteous fruits be mine.—
The glory shall be ever thine.

551 PART V. L. M. Malta, 500.
Peace in the prospect of death.
WESLEY

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of [death
I too shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death, remember me!

3 O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive:
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

551 PART VI. L. M. Melcombe, 325
The righteous blessed in death.
MRS. BARBAULD

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!—
When sinks a weary soul to rest.

How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies!'

551 PART VII. C. M. Brodsworth, 414.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. MRS. GILBERT.

1 O HAPPY they, who safely housed,
To Jesus' bosom fly,
Before the storm of wrath is roused;
Yes, happy they who die!

2 Care, pain, and grief, the wild array
Of sorrows felt below,
The dread of trial's fiery day,
Of persecution's glow,—

3 All, all is o'er, with those at rest,
For Jesus' sake forgiven!
No heavings of the anxious breast,
No sickening fear in heaven!

4 Why linger then, with strange desire,
Where reeks the deadly strife,
And shrink, unwilling to retire,
To everlasting life?

5 Oh were it not for those he leaves
Lone in a desert land,
'T is wondrous when a Christian grieves
To find his home at hand.

551 PART VIII. L. M. Old 100th.

Sleeping in Jesus. MRS. MACKAY

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep:
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

551 PART IX. L. M. Melcombe, 325.

The same. COTTLE.

1 TO sleep in Jesus! rapturous thought!
To close in peace our mortal days!
Safe to the heavenly Canaan brought,
To join the anthems angels raise!

2 To sleep in Jesus! what delight!
Increasing still, and ever new;
To mingle with the saints in light,
And be as pure and happy too!

3 To fear no pain, to know no care;
No sin nor frailty to molest;
And on each glorious object there,
To see eternity impress'd.

4 Ere long will death unclose my chains,
And bid me, Jesus, sleep in thee:
The happiest hour that time retains,
Is that which sets the spirit free.

551 PART X. C. M. Bedford, 91.

The same. DRUMMOND.

1 HE sweetly sleeps! the man of God,
From sin and woe set free;
Calmly the path of death he trod,
Into eternity.

2 Sweetly he rests! the soldier now
From battle, wounds, and strife;
The wreath of conquest decks his brow
With rays of endless life.

3 Sweetly he sleeps! the pilgrim worn,
Leaving his weary road;
In peace he waits a glorious morn,
And slumbers in his God.

4 Sleep on, ye saints! and sweetly rest
In Jesus' boundless love;
Soon shall ye wake, for ever blest,
And reign with him above.

552 PART I. L. M. Wareham, 117.

The tolling bell. NEWTON.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, 'Am I
Prepared, should I be call'd to die?'

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I 'm gone,
And plunged into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I loved below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,—
'Perhaps it next may toll for me!'

5 Rather, my spirit would rejoice,
And long, and wish, to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

552 PART II. C. M. Windsor, 247.
Victory over death. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above;
He met the tyrant's dart;
And (O, amazing power of love!)
Received it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim destroyer, boast
Thy universal sway;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost;
Thy night 's the gate of day.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee;
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust;

6 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies:

7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb.

8 O let me join the raptured lays,
And with the blissful throng
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song!

552 PART III. P. M. Pope's Ode.
Victory over death. POPE.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

553 PART I. C. M. Newbury, 132.
The welcome messenger. WATTS.

1 LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleased in death;

2 How could we e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

3 Our souls are rising on the wing
To venture in his place;
For, when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away,—
'T is guilt creates my fears;
'T is guilt gives death his fierce array
And all the arms he bears.

5 Oh, if my threatening sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6 Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

7 I 'd leap at once my seventy years,
I 'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath and all my cares
Amid those heavenly charms.

8 Joyful I 'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

553 PART II. 11. 8. Calne, 69.
The dying Christian bidding adieu to the world. B. FRANCIS.

1 YE objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart,
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
And joys that shall never depart.

2 Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night,
To me ye no longer are known;
I soon shall behold with increasing delight,
A sun that shall never go down.

3 Ye wonderful orbs, that astonish mine eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more transcendently bright.

4 Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and plains,
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions, where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5 My loved habitation and garden, adieu!
No longer my footsteps ye greet;
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

6 My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose souls are entwined with my own,
Adieu, for the present; my spirit ascends
Where friendship immortal is known.

7 My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain'
And sorrows, are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The heights of perfection ascend.

8 The sight of transgressors shall grieve me no more:
'Midst foes I no longer abide;
My conflict with sin and with sinners is o'er,
With saints I shall ever reside.

9 Thou vale of affliction my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with grief, and with tears,
I joyfully quit, for the mountain of God;
There, there its bright summit appears.

10 No lurking temptation, defilement, or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast;
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
For ever ineffably blest.

11 My sabbaths below, that have been my delight,
And thou the blest volume divine,
You have guided my footsteps like stars during night,
Adieu, my conductors benign.

12 The sun that illumines the regions of light,
Now shines on mine eyes from above;
But, oh, how transcendently glorious the sight!
My soul is all wonder and love.

13 Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,
Adieu, my dissolving abode;
But I shall behold and possess thee again.
A beautiful building of God.

14 Come, death; when thy cold hands my eyelids shall close,
And lay my pale corpse in the tomb,
My soul shall enjoy an eternal repose,
Above in my heavenly home.

15 But oh, what a life, what a rest, what a joy,
Shall I know when I 've mounted above!
Praise, praise, shall my triumphing powers employ:
My God, I shall burn with thy love.

16 Come, come, my Redeemer, this moment release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood;
And bid me ascend the fair regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.

553 Part III. P.M. Llandaff, 546.

The parting. ADAMS.

PART in peace!—Christ's life was peace:
Let us breathe our breath in him.
Part in peace!—Christ's death was peace:
Let us die our death in him.
Part in peace!—Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave.
Where all mortal partings cease.
Part in peace!

553 Part IV. 8.7. Felicity, 535.

Pilgrims parting.

1 WHILE, to several paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,
May Jehovah, safely guiding,
Keep his scatter'd flock in view.

2 May the bond of sweet communion
Every distant soul embrace;
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.

3 Oh, 't is sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move;
One pure flame each heart pervading,
One our Lord, our faith, our love.

4 Now we part in tearful sadness,
Bearing forth the precious grain;
We shall yet in mirth and gladness,
Bring our harvest sheaves again.

553 Part V. C.M.P. Lincoln, 565.

The same. GRINFIELD

1 YES, dearest friends, a short farewell
Until at home we meet!
Oft shall remembrance fondly dwell
On days and scenes that own'd the spell
Of your communion sweet;—

2 So sweet, at times it seem'd a faint,
A transitory taste
Of converse treasured for the saint
In the bright world—which who shall paint!
The heaven to which we haste!

3 For oh! of less than heavenly mould
Our friendship ne'er shall be;
Nor like the world's, by death controll'd.
But fervent, pure; and we, enroll'd
Friends for eternity!

4 So, when on earth we cease to dwell
In pilgrim converse sweet;
We'll need no other parting knell
Than—'Dearest friends, a short farewell.
Till soon at home we meet!'

553 Part VI. S.M.P. Grantham, 566.

Friends separated by death. MONTGOMERY.

1 FRIEND after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient, fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

553 Part VII. L.M. Job, 474.

Not lost, but gone before. CLARK

1 SAY why should friendship grieve to those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore!

Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits number'd o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,—
They are not lost, but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

4 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost—but gone before.

5 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love
The friends not lost—but gone before.

6 On Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost—but gone before.

553 PART VIII. C. M. Harmonia, 390.

On departed friends. DALE

1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
Oh, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again!

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye,
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.

4 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by grace divine;
Oh, may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine.

553 PART IX. 7's. Messina, 506.

Shortness and uncertainty of life.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Rolls along the passing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

2 Fix'd in their eternal state,
They are gone from all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

3 Oh, how fast our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream!
Lord, to heaven our wishes raise;
All on earth is but a dream.

4 Guide the young, and warn the old;
Bless us with the Saviour's love;
So, when life's short tale is told,
We shall dwell with thee above.

553 PART X. 8. 7. 7. Response, 558.

The soul's flight. KELLY.

1 WHAT is life? 't is but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is like a dying taper:
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory;
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

554 PART I. L. M. Portugal, 97.

Desiring to depart, and to be with Christ. Phil. i. 23. DODDRIDGE.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And faints my much-loved Lord to see
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 't is far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.

4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!

5 As with a seraph's voice to sing,
To fly, as on a cherub's wing;
Performing with unwearied hands
The present Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For while thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do.

554 PART II. C. M. Adelphi, 405.

The Christian's hope.

1 LORD, we would feel no anxious care
Whether we die or live;
'T is ours to love and serve thee here,
And thou the strength wilt give.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?

3 Then we shall end our sad complaints,
Our weary sinful days;
And join with those triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

4 Our knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And we shall be with him.

555 C. M. James's, 163. Glasgow, 376.

The presence of God worth dying for. Deut. xxxii. 49. 50. WATTS.

1 LORD, 't is an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

4 Thy love—a sea without a shore—
Spreads life and joy abroad;
Oh, 't is a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God.

5 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried;
'Climb up the mount,' says God, 'and die;'
The prophet climb'd—and died.

6 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

7 Show me thy face, and I 'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

556 C. M. Exeter, 4. Palmyra, 203.

Death in infancy. STENNETT.

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 'I take these little lambs,' said he,
'And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,—
In me be ever blest.

4 'Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 'Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill:
I 'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.'

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

557 PART I. C. M. Canterbury, 190

At the funeral of a young person. STEELE.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—'I too must die!'
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

557 PART II. C. M. Submission, 36

To a parent, on the death of a child. Job iii. 13. A. A. WATTS.

1 LOOK up, look up, and weep not so
Thy darling is not dead:
His sinless soul has enter'd now
Yon sky's empurpled bed:

2 His spirit drinks new life and light,
'Mid bowers of endless bloom;
It is but perishable stuff
That moulders in the tomb:

3 Then hush, O hush the swelling sigh,
And dry the falling tear;
Look upward to the bliss of heaven,
And joy that he is there.

4 Already he has gain'd the goal,
And tasted of the bliss,—
The peace that God's eternal love
Prepares for souls like his:

5 Then calm thy sorrow-stricken heart,
And smile away despair:
Think of the home thy child has won,
And joy that he is there.

6 How sweet 't will be, at such an hour,
And 'mid a scene so fair,
To lift thy tearful eyes to heaven,
And think that he is there!

557 PART III. 8.7. Benediction, 320.
Mourning the loss of a child.

1 HAST thou lost a child most precious?
'T is thy Father brings thee low:
'Mid th' affliction he is gracious,
Pitying while he deals the blow.
Mourner, lift thine eye above thee;
'T is from thence the rod descends:
He must chasten if he love thee:
Kiss the hand that is a friend's.

2 He would bring the wanderer near him,
Cause the contrite tear to flow;
Take the draught, and love and fear him,
Though the cup be fill'd with woe.
We can only share thy sadness,
Mingling sighs and tears with thine;
He can give celestial gladness,
Quench the fire, and yet refine.

3 Oh, there is no cross, no fetter,
While we bear the yoke of love:
Crushing makes the fragrance sweeter;
Sorrows point to rest above.
Drooping mourner, canst thou languish
Near the great Consoler's feet?
He can give thee joy for anguish:
Seek him at the mercy-seat.

558 PART I. C.M. Crowle, 3.
Comfort for pious parents bereaved of their children. DODDRIDGE.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4 'I 'll give the mourner,' saith the Lord,
'In my own house a place:
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

5 'Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honour and delight
My children all shall live.'

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which thro' our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

558 PART II. 8.7. Felicity, 535.
Thy will be done. Matt. xxvi. 42.

1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, 'Thy will be done.'

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken,
Blessed Lord, 'Thy will be done.'

3 Fill us now with deep contrition;
Take away these hearts of stone;
And may all, with true submission,
Meekly say, 'Thy will be done.'

4 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, 'Thy will be done.'

5 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore 'Thy will be done.'

559 PART I. L.M. Job, 474.
The death of the sinner and the saint. FAWCETT.

1 WHAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest;
Death strikes the blow: he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.

4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss;—
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

5 His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And, when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

559 PART II. 112th. Carey's, 11.
Hope in life and in death. REES.

1 MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness:
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, &c.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the sinking flood;
When every earthly prop gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, &c.

4 When the last awful trump shall sound
O may I then in him be found,
Dress'd in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne:
On Christ, &c.

560 104th. Hanover, 130. Old 104th. 148.

On the death of a believer.

1 IT is finished, 'tis done! the spirit is fled;
Our brother is gone, the h is saint is dead
The Christian is living in Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise are Jesus's due:—
Supported by grace he fought his way through;
Triumphantly glorious, through Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious over sin, death, and hell.

3 Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord with shouting proclaim;
Who trust in his passion and follow their Head,
To certain salvation shall surely be led.

4 O Jesus! lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteousness there,
Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.

5 Within us display thy love when we die,
And bear us away to mansions on high;
The kingdom be given of glory divine,
And crown us in heaven eternal as thine.

561 PART I. S.M. Dunbar. 252.

Preparation for death.

Matt. xxiv. 45. TOPLADY'S COLL.

1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known,
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

561 PART II. 8.7. Felicity. 535.

The dying Christian encouraged.

C. WESLEY.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go.

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain:
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

561 PART III. C.M. Durham. 400

On a believer's death. NEWTON.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks:
We scarce can say, "They're gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near thy throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all we know),
They are completely blest:
Have done with sin, and care, and woe
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

561 PART IV. 8's. Roscwarne. 49.

Death a happy exchange to a believer. C. WESLEY.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its earthly chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outsaying the tempest and wind;
He rest hath sweeter obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to reach the blest shore
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There at the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour before,
Who shouting each other their greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and fear.
The voyage of life's at an end,
The storm, all the storm is past;
The age long in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

561 PART V. 7's. Florence, 239.
Triumph in death. C. WESLEY.

1 YES, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallow'd up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

2 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share;
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

3 Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain:
Thou art enter'd into joy:
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

561 PART VI. 7's. Jubilee, 403.
Fear not—die to live! TOPLADY.

1 DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne—
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn—
Made for God, to God return!

2 Lo, he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly—
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillar bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven!

3 Is thy earthly house distrest,
Willing to retain its guest?
'T is not *thou*, but *it*, must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly—
Burst thy shackles—drop thy clay—
Sweetly breathe thyself away—
Singing, to thy crown remove—
Swift of wing, and fired with love!

4 Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar,
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there!

5 See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore!

6 Mount, their transports to improve—
Join the longing choir above—
Swiftly to their wish be given—
Kindle higher joy in heaven!—
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista, faith
Opens through the shades of death!

561 PART VII. 7's. Amboyna, 289.
Angelic welcome of a saint.
Rev. xiv. 13. MONTGOMERY

1 'SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust, resign thy breath
Spirit, cast thy chains away!
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!'
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies!
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies!

2 'Prisoner, long detain'd below!
Prisoner, now with freedom blest!
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!'
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky!

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust!
Grave, the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls!—
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day!

562 PART I. C. M. Carolina, 13.
Departed saints asleep.
Mark v. 39. DODDRIDGE

1 'WHY flow these torrents of distress?
(The gentle Saviour cries;)
'Why are my sleeping saints survey'd
With unbelieving eyes?

2 'Death's feeble arm shall never boast
A friend of Christ is slain,
Nor, o'er their meaner part in dust,
A lasting power retain.

3 'I come on wings of love,—I come,
The slumberers to awake;
My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
And all its bonds shall break.

4 'Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise
They rise to sleep no more;
But robed in light, and crown'd with joy
To endless day they soar.'

5 Jesus, our faith receives thy word;
And though fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.

6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
With them to rest and praise,
So let thy much-loved presence cheer
These separating days.

562 Part II. P. M. Heber's, 402.

"That ye sorrow not as others which have no hope." BP. HEBER.

1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the sunshine of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but 't were wrong to deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting since the Saviour has died.

562 Part III. C. M. Durham, 400.

The same.

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own;
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past: their work is done;
And they are fully blest:
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And enter'd into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recall'd his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, 'Thy will be done!'

562 Part IV. 7. 8. 8. Worthing, 553.

The same. 1 Thess. iv. 16. DOANE.

1 LIFT not thou the wailing voice,
Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth;
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransom'd now, the spirit flieth:
High in heaven's own light she dwelleth,
Full the song of triumph swelleth:
Freed from earth and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing.

2 Pour not thou the bitter tear:
Heaven its book of comfort openeth,
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
But as one who always hopeth:
Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in Jesus dying,
Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,—
Why should thine with tears be gushing?

3 They who die in Christ are blest;
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving;
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving;
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

562 Part V. C. M. Turvey, 538.

Rest from sorrow. 1 Thess. iv. 3.

1 THEY suffer not, for whom we weep,
Whose loss we here deplore;
The fever'd body's dreamless sleep
Is broke by pain no more.

2 The warfare and the woe have ceased,
The struggle now is o'er;
The happy spirit is released,
The pilgrim weeps no more.

3 But who the happiness may speak
That saints departed find
The everlasting joys that break
Upon the deathless mind?

4 But even here, enough we know
Our faith and hope to guide,
To check our sorrows as they flow,
And bid our grief subside.

563 Part I. C. M. Abridge, 201.

Submission. DODDRIDGE.

1 PEACE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'T is he—the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,—
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'T is he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow;
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

563 PART II. 7.6.7.7. Requiem, 559.
Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13. CONDER.

1 CHRIST watches o'er the embers
Of all his faithful dead;
There 's life for all the members
In Him the living Head;
Their dust he weighs and measures;
Their every atom treasures.

2 He, once a victor bleeding,
Slew death, destroy'd the grave;
Now throned, yet interceding,
He lives, thy soul to save:
He comes, oh, day of wonder!
The graves are rent asunder!

3 But, oh, that vast transition!
How shall a creature dare
Gaze on the awful vision,
To find a Saviour there?
They whom he deigns to cherish
Shall never, never perish!

4 Their Saviour shall receive them,
From sin and death released;
He shall himself present them
Before the Father, dress'd
In robes of spotless whiteness,
All beauty, joy, and brightness.

563 PART III. 8.7. Walmgate, 51.
It is well. Isa. iii. 10. COLLYER.

1 O YE mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While in darkness ye are straying,
Lonely in the deep'ning shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the immortal spirit's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

563 PART IV. 113th. Jennings, 123.
Because I live, &c. John xiv. 19. DR. HUTE.

1 O YE who with the silent tear,
And sadden'd steps assemble here,
To bear these cold, these loved remains,
Where dark and cheerless silence reigns,—
Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
The Saviour lives, and all is well.

2 That eye indeed is rayless now,
And pale that cheek, and chill that brow;
Yet, could the lifeless form declare
The joys its soul is call'd to share,
How would our souls rejoice to tell
The Saviour lives, and all is well!

563 PART V. 8.7. Felicity, 535.
Submission under the loss of a child.

1 NOW, O Lord, to thee submitting,
We the tender pledge resign;
And thy mercies ne'er forgetting,
Own that all we have is thine.

2 Rest, sweet babe, in gentle slumbers
Till the resurrection morn;
Then arise to join the numbers
Who its triumphs shall adorn.

3 Though thy presence was endearing,
Though thy absence we deplore;
At thy Saviour's bright appearing,
We shall meet to part no more.

563 PART VI. C.M. Bedford, 91.
Funeral of a mother. Isa. lxvi. 13. COLLYER.

1 GOD of the spirits of all flesh,
Behold thy servants here,
With bleeding hearts and streaming eyes
Surround a mother's bier.

2 [Bow'd by affliction to the earth,
Thou seest the husband stand;
And pressing to his knees in grief,
A little orphan band.]

3 But thou hast to thy people said—
And they have found it true,—
'As when a mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you.'

4 Remember now thy promise, Lord,
Here let it be fulfill'd:
No word but thine, in such an hour,
Can consolation yield.

564 PART I. L.M. Ulverston, 179.
Satisfaction in God under the loss of dear friends. SCOTT

1 THE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,—
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
The almighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, O God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide!
Thou art each tender name in one:
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
And on thy covenant love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

564 PART II. L.M. Hamburgh, 340.
For a bereaved family, on the death of a father.

1 O THOU who art the widow's God,
A Father to the fatherless,

We bow beneath thy chast'ning rod,
This hour of conflict and distress.

2 Parent and husband Thou hast borne
In silence to the opening tomb,
Pity the loved ones, Lord, that mourn,
Whose spirits now are fill'd with gloom.

3 We plead for those bow'd down with [grief,
For this bereaved domestic band;
Where shall we go to seek relief
But to thy kind, indulgent hand?

4 The hand that chastens us can heal;
O God of faithfulness and love,
In mercy now thy grace reveal,
A father's loving-kindness prove.

5 O Thou who art the widow's God,
A Father to the fatherless,
Now hearken from thy high abode,
And deign to answer us in peace.

564 Part III. L. M. Wareham, 117.
The same.

1 THO' nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'er-flow,
The hand which takes your joys away,
That sovereign hand can heal your woe.

2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore
The parent, husband, brother, friend,
With heart resign'd, his truth adore,
On whom your noblest hopes depend.

3 His word—here let your souls rely—
Immortal consolation gives;
Your heavenly Father cannot die,
The 'husband of the widow' lives.

4 Oh, be the eternal Friend your trust,—
On his almighty arm recline,—
He, when your blessings sink in dust,
Can give you blessings more divine.

564 Part IV. 9.8. Dependence, 568.
The same. MARRIOTT.

1 DOES Jehovah his children invite
Upon him to cast every care?
Yea, his word does Omnipotence plight,
Thus freely their burden to bear.

2 Do not let us then baffle such love
By a thankless and cold unbelief;
But his truth who has promised prove,
By resigning our every grief.

3 Let us rather with rapture embrace
An offer so gracious and kind,
An unlimited confidence place
In such goodness and power combined.

4 Has it pleased him in wisdom to take
Our earthly dependence away,
With childlike submission we 'll make
His arm our sole pillow and stay.

5 We'll repose on his words which declare
That the desolate still he befriends,
Makes the fatheriess children his care,
And the cause of the widow defends.

564 Part V. 8.9.7. St. Bees, 564.
Death of a believer. DR. HUIE.

1 O THINK that, while you're weeping here,
His hand a golden harp is stringing;
And, with a voice serene and clear,
His ransom'd soul, without a tear,
His Saviour's praise is singing.

2 And think that all his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed for ever;
While He, whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon his servant's head
A crown that fadeth never.

3 And think that, in that awful day,
When darkness sun and moon is shading,
The form that, 'midst its kindred clay,
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,
Shall rise to life unfading.

4 Then weep no more for him who's gone
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter,
But on that great High-priest alone,
Who can for guilt like ours atone,
Your own affections centre.

5 And thus, when to the silent tomb
Your lifeless dust, like his, is given,
Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,
That yet again in youthful bloom,
That dust shall smile in heaven.

564 Part VI. L. M. St. Saviour's, 401.
Why weepest thou? MRS. GILBERT.

1 WHY should we weep for those who die,
Those blessed ones who weep no more?
Jesus hath call'd them to the sky,
And gladly have they gone before.

2 A few short days they linger'd here,
Th' appointed span of trial knew;
Dropt—early dropt the parting tear,
And early now have parted too.

3 Up, up, in swift ascent they rise,
Star after star of living light!
Why should we mourn that midnight skies
Become with added glories bright?

4 Far in the distant heavens they shine,
But still with borrow'd lustre glow:
Saviour, the beams are only thine,
Of saints above, or saints below.

5 For them no bitter tear we shed,
Their night of pain and grief is o'er;
But weep our lonely path to tread,
And see the forms we loved no more.

564 Part VII. C. M. Devizes, 14.
The God of comfort. BARTON.

1 HOW sweet to think, in sorrow's hour,
That He who reigns above,
Although supreme in sovereign power,
Is as supreme in love.

2 How sweet to know, when thus the axe
Is to our gourds decreed,
He will not quench the smoking flax,
Nor break the bruised reed.

But that to those who kiss the rod,
By Him in mercy sent,
The staff of comfort from their God
Shall in His love be lent.

For God, who binds the broken heart,
And dries the mourner's tear,
If faith and patience be their part,
Will unto these be near.

Let such but say, 'Thy will be done!'
And He who Jesus raised
Will qualify them through his love,
To add, 'Thy name be praised!'

564 PART VIII. L. M. Walton, 352.
The immutability of God a source of comfort in affliction. OPIE.

O THOU that read'st the secret heart,
And hear'st the sufferer's softest sigh,
When I remember that thou art,
I feel each care, each sorrow fly.

Thou art, to whom the sinner's moan
Was never yet breathed forth in vain;
Thou art, to whom each want is known,
Each hopeless wish, each fruitless pain.

And, oh! while earthly love grows cold,
And earthly comforts break away,
Thou art the mourner's certain hold,
The same through one eternal day.

Thy smile of love beams always bright,
To cheer the contrite sinner's heart,
Nor can that soul be plunged in night,
That knows, O Lord, and feels Thou art.

564 PART IX. 11.10. Alma, 345.
Comfort for mourners.

COME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come to the fount of bliss, whate'er you feel;
Here bring your aching hearts, here soothe your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

565 C. M. Windsor, 247. Bangor, 231.
Death and judgment appointed for all. Heb. ix. 27. DODDRIDGE.

HEAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell.

3 Once you must die; and once for all
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heaven or hell attend
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all the saints ascend.

566 PART I. C. M. Stephen's, 292.
The solemn hour. DR. REED.

1 THERE is an hour, when I must part
With all I hold most dear;
And life with its best hopes, will then
As nothingness appear.

2 There is an hour, when I must lie
Low on affliction's bed;
And anguish, pain, and tears become
My bitter daily bread.

3 There is an hour, when I must sink
Beneath the stroke of death;
And yield to Him, who gave it first,
My struggling vital breath.

4 There is an hour, when I must stand
Before the judgment seat;
And all my sins, and all my foes,
In awful vision meet.

5 There is an hour, when I must look
On one eternity;
And nameless woe, or blissful life,
My endless portion be.

6 O Saviour, then, in all my need
Be near, be near to me;
And let my soul, by stedfast faith,
Find life and heaven in thee.

566 PART II. C. M. Ann's, 58.
Comfort under the loss of ministers. DODDRIDGE.

1 NOW let our drooping hearts revive.
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What though the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 'Lo, I am with you,' saith the Lord,
'My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide.'

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

566 PART III. S. M. Farnham, 421.

The same. MONTGOMERY.

1 'SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.'

2 His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

3 Bent on such glorious toils
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

4 At midnight came the cry,
'To meet thy God prepare!'
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

5 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, in the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long labour closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

7 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

566 PART IV. S. M. Melchbourne, 412.

The same. MONTGOMERY.

1 REST from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,
Mark'd thee till life's last hour.

3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner, saved by grace.

4 Lord Christ! into thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait thy own commands,
We were not his, but thine.

5 On thee our hopes depend;
We gather round our Rock:
Send whom thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.

566 PART V. 10's. Kendal, 86.

The same.

1 GO to thy grave, in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to thy grave, at noon from labour cease,
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done:
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home! with thee the field is won.

3 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep,
While, safe as watch'd by cherubim, thy dust,
Shall, till the judgment day, in Jesus sleep.

4 Pass thou beyond it, take thy seat above,
Soul of the just, be present with the Lord,
Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,
The open vision for the written word.

566 PART VI. 8.8.6. Pembroke, 266

Whose faith follow. Heb, xiii. 7.

1 O GOD, to whom the happy dead
Still live united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours the same:
For all thy saints, to memory dear,
Departed in thy faith and fear,
We bless thy holy name.

2 By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who follow'd thee,
As with them to partake
The free reward of heavenly bliss:
Merciful Father! grant us this,
For our Redeemer's sake.

566 PART VII. S. M. Farnham, 421

The same. DODDRIDGE

1 OUR fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs have pass'd away,
Their wealth and honour gone.

2 There, where the fathers sleep,
Must all their children dwell;
Nor other heritage can keep
Than such a narrow cell.

3 God of our fathers, be
Our everlasting Friend!
Lord of the dead and living, we
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead,
May we the footsteps trace,
Till, gather'd round our glorious Head
We dwell before Thy face.

566 PART VIII. 8.7.4. Kelly's, 419

Funeral of an aged Christian.

1 TOSS'D no more on life's rough billow
All the storms of sorrow fled,
Death hath found a quiet pillow
For the aged Christian's head:
Peaceful slumbers
Guarding now his lowly bed.

2 O may we be re-united
To the spirits of the just:

Leaving all that sin hath blighted
With corruption, in the dust:
Hear us, Jesus,
Thou our Lord, our life, our trust.

567 PART I. 8.7.4. Mariner's, 286.
The grave; or, Christ a guide through death to glory.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

567 PART II. 112th. Attercliffe, 429.
The same. ADDISON.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

567 PART III. 8.7.7. Sloane-street, 452.
Ye shall see them again no more.

1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the further shore,
There's an end of war for ever:
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Follow'd by eternal peace!

2 Oh, that hope, how bright, how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward!
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

567 PART IV. L.M. Stirling, 317.
The grave and the resurrection.

1 THE grave its trophies shall resign,
Christ will the mould'ring dust refine;
And death, the last of foes, must be
Swallow'd and lost in victory.

2 Faith shall, on tow'ring pinions borne,
Anticipate that glorious morn;
And, while to heaven she soars along,
Give mortal lips the immortal song.

3 Then, king of terrors, boast no more
Thy ancient, wide extended power!
Each saint in life, with Christ his Head,
Shall reign when death itself is dead.

567 PART V. L. M. Crucifixion, 339.
Hope in the resurrection. WATTS.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb.
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleepers here,
And angels watch their soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed:
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn,
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word:
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

567 PART VI. 112th. Dixon's, 560.
Christ died, rose, and revived.

1 WE sing his love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all his saints through him might
Eternal conquests o'er the grave. [have
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright, illustrious day
When death itself shall die away.
Soon shall, &c.

3 Oh, how shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
Soon shall, &c.

4 When we shall Christ in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heav'nly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more!
Soon shall, &c.

568 C. M. Windsor, 247.
The resurrection. DODDRIDGE.

1 WHY should our mourning thoughts
To grovel in the dust? [delight
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around the expiring just?

2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save?

3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints?

4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun
Burst through each sable cloud;
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.

5 The Spirit raised my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of victory sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

569 Part I. C.M. Canterbury, 199.
A prospect of the resurrection.
WATTS.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades;
The dawn of heaven appears:
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, 'Ye dead, arise!'
And lo! the graves obey:
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute the expected day.

5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

6 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On Love's triumphant wing!

569 Part II. C.M. Canterbury, 199.
Hope in the resurrection.
H. K. WHITE.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We soldiers of an injured king
Are marching to the tomb.

2 Life's labours done, its turmoil o'er,
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

3 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

4 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep:
Till the archangel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then immortality's bright sun
Shall shed its glorious rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst,
With shouts of endless praise.

569 Part III. 7.6. Astoria, 464.
The same.
BOWRING.

1 IN the dust I'm doom'd to sleep,
But shall not sleep for ever,
Fear may for a moment weep,
Christian courage never.
Years shall roll in rapid course,
By Time's chariot driven,
And my renovated dust
Wing its flight to heaven.

2 What though o'er my mortal tomb
Dark clouds and mists be blending,
Sweetest hope shall chase the gloom,
Hopes to heaven ascending.
There shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal,
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.

569 Part IV. C.M. St. Mary's, 532.
Certain hope of the resurrection.

1 WHY should we dread our mortal doom,
That turns us back to clay;
And tremble at the awful tomb,
And shudder at decay?

2 A sure and certain hope is ours,
Which we through Christ obtain:
Clothed with immortal life and powers,
Our dust shall rise again:—

3 Rise, when the trump of God shall sound,
And death yield up his prey:
But where, my soul, shall I be found
In that tremendous day!

4 Now, while I feel this mortal strife,
Oh be my sins forgiven!
Then death shall prove the gate of life,
The grave my road to heaven.

569 Part V. L.M. Old 100th.
Faith in the resurrection.
COLLYER.

1 ARRAY'D in majesty and power
Will the victorious Saviour come:
Time waits to strike his final hour,
And usher in the day of doom.

Vain are the spoils of vanquish'd death,
And weak his boasted prison-bars;
Light breaks upon the eye of faith,
'Midst darken'd suns and falling stars.

Though with expiring nature's throes,
Earthquakes, and fires, and thunders blend,
His destiny the Christian knows,
And waits serenely for the end.

And though not yet, it still must come—
The trump shall sound, the dead shall [rise,
The seed long buried in the tomb,
Shall find its garner in the skies.

THE SECOND ADVENT OF CHRIST, AND DAY OF JUDGMENT.

570 PART I. L. M. Old 100th.
Sinners and saints in the wreck of nature. PRES. DAVIES.

HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.

Where now, oh, where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.

In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie:
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever, oh, for ever lost!

But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

Jesus! the helpless creatures' friend,
To thee my all I dare commend!
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

570 PART II. L. M. St. Paul's, 246.
The second appearance of Christ. DODDRIDGE.

MY waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

Behold the fiery deluge roll [pole;
Through heaven's wide arch from pole to
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.

This wreck of nature all around—
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

Children of Adam, all appear,
With reverence, round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endless bliss, or endless woe.

5 Lord! to my eyes this scene display
Frequent through each returning day;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

570 PART III. 8. 7. 4. Rousseau's, 384.
Then shall they, &c. Luke xxi. 27

1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners of his suff'rings here:
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near!

2 Near unto the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
When the Lord shows forth his might;
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.

4 Lo, 't is He! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below!
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow,
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow.

570 PART IV. 7's. Advent Hymn, 575.
The coming of the Son of Man.

1 CHURCH of Christ! awake! arise!
Let not slumber seal your eyes;
Let nor joy, nor grief, nor fear,
Fill your heart, or close your ear:
For those clouds begin to roll
Which shall spread from pole to pole.

2 Church of Christ, like lightning's glance,
Flashing over heaven's expanse,
Shall the Son of Man appear—
Watch and mark! the hour is near:
Blessed ye who then are taken—
Woe to those who are forsaken.

571 PART I. L. M. St. Paul's, 246.
The books opened. Rev. xx. 12.

1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Awed by the Judge's high command:
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with the important fates of men!
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the Judge will here regard.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve:
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

571 PART II. S. M. Melchbourne, 412.
Preparation for judgment.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:

2 Do thou our souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

3 To pray, and wait the hour,—
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down.

4 Oh, may we still be found
Obedient to thy word,
And waiting for the trumpet's sound,
Which marks thy coming, Lord!

5 Do thou through grace ensure
Our lot among the bless'd,
That, found in thee, we may secure
Thine everlasting rest.

571 PART III. 7.7.4. Berners-st. 571.
And afterward, &c. Ps. lxxiii. 24.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows;
Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre;
Dwell for ever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I 'll trace my pilgrim way;
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

4 And when mighty trumpets blown
Shall the judgment's dawn proclaim,
From the central burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransom'd,
Judge and Saviour, own my name.

572 PART I. S. M. Aynhoe, 108.
The final sentence and misery of the wicked. DODDRIDGE.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And, thro' the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?

3 'Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came.'

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear:
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

572 PART II. 113th. Dies Iræ, 545.
Prayer for deliverance in the judgment. Matt. xxii. 44.

1 THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall wake the nations under ground:
Where then, my God, shall I be found?
When all shall stand before thy throne;
When thou shalt make their sentence known;
And all thy righteous judgment own!

2 Thou, who for sinners felt such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Who did for us its curse sustain,
By all that man's redemption cost,
Let not my trembling soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror toss'd.

3 Give me in that dread day a place
Among thy chosen, faithful race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace:
Trembling, before thy throne I bend;
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

573 PART I. C. M. Canterbury, 199.
The final sentence and happiness of the righteous. DODDRIDGE.

1 ATTEND, my ear; my heart rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.

2 When sinners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driven;
His voice with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heaven:

'Blest of my Father, all draw near,
Receive the great reward;
And rise with raptures to possess
The kingdom love prepared.

'Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
His sovereign purpose wrought,
And rear'd those palaces divine,
To which you now are brought.

'There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
Protected by my power;
While sin and death, and pains and cares,
Shall vex your souls no more.'

Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,
This jubilee proclaim!
And teach us language fit to praise
So great, so dear a name.

573 PART II. 8.7.7. Response, 558.
All them also that love him.
2 Tim. iv. 8. KELLY.

WELCOME sight, the Lord descending,
Jesus in the cloud appears;
Lo! the Saviour comes intending
Now to dry his people's tears.
Lo! the Saviour comes to reign,
Welcome to his waiting train.

Long they mourn'd their absent Master,
Long they felt like men forlorn,
Bid the seasons fly still faster,
While they sigh'd for his return.
Lo! the period comes at last,
All their sorrows now are past.

Now from home no longer banish'd,
They are going to their rest;
Tho' the heaven and earth are vanish'd,
With their Lord they shall be blest:
Blest with him his saints shall be,
Blest through all eternity.

Happy people! grace unbounded!
Grace alone exalts you thus;
Be ashamed and be confounded,
Sing for ever 'Not to us,
Not to us be glory given,
Glory to the God of heaven.'

574 L.M. Portugal, 97. Osnaburgh, 332.
Come, Lord Jesus. WATTS.

1 WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt!—a heavy load!

2 Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains!
Let the eternal pillars bow!
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow!

4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom!
Come, thou, the soul of all our joys!
Thou, the Desire of Nations, come!

5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.

575 PART I. 8.7.4. Westbury, 51.
Lo, He cometh!

1 LO! He cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead!
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See the great exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
Through the eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds:
They who pierced him
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints, behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

4 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy!
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ!'
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

5 Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King;
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing:
Hallelujah!
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

575 PART II. L.M. Dies Iræ, 545.
The last day. SIR W. SCOTT.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinners' stay,
Tho' earth and heaven shall pass away.

575 PART III. 11.10. Gravesend, 567.
The same.

1 LORD! who shall bear that day—so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy angel hovering o'er
This sinful world with hand to heaven extended,
And hear him swear by thee, That time 's no more?
When earth shall feel thy fast-consuming ray,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?

2 When through the world thy awful call hath sounded,
Wake, O ye dead, to judgment; wake, ye dead.
And from the clouds by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head,
While earth and heaven before him pass away,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?

3 When with a glance th' eternal Judge shall sever
The unbelievers from the pure and bright,
And say to *those*, 'Depart from me for ever;'
To *these*, 'Come, dwell with me in endless light:'
When each and all in silence take their way,
Who, mighty God, oh! who shall bear that day?

4 Lord, those shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
Whose sins are by thy merits cover'd o'er,
Who, when thy hand of mercy was extended,
Believed, obey'd, and own'd thy gracious power:
These, mighty God, shall see without dismay
The earth and heaven before them pass away.

576 PART I. 8.7.4. Helmsley, 223.

Judgment. OLIVER.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain:
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away.

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

6 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take thy power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come.

576 PART II. 8.7.4. Calvary, 297.

Groans of the creation. COLLYER.

1 HARK! the groans of the creation
Loud on every side arise,
Waiting for the consummation
Of redemption from the skies;
Day of glory
Break upon our longing eyes!

2 'T is the general voice of nature,
Travailing again in birth;
'T is the death-cry of the creature,
Rising from the ruin'd earth;
Sin triumphant,
Death has still'd the strains of mirth.

3 Christians cannot plead exemption
From the universal woe;
Sleeping dust waits its redemption
From the caves of death below;
Then perfection,
Heaven's adopted sons shall know.

4 Saviour, this illustrious morning
Bid upon the nations rise;
Now we see its day-spring dawning
Brightly in the distant skies:
Hear thy people—
Hear the whole creation's cries!

576 PART III. 8.8.6. Westh. Leigh, 278.

Coming of the Judge. MEDLEY.

1 JOIN all who love the Saviour's name,
His boundless glories to proclaim,
And sound his praise abroad,
He comes, a dying world to bless,
With all the riches of his grace:
All hail, Incarnate God!

2 He stoop'd from glory's blissful height,
Bless'd a dark world with heavenly light,
And bore our ponderous load:
He gave his life a sacrifice,
And rose triumphant to the skies,
The great Incarnate God.

3 Again in awful pomp he 'll come,
Shake the wide earth, and rouse the tomb,
That gloomy, dark abode:
Assembled worlds shall then appear,
And at his bar their sentence hear;
Their Judge—the Incarnate God!

4 While his proud enemies, that day,
Shall faint with terror and dismay,
And tremble at his rod;
May we with joy behold his face,
And sing, in heaven, the glorious grace
Of our Incarnate God!

577 PART I. 8.7.4. Helmsley, 223.

The day of judgment. NEWTON.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, 'This God is mine!'
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine!

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
'Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part.'

But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, 'Come near, ye blessed!
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.'

Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise!
May we triumph,
When the world is in a blaze.

577 PART II. 8.8.6. Resurrection, 568.
Death and judgment. COLLYER.

DEATH reigns beneath, with tyrant sway,
The body waits the long delay,
In dust disgraced it lies:
The worm shall o'er corruption creep
Till Jesus break the silent sleep,
And bid it glorious rise.

While thunders shake creation's frame,
Loud bursts the shout—the glad acclaim
Of dust from death restored;
The throne is set—the Judge ascends—
And earth with heaven her homage blends,
To hail him Sovereign Lord.

Judgment proceeds—th' award is given—
His friends assign'd to seats in heaven—
His foes to endless pains:
Behold a new creation rise—
And light unclouded fills the skies,
Where our Redeemer reigns.

577 PART III. 8.7.7. Durante, 572.
Blessing and honour, &c. Rev. v. 13.

JESUS, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and quickens saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps we 'll sing—
'Glory, glory to our King.'

578 PART I. C. M. Canterbury, 199.
The last judgment. S. STENNETT.

1 HE comes! he comes! to judge the world,
Aloud the archangel cries!
While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightnings cleave the skies.

2 The affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes:
The slumbering tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.

3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.

5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his victories tell:
Lo, in his hand the Conqueror bears
The keys of death and hell:

6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,
And, at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures, round his feet,
In solemn silence stand.

7 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dared his grace reject,
And they who dared presume.

8 'Depart, ye sons of vice and sin!'
The injured Jesus cries;
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.

9 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace!

10 'Well done, my good and faithful sons,
The children of my love!
Receive the sceptres, crowns, and thrones,
Prepared for you above.'

578 PART II. L. M. Duke-st., 557.
Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, &c. 2 Thess. i. 7. BP. HEBER.

1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness he came,—
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind!

4 Can this be he, who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
'Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!'
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, 'The Lord is come!'

578 PART III. L. M. Luton, 30.

The chaff and wheat separated.

1 THE church in all her glory here,
Mix'd and imperfect doth appear;
Sinners and saints together meet,
The chaff lies mingled with the wheat.

2 But a dividing day will come,
And hypocrites must hear their doom;
'Depart, accursed, to endless woe,
Prepared for devils and for you.'

3 Lord, may I then exulting stand
Among the sheep at thy right hand,
Before the angels stand confest,
And hear thy lips proclaim me blest.

578 PART IV. 112th. Simeon's S. 438.

The wheat and tares.

1 THOUGH in the outward church below
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up:
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 'T will aggravate their sorrows there
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long among the wheat they grew:
For soon, &c.

3 Most awful truth! and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
Is every soul a wheat or tare?
Then for the harvest O prepare:
For soon, &c.

578 PART V. 11's. Geard, 156.

The hypocrite and disobedient condemned.

1 JEHOVAH hath spoken!
The nations shall hear;
From the east to the west
Shall his glory appear;
With thunders and tempest
To judgment he 'll come;
And all men before him
Shall wait for their doom.

2 The formal professor;
The saint but in name;
Where now will he cover
His guilt and his shame,
When his sin long conceal'd
Shall be blazon'd abroad,
And his conscience shall echo
The sentence of God?

3 Woe—woe to the sinners!
To what shall they trust?
In the day of God's vengeance,
The holy and just!
How meet all the terrors
That flame in his path,
When the mountain shall melt
At the glance of his wrath!

4 O God, ere the day
Of thy mercy be past,
With trembling our souls
On that mercy we cast:
O guide us in wisdom;
For aid we implore;
Till, saved with thy people,
Thy grace we adore.

578 PART VI. P. M. Luther's Hy. 301.

The end of all things. LUTHER.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead, which they contain'd before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding:
And meet their Saviour in the skies,
With joy his throne surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

578 PART VII. 8. 7. 6. Passover, 530.

The saint's confidence in the day of judgment. C. WESLEY.

1 STAND the omnipotent decree;
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man,
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck:

Lo, the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void:
Sees this universe renew'd;
The grand millenial reign begun,
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, or sword:
Listening for the call divine,
The last trumpet of the seven:
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

579 PART I. 8.8.6. Westb. Leigh, 278.
Longing for a place at the Judge's right hand.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

579 PART II. L. M. Coombs's, 45.
Longing to meet the Judge.

1 THE Saviour comes,—a mighty cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph down;
The trumpet sounds, it summons loud,
And angels shout his high renown.

2 O could I hope my guilty soul
Might share the honours of that day,
Then let thine awful chariot roll,
I'll fly to meet thee on thy way.

579 PART III. P. M. Solemnity, 541.
Judgment anticipated.

1 O THERE will be mourning
Before the judgment seat,
When this world is burning
Beneath Jehovah's feet.
Friends and kindred then shall part,
Shall part, to meet no more;
Wrath consume the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore!

2 O there will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat,
When the trumpet pealing
The sinner's ear shall greet:
Friends and kindred, &c.

3 O there will be mourning
Before the judgment-seat,
When, from dust returning,
The lost their doom shall meet:
Friends and kindred, &c.

4 O there will be mourning
Before the judgment seat;
Justice, awful frowning,
Shall seal the sinner's fate:
Friends and kindred, &c.

579 PART IV. 148th. Resurrection, 72.
Peace in the prospect of judgment. DODDRIDGE.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke,
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure,
And stedfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same,
In radiant lines,
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

579 PART V. 112th. Dixon's, 569.
The last trumpet. COLLYER.

1 HARMONIOUS swells the joyful strain
To him who died, and rose to reign,
Jesus, who lives our cause to plead,
Whose voice shall call us from the dead;
When the last trumpet sounds—the just
Shall rise triumphant o'er the dust.

2 Though in the grave they silent lie,
They shall come forth, no more to die;
The body waits the final hour,
That shows the great Redeemer's power:
When the last, &c.

3 Now seated on his glorious throne
He soon will come to claim his own;
Soon shall they join his countless train,
Nor sin, nor death afflict again.
When the last, &c.

4 Fly time, away, with rapid wings,
And hasten on the hour that brings
The Saviour, clothed with power and grace,
And saints shall see him face to face—
When the last, &c.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

580 PART I. C. M. London, 180.

Hell, the sinner's own place.
Acts i. 25. DR. RYLAND.

1 LORD! when I read the traitor's doom,
To his own place consign'd,
What holy fear, and humble hope,
Alternate fill my mind!

2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
But saved by matchless grace,
Or else the lowest, hottest hell
Had surely been my place.

3 Thither I was by law adjudged,
And thitherward rush'd on;
And there in my eternal doom
Thy justice might have shone.

4 But, lo! (what wondrous, matchless love!)
I call a place my own,
On earth, within the gospel sound,
And at thy gracious throne.

5 A place is mine among thy saints,
A place at Jesus' feet,
And I expect in heaven a place
Where saints and angels meet.

6 Blest Lamb of God! thy sovereign grace
To all around I 'll tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
Whose just desert was hell.

580 PART II. S. M. Mornington, 47.

Death of a sinner. BEDDOME.

1 DEATH! 'tis an awful word,
And fills the mind with fear;
But joyful is a dying bed,
If thou, O God, art near!

2 Let but my numerous sins
Behind thy back be cast,
The poisonous sting of death is gone,
The bitterness is past.

3 To unbelieving man
Wrath quickly follows death;
The dreaded portion he receives,
When he resigns his breath.

4 But let sufficient grace
In my last hours be given,
'T will spread a lustre over death,
And be the dawn of heaven.

580 PART III. L. M. Kingsbridge, 88.

Art thou become like unto us?
Isa. xiv. 10. DR. RYLAND.

1 LOOK down, my soul, on hell's domains,
That world of agony and pains!
What crowds are now associate there,
Of widely different character.

2 [What wretched ghosts are met below,
Some once so great, so little now;
So gay, so sad, so rich, so poor;
Now scorn'd by those they scorn'd before.]

3 Some thither sink, whose awful fall
Must even hell itself appal;
Its legions scarce believe their eyes,
And e'en lost souls feel strange surprise.

4 So Babel's king, as down he went,
All hell was moved at the event;
And lesser tyrants gone before
Rose up to meet him at the door.

5 His very slaves, indignant, see
Him now as weak as they could be:
With hellish triumph greet him thus,
'Art thou become like one of us?'

6 More dreadful still must heathens greet
Christians in name, whom there they meet;
Sunk lower than themselves in woe,
Though once to heaven exalted so.

7 O were it not for grace divine,
This case so dreadful had been mine!
Hell gaped for me! but, Lord, thy hand
Snatch'd from the fire the kindling brand.

8 And now, though wrath was my desert,
I hope to share a better part;
But heaven must wonder, sure, to see
A sinner enter, vile as me.

9 O grace, rich grace, delightful theme!
All heaven shall echo with the same;
While angels greet a sinner thus—
'Art thou become like one of us?'

581 PART I. L. M. Sheffield, 39.

Sinners admonished. WATTS.

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly.

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner! on the Gospel plains
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

581 PART II. L. M. Simeon's Song, 438.

Fleeing from the wrath to come.
Gen. xix. 5. COLLYER.

1 HASTE, traveller, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone!

The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou far off from home and rest:
Haste, traveller, haste.

O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the life, and Christ the way,
And Christ the light; the setting sun
Sinks ere the morning is begun:
Haste, traveller, haste.

Awake, awake! pursue thy way
With steady course while yet 'tis day:
While thou art sleeping on the ground,
Danger and darkness gather round!
Haste, traveller, haste.

The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near:
Haste, traveller, haste.

O yes, a shelter you may gain;
A covert from the wind and rain;
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come:
Haste, traveller, haste.

Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee—speed thee on thy way:
Haste, traveller, haste.

Poor, lost benighted soul, art thou
Willing to find salvation now?
There yet is hope, hear mercy's call,—
Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all:
Haste to Him, haste.

581 PART III. L. M. Stirling, 317.
The same.

TO fields of fire, or thrones of day,
Each hour accelerates our way;
But who among us—conscience, tell,—
Shall with devouring burnings dwell?

Jesus, I hasten from the pit,
And fall a suppliant at thy feet;
Well I deserve the dreadful flame,
But oh, my refuge is thy name.

For sinners, Lord, thou camest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner, vile indeed;
Yet saving grace is rich and free,
O magnify that grace in me.

581 PART IV. P. M. Connecticut, 543.
The wanderer invited.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery;
Return, return.

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the bride say, Come;
O now for refuge flee;
Return, return.

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day;
Return, return.

581 PART V. C. M. Abridge, 201.
The same. HART.

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent—thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, is not far;
Oh, think before you die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save,
Thy sins,—how high they mount;
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To heaven—or to hell!

4 Thy body, now thy chiefest care,
Corruption shall consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb!

5 To-day, the gospel calls: to-day,
Sinner! it speaks to you!—
Repent—believe—at its command,
And life and heaven pursue!

581 PART VI. C. M. Devizes, 14.
The same. HARBOTTLE.

1 SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands
Beneath the owner's frown:
The axe is lifted in his hands,
To cut the cumberer down.

2 'Year after year, I come,' he cries,
'And still no fruit is shown;
Nothing but empty leaves arise,
Then cut the cumberer down.

3 'The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
Shall make my justice known;
Each bough shall tremble at the shock,
Which cuts the cumberer down.'

4 Sinner, beware!—the axe of death
Is raised and aim'd at thee:
Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath—
Beware, O barren tree!

5 If heedless when thy Maker calls,
Then comes the deadly aim;
He smites—at once the sinner falls
To hell's eternal flame.

581 PART VII. 7's. St. Andrew's, 502.
The voice of conscience.
WATERBURY.

1 SINNER, is thy heart at rest?
Is thy bosom void of fear?
Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?
Speaks not conscience in thine ear?

2 Can this world afford thee bliss?
Can it chase away thy gloom?
Flattering, false, and vain it is;
Tremble at the worldling's doom.

Long the gospel thou hast spurn'd,
Long delay'd to love thy God,
Stifled conscience, nor hast turn'd,
Wooed though by a Saviour's blood.

4 Think, O sinner, on thy end,
See the judgment-day appear,
Thither must thy spirit wend,
There thy righteous sentence hear.

5 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
To a Saviour's blood apply;
He alone can make thee whole,
Fly to Jesus, sinner, fly.

582 PART I. L.M. Luton, 30.

Awake, thou that sleepest. HART.

1 AWAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear the God of Israel speak:
His word is faithful, firm, and true:
Sinners attend, He speaks to you.

2 'Mercy and vengeance in me dwell,
One lifts to heaven, one casts to hell;
My favour 's more than life; my wrath
Will burn beyond the bounds of death.'

3 Short is the space, and death must come;
And after death the day of doom;
When quick and dead the Judge shall call,
And deal their due deserts to all.

4 Fix'd is their everlasting state,
Could man repent, 't is then too late;
Justice has closed mercy's door,
And God's long-suffering is no more.

5 'T is now the gospel message sent,
Commands repentance; now repent;
Wisely be warn'd, to refuge run,
The Father serve, adore the Son.

6 In Christ receive the gift of God,
Complete redemption through his blood,
Mercy triumphant, sin forgiven,
And everlasting life in heaven.

582 PART II. L.M. Wareham, 117.

The rich man and Lazarus. Luke xvi. 25. DODDRIDGE.

1 IN what confusion earth appears!—
God's dearest children bathed in tears;
While they who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end;
That end, how different! who can tell
The wide extremes of heaven and hell?

3 See the red flames around him twine
Who did in gold and purple shine:
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abraham's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
The meanest of thy servants' fare;
May I approach at last to taste
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

582 PART III. 8.7. Dunchurch, 534.

Some to everlasting life, and some to shame. Dan. xii. 2.

WHILE conscious sinners tremble
To hear the trumpet sound,
That bids the dead assemble
The judgment-seat around;
Oh then, among that number,
May we the call obey,
Who burst the bands of slumber,
To view a glorious day!

583 PART I. C.M. Otford, 106.

The joys of heaven. STEELE.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
The exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in the blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

583 PART II. 8.7.4. Constance, 451.

They ascended up to heaven. Rev. xi. 12.

1 WHAT a glorious destination,
Christians, will be yours at last,
When the waves of tribulation,
Breaking o'er your souls, have past,
And triumphant
Ye shall hear the signal blast!

2 Oh look up! 'mid coming danger
Christ will never let you fall;
He who bought you is no stranger,
Christ will prove your All in all!
Everlasting
Is your strong 'munition wall.'

3 As Elijah's car of glory,
Hovering o'er a world of woe,
Snatch'd him, with contention weary,
From the fierce inveterate foe,
All resplendent
With the beams of heaven's own glow;

So 'mid enemies victorious,
When last hopes of aid shall end,
Will Christ's witnesses, 'all glorious,'
In a cloud to heaven ascend;
And for ever [Friend.
Dwell with him, their King, their

583 PART III. 8.8.7. Cadiz, 570.
So shall we ever be, &c.
1 Thess. iv. 17.

FOR ever to behold him shine,
For evermore to call him mine,
And see him still before me;
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembled rays,
While all the Father he displays
To all the saints in glory!

Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here—
What must it be in heaven!
'T is heaven on earth to hear him say,
As now I journey day by day,
'Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven.'

But how must his celestial voice
Make my enraptured heart rejoice,
When I in glory hear him!
While I before the heavenly gate
For everlasting entrance wait,
And Jesus on his throne of state
Invites me to come near him.

'Come in, thou blessed, sit by me;
With my own life I ransom'd thee;
Come, taste my perfect favour:
Come in, thou happy spirit, come;
Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay for ever.'

584 PART I. C.M. Cambridge New, 74.
The promised land. STENNETT.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Oh the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day!
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away.

584 PART II. 11's. Mozart's, 461.
The pilgrim's song. LYTE.

MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I tremble when trials are near? [come
Be hush'd, my dark spirit, the worst that can
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or building my hopes in a region like this:
I look for a city that hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy,
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for them all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I 'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

584 PART III. P.M. Lincoln, 565.
The pilgrim's rest. KELLY.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a tear for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'T is found above—in heaven!

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'T is fair as breath of even:
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the weary head,
And find repose in heaven!

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven!

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven:
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven!

584 PART IV. S.M. Farnham, 421.
The same. MONTGOMERY.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

3 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around 'the second death!'

4 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.

5 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

584 PART V. 8's. Liverpool New, 497.
O that I had wings, &c. Ps. lv. 6.

1 O HAD I the wings of a dove,
I 'd make my escape and be gone;
I 'd mix with the spirits above,
Who encompass yon heavenly throne;

2 I 'd fly from all labour and toil
To the place where the weary have rest;
I 'd haste from contention and broil,
To the peaceful abode of the bless'd.

3 How happy are they who no more
Have to fear the assaults of the foe!
Arrived on the heavenly shore,
They have left all their conflicts below.

4 Around that magnificent throne
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing his praise.

5 But no, my desire is not good,
Impatience, not faith, is its source,
While he who redeem'd me with blood,
Still says to me, 'Carry the cross.'

6 Ah, Lord, let me think of the day
When thou wast 'rejected of men,'
And put the base wish far away,
And never be fearful again.

584 PART VI. S. M. Reuben, 328.
Rest and glory. KELLY.

1 THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward,
The prize will there be given.

2 'T is conflict here below;
'T is triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe,
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'T is gloom and darkness here;
'T is light and joy above:
There all is pure and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care;
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing;
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

584 PART VII. L. M. Job, 474.
Christian vigilance. COLLYER.

1 WITH loins begirt, with staff in hand,
A ready pilgrim I would stand;
At God's command prepared to go,
And part with all things here below.

2 With lamp refresh'd, with steady light,
Beaming pure splendour on the night,
I would, obedient to thy word,
Await the call to meet my Lord.

3 Prepare me for the signal high,
The sudden shout—the midnight cry,
The trump of God—th' archangel's voice,
The blazing heaven's departing noise.

4 O day of fears, the sinner's dread,
Fix'd for the living and the dead,
When it shall kindle in the skies,
Let it not take me by surprise!

584 PART VIII. L. M. Rushden, 468.
Strangers seeking a better land.
1 Chron. xxix. 15. MRS. WHITTEMORE.

1 A PILGRIM in this world of woe,
A stranger in this vale of tears;
Why should the world delight me so,
Or fill me with a thousand fears?

2 O while I with the pilgrim band
Remain a sojourner below,
I 'll keep in view that better land,
The home where all the righteous go.

584 PART IX. 8. 7. Carl, 445.
The ascent to heaven. LEE.

1 SEE the Captain of salvation
Lead his armies up the sky;
Rise above the conflagration;
Leave the world to burn and die.

2 Lo, I see the fair immortals
Enter to the blissful seats;
Glory opens wide her portals,
And the Saviour's train admits—

3 All the chosen of the Father,
All for whom the Lamb was slain,
All the church appear together,
Wash'd from every sinful stain.

4 His dear smile the place enlightens
More than thousand suns could do;
All around, his presence brightens,
Changeless, yet for ever new.

5 Blessed state! beyond conception!
Who its vast delights can tell?
May it be my blissful portion,
With my Saviour there to dwell.

585 PART I. 50th. Old Fiftieth, 233.
Heaven. J. STRAPHAN.

1 ON wings of faith, mount up, my soul, and rise,
View thine inheritance beyond the skies;
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell
What endless pleasures in those mansions dwell.
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling tear.
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides:
Here the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears.
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No rising sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays:
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires;—
Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires;
When shall I at thy heavenly home arrive,—
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

585 Part II. C. M. Leicester, 380.
Heaven anticipated.

1 TOO long, alas, I vainly sought
For happiness below,
But earthly joys, though dearly bought,
No solid good bestow.

2 At length, thro' sovereign grace, I found
The good and promised land,
Where milk and honey flow around,
And grapes in clusters stand.

3 As I have tasted of the grapes,
I sometimes long to go
Where my dear Lord his vineyard keeps,
And all the clusters grow.

4 And can I long, and taste the fruit,
And Canaan be denied?
No, those who taste the fruits of grace
Must all be glorified.

585 Part III. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.
The heavenly Jerusalem.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

585 Part IV. C. M. Charmouth, 28.
The heavenly Canaan. BARBAULD.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.

3 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.

4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And, while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.

5 Lord, purge our mortal dross away,
Assist our race to run,
That we may die to earth and sense,
And find our heaven begun.

585 Part V. 7. 6. Dunkirk, 395.
Looking forward.

1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upwards our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite delight.

3 'T is true, we are but strangers,
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go:
Though painful and distressing
Yet there is a rest above;
And onward still we 're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

585 Part VI. 112th. Attercliffe, 429.
The land of love. GRINFIELD.

1 THE stormy voyage of life is o'er;
And, every pain and peril past,
The saint has gain'd that heavenly shore,
Where still his hope its anchor cast:

—Oh, land of love! oh, clime of bliss!
Let nought divide my heart from this.

2 Now, well-tried faith has done its part;
Nor needs he patient hope above:
He bids them glad farewell: his heart
Has place for nought save bliss and love:
—Oh, land of love! &c.

3 There, with what love, dear friends he greets,
Some following soon, some gone before!
There, with what bliss, his kindred meets,
Meets them where kindred part no more!
—Oh, land of love! &c.

4 There beams, all-glorious, on his view,
'Mid countless saints with angels mix'd,
Jesus, to whom his heaven is due,
Jesus, on whom his faith was fix'd!
—Oh, land of love! &c.

585 Part VII. 104th. Hanover, 130.

The night cometh. COLLYER.

1 THE day is far spent, the evening is nigh,
When we must lay down the body and die;
Great God, we surrender our dust to thy care,
But oh, for the summons, our spirit prepare.

2 The hours that remain, oh, with us abide,
And in the dark vale of death be our guide;
Through life's weary journey thou still hast been near,
And in our last moments, Lord, for us appear.

3 We die to obtain a seat with the blest;
A freedom from pain, a mansion of rest;
We see, not regretting, the shadows arise,
The sun of life setting, and night on the skies.

4 Though stormy the night, though starless the skies,
Extinguish'd all light, and death on our eyes,
An unclouded morning shall rise on the tomb,
Before whose bright dawning shall vanish its gloom.

5 O day long foretold, when wilt thou appear?
Thy approach we behold with hope and with fear!
O righteous Judge, spare us, from sin set us free,
And daily prepare us to stand before thee.

585 Part VIII. 8's. Arundel New, 498.

Longing for heaven. COWPER.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour! whom absent I love;
Whom not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

3 Break off, then, these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—

5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd,
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

6 And then never more shall the fears,
And trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose!

7 Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They'll be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

8 The stroke which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

585 Part IX. L. M. Hamburgh, 340.

The same. BOWRING.

1 O LET me turn to heaven my eye,
Heaven is my portion, is my home,
And steering onward hopefully,
Welcome with joy the harb'ring tomb.

2 Thus in the ways of holiness
Let all my days roll sweetly past,
And if a tear—a tear of peace
Shall tremble in my eye at last—

3 Enough to think that I am thine,
Enough for sorrow's darkest hour,
If I may call thee, claim thee mine,
God of my life, I ask no more.

4 Father, O let thy light, thy love
Guard to his tomb thy wanderer;
And when his spirit soars above,
Be it his bliss to serve thee there.

585 Part X. L. M. Oswestry, 514.

Meetness for heaven. Matt. v. 8. MONTGOMERY.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create;
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

3 A life in heaven! O what is this?
The sum of all that faith believed:
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathom'd, unconceived.

4 While thrones, dominions, princedoms, powers,
And saints, made perfect, triumph thus,
A goodly heritage is ours,—
There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word!
In these our Saviour's steps we trace:
By this his living voice is heard.

6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above!

586 PART I. C. M. Jerusalem, 379.
Happiness approaching.
Rom. xiii. 11. DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes—
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!

Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

586 PART II. L. M. Portugal, 97.
The rest above. STALLYBRASS.

THERE yet remains a rest above,
Whose hours, not flowing on so fast,
Afford full views of heavenly love:
That glorious rest will ever last.

Here imperfection, sin, and care
Annoy and discompose the mind;
There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
Our sins and sorrows left behind.

Oh! if 'tis sweet, while here below,
T' obtain a glimpse of Jesu's grace,
What must the rapturous vision be
To gaze for ever on his face!

586 PART III. 8's. Israel, 94.
The year of release is at hand.

THE year of release is at hand:
What rapture the thought should convey!
To Canaan's fair beautiful land,
Sweet angels, come bear me away.

Oh, why must I lingering stay
Where no satisfaction I find?
Had I wings, I would hasten away,
And leave all that 's mortal behind.

Confined like a bird to its cage,
My soul would fain rise on the wing;
I long with the saints to engage
In a concert of praise to my King.

The year of release is at hand,
Why should I of troubles complain?
Adieu—in the promised land
You never shall vex me again.

The bondage of sin there is o'er,
The fury of Satan shall cease,
The world shall perplex me no more,
O hasten the year of release.

6 But who this release can convey
To bondmen and slaves such as we
Gethsemane, Calvary,—say,
"'T is Jesus who died on the tree.'

7 Then help us to wait for the day,
And each in his duty to stand;
But whisper, sweet Spirit, and say,
'The year of release is at hand.'

586 PART IV. 8. 7. Felicity, 535.
The weary be at rest. Job iii. 17

1 WHEN the world my heart is rending
With its heaviest storms of care,
My glad thoughts to God ascending,
Find a refuge from despair.

2 There 's a hand of mercy near me,
Though the waves of trouble roar;
There 's an hour of rest to cheer me,
When the toils of life are o'er.

3 Happy hour! when saints are gaining
That bright crown they long'd to wear:
Not one spot of sin remaining,
Not one pang of earthly care.

4 Oh, to rest in peace for ever,
Join'd with happy souls above;
Where no foe my heart can sever
From the Saviour whom I love.

5 This the hope that shall sustain me
Till life's pilgrimage be past;
Fears may vex, and troubles pain me;
I shall reach my home at last.

587 PART I. L. M. Martin's Lane, 67.
The worship of heaven. STEELE.

1 O FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2 There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head;
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the favourites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

587 PART II. 11. 8. Calne, 69.

The blissful society above. FOUNTAIN.

1 HOW bright is the prospect the saint has in view,
Let present things be as they may:
Omnipotent mercy shall bring him quite thro',
And guide him to regions of day.

2 Alas! sin and sorrow attend him while here,
And frequently injure his peace;
But faith beholds now the sweet season as near,
That brings him a final release.

3 With rapture he 'll mount his celestial abode,
His spirit find pleasure and rest;
With ecstasy bask in the smiles of his God,
Partaking the joys of the blest.

4 With patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and those
Who sealed the truth with their blood;
Whose unsubdued courage astonish'd their foes,
And forced them to glorify God.

5 United with these, he shall hear them relate
The tale of their sufferings below;
The conflicts and toils of their militant state,
How grace had supported them through.

6 When this having heard, he rehearses to them
The mazes through which he has trod;
From great tribulation by grace how he came,
And reach'd the fair city of God.

7 Now all strike their harps, and one chorus they raise;
Salvation by grace is their theme;
Thanksgiving, and honour, and blessing, and praise,
And glory to God and the Lamb.

587 PART III. 7's. Theodora, 346. Victory, 563.*

The redeemed in heaven. DE COURCY.

1 WHO are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?

2 These are they who bore the cross,
Faithful to their Master died,
Suffer'd in his righteous cause,
Followers of the Crucified.

3 Out of great distress they came,
And their robes by faith below,
In the blood of Christ the Lamb,
They have wash'd as white as snow.

4 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er:
They have all their sufferings pass'd,
Hunger now and thirst no more.

5 He that on the throne doth reign
Them for evermore shall feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead.

6 He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply;
God himself, the God of love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

* When this tune is sung, the following chorus is to be added to each verse:

"Victory! victory!
Oh, how happy they must be
Who have gain'd the victory!"

587 PART IV. 7's. Jubilee, 403.

The heavenly Jerusalem. RAFFLES.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.
Glad within these blest abodes
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Immanuel's love

2 Once indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears—
These, alas, full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way;
Oft on them the tempest blew
Through the long and cheerless day.

3 Oft their vileness they deplored,
Wills perverse and hearts untrue,
Grieved they had not loved the Lord,
Loved, as they had wish'd to do;
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

4 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

587 PART V. 8's. Potsdam, 319.

Death overcome. COLLYER.

1 YE saints, who once languish'd below,
But long since have enter'd your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.
The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Has buried my guilt and my fears,
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

2 O sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done:
The blush that spreads over its west—
The last lingering ray of its sun.
Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

3 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart-strings shall break;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew this pale cheek.

No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave,
The sunbeam of life as it sets
Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

587 PART VI. L. M. Coombs, 45.
Happiness in heaven. BERRIDGE.

O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An open'd cage to let them fly,
And build their happy nest on high.

3 And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

4 He cheers them with eternal smile,
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelm'd with raptures sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

5 Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

587 PART VII. 8.7.7. Response, 558.
Blessed are the dead, &c. KELLY.

HARK! a voice it cries from heaven,
Happy in the Lord who die;
Happy they to whom 't is given
From a world of grief to fly:
They indeed are truly blest,
From their labours then they rest.

2 All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo, they dwell with Christ above;
Oh, what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love:
Now they see him face to face,
Him who saved them by his grace.

3 'T is enough—enough for ever
In his people's bright reward,
They are blest indeed who never
Shall be absent from the Lord.
Oh that we may die like those
Who in Jesus find repose!

587 PART VIII. C. M. Arabia, 324.
Happiness of departed believers.
Rev. v. 9; xiv. 1—5. TOPLADY.

HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.

2 'Worthy the Lamb!' aloud they cry,
'That brought us here to God;'
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The merit of his blood.

3 With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past:
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

4 They follow the exalted Lamb
Where'er they see him go;
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.

5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise,
Through all the courts of heaven.

588 C. M. Cambridge New, 74.
The everlasting song.

1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long,
'T is time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs:—
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bound
Of time and space they run;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son.

6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's Equal down,
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within:)
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

8 But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs, a moment mourn
The God that loved and died.

9 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord,
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.]

10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my ear, my hand, my tongue,—
Here 's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

12 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

SHORT HYMNS & SINGLE VERSES.

BEFORE SERMON.

589 8.7.8.8. Olney, 575.
Public worship.
BICKERSTETH'S COLL.

GRANT us, Lord, thy gracious presence,
While we worship at thy throne;
Teach our souls important lessons—
Lessons learn'd of thee alone;
While we pray, and sing, and hear,
In the midst do thou appear,
Sin reproving, fear removing;
Light to all our minds impart;
Love convey to every heart.

590 C.M. Nativity, 522. Arabia, 324.
Prayer for edification.
John xi. 23. PRATT'S COLL.

1 POUR down thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here:
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in thee, the soul receives
New life, though dead before:
And he, who in thy name believes,
Shall live to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

591 L.M. Old 100th. Rushden, 468.
Hear thou in heaven, &c.
1 Kings viii. 30. MONTGOMERY.

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, 'Follow me.'

3 Command thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide!
One true eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd.

592 8.8.6. Westbury Leigh, 278.
You hath he quickened. Eph. ii. 1.

1 DESCEND, blest Spirit, source of light,
While here thy presence we invite,
Thine influence impart;
Grant us with faith thy word to hear,
Now give the attentive list'ning ear,
The understanding heart.

2 The 'dead in trespasses and sin,'
Raise by thy power to life divine,
Dissolve the captive's chain;
Strengthen the weak with inward might,
Restore the blinded eyes to sight,
Nor let us hear in vain.

593 L.M. Old 100th. New Court, 173.
I will satisfy her poor with bread.
Ps. cxxxii. 15. NEWTON.

1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows;
Behold us waiting to be fed,
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And satisfy thy poor with bread.

2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,
Athirst and hungry we are come;
Now, from the fulness of thy word,
Feast us, and send us thankful home.

594 L.M. Ulverston, 179.
Prayer for conversion. KELLY.

1 NOW may the Gospel's conquering power
Be felt by all assembled here!
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.

2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard:
Speak in the word, and speak with power;
So shall thy glorious name be fear'd,
By those who never fear'd before.

3 O pity those who live in sin,
And save them from the sinner's doom:
Open the ark, and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.

4 So shall thy people joyful be;
The angels, too, will louder sing:
And all ascribe the praise to thee,—
To thee the everlasting King.

595 8.7.4. Calvary, 297. Kelly's, 419.
Public worship. REED.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast taught us,
Lo, we come to seek thy face;
Now we wait within thy temple,
For the visits of thy grace:
Let thy presence
Fill and glorify the place.

2 Here thy name has been recorded,
Here thy promised blessing give:
For thy blessing, Lord, we languish,
It alone can make us live.
O then bless us!
Bless us now and evermore.

3 Hear our prayers, accept our praises,
In this all-auspicious hour:
May thy word to saint and sinner
Come in all its mighty power;
From its fulness
Grant us all a rich supply.

596 8.7.4. Constance, 451. Kelly's, 419.
Public worship. AMERICAN.

HAIL, ye days of solemn meeting!
Hail, ye days of praise and prayer!
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share:
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

Be thou near us, blessed Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same:
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame:
Blessed Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

When the fervent prayer is glowing,
Sacred Spirit, hear that prayer;
When the choral song is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear:
Sacred Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

Angel-bands! these scenes frequenting,
Often may your praises wake;
Oft may joy o'er souls repenting,
From your harps melodious break:
Oft may anthems
From your harps melodious break.

597 8.7. Benediction. New Zealand, 467.
For a blessing. Deut. xxxii. 2.

AS the dew, from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
Richly unto all fulfilling
What thy providence intends;
So may truth, divine and gracious,
To our waiting spirits prove;
Bless and make it efficacious
In the children of thy love!

Lord, behold this congregation;
All thy promises fulfil;
From thy holy habitation,
Let the dew of life distil:
Let our cry come up before thee,
Sweetest influence shed around;
So thy people shall adore thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

598 L.M. Morning Hymn, 398.
For the gift of the Holy Spirit.

GRACE from on high, O God, impart,
Grace in thy gospel to believe,
Grace to surrender our whole heart,
Grace all thy mercy to receive.

Convinced and humbled in the dust
Beneath the burden of our guilt,
We own thy law's dread sentence just,
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.

Thy Spirit witness with that blood,
And Christ our Saviour glorify,
While we as children born of God,
With rapture, 'Abba! Father!' cry.

599 8.7.8. Supplication, 583.
The same.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation:
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height, which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
Great Enlightener! shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination,
Rest upon this congregation.

600 L.M. Doversdale, 430.
Prayer for Zion's prosperity. W.

1 THOU Friend of sinners, hear our cry,
Send now, O send prosperity;
For this, like Jacob, Lord, we plead,
Like Israel, now may we succeed.

2 Answer the wrestling, fervent prayer,
Thy church now makes in faith and fear;
Thy cause revive, thy smiles impart,
To strengthen every fainting heart.

3 O let thine arm of power awake,
And careless sinners captive take;
Thy people's supplications hear,
And let success our spirits cheer.

601 8.6.5. Percy Chapel, 576.
For a blessing. W.

1 ALMIGHTY Saviour, gracious King,
Thy waiting people bless;
In this sacred hour,
With thy saving power,
Come, Lord, and reign in righteousness.

2 Let showers of blessing now descend,
To give thy word success;
May light, love, and joy,
In a full supply,
Each of thy servants now possess.

3 Thus while the heavenly seed is sown,
Give, Lord, the blest increase,
Healing grace impart
To each wounded heart,
And sinners turn to righteousness.

602 8.6. Sutherland, 577.
The same. W.

1 SAVIOUR of sinners, now we pray,
On us thy Spirit pour;
Be in thy people's midst to-day,
To clothe thy word with power;
Thy grace and mercy, Lord, display,
In this accepted hour.

2 And while thy servant shall proclaim
How full of grace thou art,
May the sweet accents of thy name
Soothe every stricken heart;
From bosoms fill'd with grief and shame
Bid every fear depart.

3 Almighty Saviour, sinner's friend,
Oh, hear our fervent cries:
That we thy word may comprehend,
And daily grow more wise,
May love and serve thee to the end,
Then to thy glory rise.

603 C. M. Wiltshire New, 425.

Invocation to the Holy Spirit. MONTGOMERY.

1 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light, to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire,—and purge our heart
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew,—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove,—and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

AFTER SERMON.

604 4. 7. 5. Nebo, 574.

Go in peace. Luke vii. 50. BICKERSTETH'S COLL.

SOME sweet savour of thy favour
Shed abroad in every heart;
Heavenward as to thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below,
Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

605 8. 7. 4. Ravenna, 505. Alma, 345.

I will not let, &c. Gen. xxxii. 26.

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour keep us,—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our best and lasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer;
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

606 S. M. Peckham, 7. Sarah, 393.

The word of God is quick, &c. Heb. iv. 12.

1 THY word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life,
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound;
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

607 8. 7. 4. 7. Olney, 575.

Show me a token for good. Psa. lxxxvi. 17.

OF thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain;
O direct us, and protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where thy people want no more.

608 7's. Ravensworth, 448.

The same. COLLYER.

GOD of Zion, on us pour
Heavenly comforts evermore;
Bless us with a large increase,
Sanctify and give us peace,
Guide our feet in all thy ways,
And preserve us all our days.

609 L. M. Old 100th. Portugal, 97.

For new-year's day. MEDLEY.

1 LORD, we are spared, and yet are found,
In thy own house, on praying ground;
Many are gone who near us stood,
Gone to the awful bar of God.

2 We'll think of time's uncertain date,
Consider our eternal state;
We'll think of our immortal soul,
Ere Jordan's waves around us roll.

3 Now soon in heaven, or soon in hell,
We shall with God or Satan dwell;
O may we, with intense desire,
To Christ, and grace, and heaven aspire.

4 Thus if, our pious race begun,
We in Jehovah's strength go on,
We need nor life nor death to fear,
'T will be to us a happy year.

HOSANNAS, CHORUSES, ETC.

610 6's. Manchester New, 578.
Hymn and chorus at parting.

COME, brethren, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name;
Join every tongue and heart,
T' adore and praise the Lamb.
Jesus, the sinner's Friend,
Him, whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end;
Praise Him for evermore.

Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesu's name,
In Jesu's name we part.
Jesus, &c.

If here we meet no more,
May we, in realms above,
With all the saints adore
Redeeming grace and love.
Jesus, &c.

611 P. M. Dismission, 305.
The same.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase.
Fill our hearts with consolation,
Unto thee our voices raise,
When we reach thy blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
And sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
For ever and ever, hallelujah, Amen.

612 7's. Jubilee, 403. Hal. Chorus.
Hallelujah. MONTGOMERY.

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'t is done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

613 104th. Hanover, 130.
Adoration. LORD GLENELG.

1 O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above!
O gratefully sing his unchangeable love!
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

4 O measureless might, ineffable love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

614 7.7.8.7. East Grinstead, 24.

HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till Thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hands and voices,
With blest anticipation;
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

615 104th. De Fleury's Hymn.
Glory to the Lamb. DE FLEURY.

1 COME, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet;
Come, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies

2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be paid,
Let crowns without number encircle his head;
Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,
Be ascribed evermore by angels of light.
Come, saints, and adore Him, &c.

616 11's. Daughter of Zion.
AMERICAN.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them,
Vain were their steeds, and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be:
Shout, for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

617 L. M. Madras, 573.

BISHOP HEBER.

1 HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing!
Hosanna, Lord, hosanna in the highest.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound:
Hosanna, Lord, &c.

3 Oh! Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this, thy house of prayer!
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim!
Hosanna, Lord, &c.

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord, &c.

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord, &c.

618 *A chorus to follow any appropriate hymn or doxology.*

HALLELUJAH, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen,
Amen, Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

619 7's. Endless Praise.

1 ENDLESS praises to our Lord,
Ever be his name adored;
Angels crown him, crown the Lamb;
He is worthy; praise his name.

2 Now adore him for his grace
To our guilty, fallen race;
Come, then, [Christians,] join to sing,
Glory to our God and king.

620 P. M. Choral Song.

HOSANNA, Christ is here,
Within these hallow'd walls;
Where the hymn of praise, the cry of [prayer,
On the great Jehovah calls;
And lisping childhood's willing tongue
Lifts high to heaven the choral song,—
Hosanna, Christ is here!

621 C. M. Hosanna to Christ.

SURREY CHAPEL COLL.

1 OUT of the mouths of very babes,
Thou hast ordained praise,
To sing thy power, thy grace, and love,
We now our voices raise.
Hosanna! to Christ, the God of grace,
Hosanna! hosanna!

2 Hosanna! still we'll cry aloud
To Christ enthroned on high;
May we at last surround the throne,
And hallelujah! cry.
Hallelujah! to Christ, the God of grace,
Hallelujah! Amen.

622 11's. Hosanna.

THY triumphs, Redeemer of men, we proclaim,
B boundless thine empire, eternal thy name;
We 'll praise thee on earth, and in glory again,
Sing loud hallelujahs, for ever, Amen.

623 7. 7. 7. 5. Fulham, 584.

A prayer to the Saviour.

1 LORD of mercy, and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

2 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then.
Jesus, hear and save.

624 5. 6. 8. 6. 9. Edinburgh, 581.

'TIS pleasant to sing
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in the valley we move;
'T will be pleasanter still
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour above.

625 10. 12. Stratford, 582.

1 O JESUS my hope, for me offer'd up, [top,
Who with clamour pursued thee to Calvary's
The blood thou hast shed, for me let it plead,
And declare thou hast died in the murderer's stead.

2 Now, now let me know its virtue below,
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Let it hallow my heart, and throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

626 7. 6. Spanish Chant.

Praise to the Deity.

1 PRAISE to the Lord most high,
Hallelujah, Amen.
Praise to our heavenly King,
Hallelujah, Amen.
By love and gratitude
Still be our hearts subdued,
Still be the song renew'd,
Hallelujah, Amen.

Praise to the Lord most high, Hal. &c.
Let every tongue reply, Hal. &c.
Our Father and our Friend,
On thee our joys depend,
Thy love will never end, Hal. &c.

Sing both with heart and voice, Hal. &c.
Sing, and in God rejoice, Hal. &c.
O Lord, each day we prove
Some token of thy love;
In thee we live and move, Hal. &c.

Praise yet the Lord again, Hal. &c.
Life shall not end the strain, Hal. &c.
For when this life is o'er,
This dust thou wilt restore,
Thy goodness to adore, Hal. &c.

627 P. M. The Ransom.

THE voice of free grace
Cries, Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race,
There is open'd a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness,
And every transgression,
Christ's blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who has bought us a pardon:
We 'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

Our Jesus proclaims
His name all victorious;
He reigns over all
His kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus our King,
The great congregation
With triumph will sing,
In ascribing salvation. Hal. &c.

On Zion we shall stand
When escaped to the shore;
With palms in our hands
We 'll praise him the more;
We 'll range the sweet plains
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever. Hal. &c.

628 8. 7. 8. Chos. to Handel's Theodora.

BLESSED be the Power who gave us,
Freely gave his Son to save us,
Bless'd the Son, who freely came,
Honour, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to God and to the Lamb.

DOXOLOGIES,

IN VARIOUS METRES.

629 112th. York Minster, 490.

He shall give you, &c. John xiv. 16.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This still may be our endless song;
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

630 112th. Hoxton, 121. Kerfitt's, 439.

DODDRIDGE.

SINCE God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glorious beyond all speech and thought,
Have jointly my salvation wrought;
I'll join them in my songs of praise,
Now and through heaven's eternal days.

631 L. M. Old 100th. Magdalen, 214.

BISHOP KEN.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

632 113th. Raby, 270. Dies Iræ, 545.

KEBLE.

1 CREATOR, Saviour, strengthening Guide,
Now on thy mercy's ocean wide,
Far out of sight we seem to glide;
Help us each hour, with steadier eye,
To search the deep'ning mystery,
And thus with blessed angels vie.

2 Eternal One, Almighty Trine,
(Since thou art ours, and we are thine,)
By all thy love did once resign,
By all the grace thy heavens still hide,
We pray Thee keep us at Thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide.

633 113th. Eaton, 291. Anniversary, 123.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

634 L. M. China, 300.

TO Father, Son, and Comforter,
One God, eternal thanks belong.
We but begin his praises here,
Heaven shall immortalize the song.

635 L. M. D. Haydn's Creation.

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! who left thy throne,
For man's rebellion to atone!—
Eternal Spirit! who dost give
That grace by which our spirits live!—
Thou God of our salvation! be
Eternal praises paid to thee!

636 L. M. Denmark New, 262.

'TIS sweet to sing, in grateful lays,
The Father, Son, and Spirit's praise;
And endless ages shall prolong
The joy, the triumph, and the song.

637 L. M. Portugal, 97. Peru, 516.

1 FOR love paternal, rich, and free,
For love on Calvary's bloody tree,
For love, which does the heart renew,
Gives grace, and leads to glory too;

2 Men, angels, every creature join
In strains exalted and divine;
To Father, Son, and Spirit, raise
Your everlasting song of praise.

3 Yes, Lord, we join the angelic tongues,
All heaven shall echo with our songs;
The theme, too vast for time, shall be
Rapture through all eternity.

638 8. 7. Rousseau, 384. Alma, 345.

The Christian pilgrim. EDMESTON.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy:
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

639 10's. Warsaw, 211. Kendal, 86.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal praise and worship be address'd;
From age to age, ye saints his name adore,
And spread his fame when time shall be no more.

640 C. M. St. Michael's, 119.

WALLIN.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
Your grateful voices raise,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Render immortal praise.

641 C. M. Jude's Doxology, 236.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

642 11. 8. Calne, 69. Beaconsfield, 454.

TO Father, Redeemer, and Spirit, one God,
All praises we join to proclaim,
And hope yet in strains more sublimely on high,
Adoring, to bless thy great name.

643 6. 4. Britain, 472. Bermondsey, 52.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall,
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd.
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayers attend.
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

644 11's. Broughton, 172. Mozart's, 461.

THE Father, Redeemer, and Spirit we bless,
For favours and mercies which none can express;
And hope in the kingdom we ever shall live,
Admiring, adoring, all glory to give.

645 C. M. Evans, 190. Otford, 106.

ANGELS and saints, your anthems raise
To the great Three in One,
And celebrate in songs of praise
The wonders grace has done.

646 11's. Broughton, 172. Bourton, 50.

Repeat the first part of the tune to the 3rd and 4th lines.)

ALL glory, blest Father, to thee for thy love,
Which ne'er from its objects shall ever re-
All glory to Jesus, who died on the tree [move;
For souls such as Peter, Manasseh, and me;
All glory, blest Spirit, be equally thine,
For cleansing the natures polluted as mine.

647 C. M. Hensbury, 323.
Canst thou by, &c. Job xi. 7.

1 O SELF-EXISTENT One in Three,
Jehovah, God alone,
In glory wrapt, invisible,
By revelation known.

2 Incomprehensible Thou art,
And all research is vain;
Nor even can the wise in heart
The mystery explain.

3 Then teach us, Lord, thy name of love,
By revelation known:
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Jehovah. God alone.

648 C. M. Arabia, 324. Warwick, 471.

THEE, Father, Son, and Spirit, Thee,
Let heaven and earth adore.
Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou shalt be
God blessed evermore.

649 C. M. Arlington, 17. Matthew's, 34.

1 HAIL! Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
Before the birth of time,
Enthroned in everlasting state,
Jehovah Elohim.

2 A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own;
Adoring One in Persons Three,
And Three in nature One.

650 S. M. Mansfield, 154. Sarah, 393.
BEDDOME.

TO the eternal Three,
In will and essence One,
Be universal honours paid,
Co-equal honours done.

651 8. 7. 4. Painswick, 162. Alma, 345.

PRAISE the Father, Son, and Spirit,
For election, sovereign, free,
For redeeming love and merit,
For renewing such as we:
For all blessings,
Praise the glorious One in Three.

652 S. M. Sarah, 393. Farnham, 421.

TO Father, Spirit, Son,
Whom angel hosts adore,
Give worship, honour, glory, power,
Both now and evermore.

653 S. M. Whitefield, 168.

1 FATHER of all, to Thee
Let endless praises rise,
Who for such rebel worms as we
Salvation didst devise.

2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Oh let us all adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.

4 Baptized into thy name,
Almighty One in Three,
Thy grace and goodness we'll proclaim,
Through all eternity.

654 5. 6. Horsington, 219.

FATHER, Spirit, and Son,
United in One,
The good work will perfect
Where'er 't is begun.
United, Lord, we
Will glorify Thee,
Thou ineffable One,
Thou adorable Three.

655 6. 8. 4. Leoni, 90.

ALL worship and renown
By saints in earth and heaven,
Be to the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit given.
Let all the heavenly host
A Triune God adore;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
For evermore.

656 8. 7. 4. Lewes, 63. Saratoga, 531.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou the God whom we adore,
May we all thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore;
Vast Eternal! praises to thee evermore.

657 8. 8. 6. Praise, 321. Leach, 290.

1 TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
In earth and heaven adored,
Our hearts and hands and lips we raise,
With humble prayer and grateful praise,
And own our Sov'reign Lord.

2 Father, Redeemer, Heavenly Guide,
May we by faith in thee abide,
And bless thy constant love;
Till we in heaven thy glory see,
And praise thee through eternity,
With angel hosts above.

658 112th. Eaton, 291. Homerton, 310

THY goodness, Father, we confess,
Which gave, and still preserves our breath:
When fearful loads of guilt oppress,
Incarnate Son, we plead thy death:
And, lost in darkness, sin, and woe,
Spirit, thy help and joy we know.

659 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh, 278.

OUR covenant God, in sweetest lays,
The Father, Son, and Spirit praise,
For grace immensely free;
Goodness, which all our path attends,
And glory too, which never ends,
Praise, praise eternally.

660 104th. Hanover, 130.

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
And publish abroad, again and again,
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace;
The gift of the Spirit to Adam's lost race.

661 104th. Portugal New, 263.

BLEST Father, and Son, and Spirit of grace,
How sweet to enjoy the smiles of thy face!
We'll live in thy service, then die; in thy praise
The anthem of glory for ever we'll raise.

662 104th. Sussex, 70. Enoch, 410.

ALL glory to God, the Father, and Son,
And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One;
Let highest ascriptions for ever be given,
By all the creation, on earth and in heaven.

663 P. M. Portuguese, 263.

GLORY to God, with joyful adoration;
Sing praises, sing praises, his power proclaim;
Praise we the Lord, the strength of our salvation;
And, worshipping before him, adore his name.

2 Praise him for mercies; blessings ever flowing;
His love, which redeemed us from death, make known;
Praise him in life, with holy rapture glowing;
Then worship him with angels before his throne.

664 6. 6. 7. 7. Old Weston, 580.

COME, let us join to praise
Jehovah, God of grace;
To the Triune God above,
Be all blessing, homage, love,
Who to sinful worms below
Tenderest pity deigns to show.

665 7's. Aaron, 508. H. K. WHITE.

NOW to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Nations, join the loud Amen.

666 7's. Georgia, 192. CONDER.

1 NOW with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the church, which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn;
Glory to the great I AM!
Glory to the Victim Lamb.

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word:
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

667 7's. St. Austin's, 460. Northiam, 447. BOWRING'S RUSSIAN POETS.

1 SEE the glorious Cherubim
Thronging round th' eternal throne,
Hark, they sing their holy hymn,
To the unknown Three in One.
All-supporting Deity,
Praise, eternal praise to thee.

2 Heaven-directed spirits, rise
To the temple of the skies!
Join the ranks of angels bright,
Near the Eternal's dazzling light:
All supporting Deity,
Praise, eternal praise to thee.

668 7's. St. Austin's, 460.

1 MIGHTY God, the Holy One,
Dwelling in eternity:
How shall we approach thy throne!
How should sinners come to thee!
Where thine awful glories blaze,
Scarce can holy angels gaze.

2 Yet, though high thy dwelling-place,
All our thoughts and praise above,
Humble souls may seek thy face,
God of glory, God of love:—
Love that comes a heavenly guest
To the contrite sinner's breast.

3 Father, hear us when we pray;
Saviour, grace and strength impart;
Holy Spirit, purge away
All our guilt, and melt each heart:
Triune God, thou sinner's Friend,
Guide and bless us to the end.

669 148th. Clapham, 18. Burnham, 396.

THE Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,

In my salvation join,
And claim this heart of mine;
Therefore to the eternal Three
Immortal praise and glory be.

670 8.7.8.8.7. Getnsemane, 465.

MAY we share the Saviour's blessing,
And the Father's mercy prove,
Let the Spirit be possessing
Every heart in peace and love.
May we live, O God! before Thee,
Ever love Thee and adore Thee,
In true fellowship combined:
Heart and body, soul and mind.

671 8.7. New Zealand, 467.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord. Psa. cxlv. 31.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration,
To the One Jehovah give.

672 6.4. Bermondsey, 52.

Let there be light. Gen. i. 3.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy protecting wing,
Healing and sight—
Sight to the inly blind,
Health to the sick in mind,
Oh! now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the water's face,
By thine almighty grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

673 7.6. Jubilee, 403. Worship, 539.

WESLEY.

MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of Truth and Grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

2 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

674 7's. Amboyna, 289.

1 HOLY, holy, holy!—Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit!—we,
Dust and ashes, would adore.
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by Thee redeem'd,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Holy, holy, holy!—All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransom'd nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

675 7.6. Amsterdam, 136.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore;
Join we with the heavenly host,
To praise thee evermore.
Three in One, and One in Three,
Live, by heaven and earth adored;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to Thee.

676 7's. New Zealand, 467.

The universal doxology. LAWSON.

1 EUROPE, speak the mighty name,
Loud th' Eternal Three proclaim,
Let thy deep, seraphic lays
Thunder forth the echoing praise.
Asia, bring thy raptured songs;
Let innumerable tongues
Swell the chord from shore to shore,
Where thy thousand billows roar.

2 Sable Afric, aid the strain,
Triumph o'er thy broken chain;
Bid thy wildest music raise
All its fervour in his praise.
Shout, America, thy joys,
While his love thy song employs;
Let thy lonely wilderness
High exalt his righteousness.

3 All as one adore the Lord,
Father, Spirit, and the Word;
Hail, thou glorious Three in One,
Worthy thou to reign alone.

Praise him, all ye nations, praise;
Saints in heaven, your anthems raise;
Angels, join the solemn chord—
Reign, for ever, holy Lord.

677 8.6.8.8.6. Grandeur. 579.

The same; or, Hallelujah on earth and in heaven.

1 SING Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice.
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Until in realms of endless light
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
Shall join th' angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God, our Saviour's praise:
'He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain.'
Praise ye the Lord, Amen.

678* 11's. Portugal New, 263.

The same.

THE great hallelujah all nations shall raise,
The Father, the Son, and the Spirit to praise:
O let the seventh trumpet be sounded, and then
Hallelujah for ever, Amen and Amen.

* The number of hymns in the preceding pages, including all the additional parts, is 1143.

END OF THE HYMNS.

SACRED MELODIES.*

1142 12.13. *The heavenly land.*

REV. T. GRINFIELD.

1 AND is there a land, far away from sin and woe,
All pure, and all blest, where the friends of Jesus go;
To see him as he is, his redeeming love adore,
Be with him, be like him for ever, evermore?

2 Oh why, then, oh why, from that lovely land above,
Should pleasure, how vain, steal away my stedfast love?
Oh why, when ere to-morrow the blissful scenes may ope,
Though distress'd, should I sorrow, as one that has no hope?

3 No, onward, still onward, with unreverted eye,
Let me press through each scene, to my Father's house on high:
And find that while a pilgrim on Zion's way I sing,
Nor pleasures can lure me, nor sorrows deeply sting.

1143 C. M. P.

The joy of hope. SUTTON.

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine:
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesu's grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven;
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot?
What though beneath the eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot?
Yet shall we share the blissful hope
Which Jesu's grace has given;
The hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesu's grace has given;
The hope, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows.
Oh sacred hope! oh blissful hope!
Which Jesu's grace hath given;
The hope, &c.

1144 8.7. *The Christian's gratitude.*

1 LORD, with glowing heart I 'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise with love's devoutest feeling
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

1145 6's. *The Christian's request.*

WHEN, my heart beguiling,
All around is smiling,
O Lord, remember me:

* It may be proper to state, that, with few exceptions, these hymns and spiritual songs are neither intended nor adapted for the public worship of the sanctuary. They are inserted in this supplementary form principally for the use of Christians in private, or the family circle. The melodies to which they have been adapted will shortly be published in a work, entitled, "*The Family Choralist*," consisting of a large collection of admired and Popular Melodies, Anthems, Choruses, &c., arranged in score for three and four voices, and for the piano forte, edited by Dr. Gauntlett, and W. H. Kearns, Esq.

When afflictions press me,
Sins and fears distress me,
Oh, still remember me!
On the couch when lying,
Languishing, and dying,
When the last, last sighing,
Yields my soul to thee:—
Then when friends are failing,
Nought on earth availing,—
Oh, then remember me!

1146 P.M. *Farewell to sadness.*

FAREWELL to sadness,
Let every tear depart;
Wake all to gladness,
Wake, oh, my heart!
Shall worldly triflers raise the song
O'er pleasures they must lose ere long,
And shall not those rejoice and sing
Who love the heavenly King?
Farewell to sadness, &c.

1147 C.M. *Consolation.*

1 THERE is a smile for every sigh,
For every wound a balm;
A joy for every Christian's eye,
For every storm a calm.

2 Each sigh is sent a smile to light,
Each wound in mercy given,
Each tear-fill'd eye will yet be bright,
Each storm subside in heaven.

1148 7. 6. *Repose in Jesus.* GRINFIELD.

1 HAPPY those who rest have found
In the arms of Jesus;
Press'd no longer, prison'd, bound,
His glad Spirit frees us:
What was toil and strife within,
Now 't is easy, pleasant;
Grief of guilt and love of sin
Die where Christ is present.

2 Now, by efforts all in vain,
Heavenly peace and favour
Never more we dream to gain,
Making self a saviour:
No, the plan is quite reversed;
First the sinner sees him,
Tastes his free salvation first,
Then goes forth to please him.

3 Yes, if privileged to know
Aught of that dear Saviour,—
What a debt of love I owe
For so vast a favour;
Let me trace his path below,
Shunning what would grieve him:
Till, my trial done, I go
Where I ne'er shall leave him.

1149 P.M. *Heaven is my home.*

1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall reach home at last:
Heaven is my home.

1150 *The heart knoweth its own bitterness.* GRINFIELD.

1 ALL may be outwardly desert and gloom;
While in the secret soul summer may bloom.
Health may depart, yet from above
Jesus may give the heart peace, hope, and love.
All may be desolate round us the while,
Yet a sweet Paradise inwardly smile.

2 'Tis not in circumstance peace to bestow;
Nor, where that heaven resides, turn it to woe.
Lord, if thou bless, where is distress?
Where, if thou wound, the heart-balm for the smart?
'T is not in earthly things peace to bestow;
Nor, where that heaven resides, turn it to woe.

1151 8. 4. *The incomparable Friend.*

1 THERE 's a Friend above all others,
Oh how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next, deceive us;
But this Friend will never leave us:
Oh how He loves!

2 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!
Oh how He loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
Oh how He loves!
Neither trial nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation:
Oh how He loves!

3 Let us still this love be viewing,
Oh how He loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
Oh how He loves!
He will strengthen each endeavour,
And, when pass'd o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song for ever,—
Oh how He loves!

1152 11's. *The saints' sweet home.*

'MID scenes of confusion, and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home;
Home, home, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory at home.

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sorrow I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I 'm with thee at [home.

Whate'er thou deny me, oh, give me thy grace,
The Spirit's true witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And give even now a sweet foretaste of home.

I long, gracious Lord, in thy presence to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
But in thy fair image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

1153 8.8.6.6. *The pilgrim's farewell.*

FAREWELL, poor world! I must be gone,
Thou art no home, no rest for me;
I 'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world may see.
Chor.—I 'll march to Canaan's land,
I 'll land on Canaan's shore;
Whose pleasures never end,
Where troubles come no more:
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
Farewell, poor world, farewell!

Farewell, poor world! time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal care or bliss;
I 'll leave thee and I 'll travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Chor.—I 'll march, &c.

'Stay, stay,' said earth, 'whither fond one?
Here's a fair world,—what would'st thou [have?'
Fair world! nay, *false!* thy beauty 's [gone;
A heavenly Canaan, Lord, I crave.
Chor.—I 'll march, &c.

Put on, my soul, put on with speed,
Tho' the way be long, the end is sweet;
Once more, poor world, farewell, indeed,
In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.
Chor.—I 'll march, &c.

154 8.4. *Weep not for me.* DALE.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'T is the fetter'd soul 's releasing;
Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength—for ever.
Weep not for me

1155 6.4. *Funeral prayer.* HEMANS

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father Divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou!

3 By him who bow'd to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God!

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father Divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine!

1156 6.5.4. *Mariner's hymn.* MRS. SOUTHEY

1 LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands,
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home.

2 Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

3 'What of the night, watchman
What of the night?'
'Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all 's right!'
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

4 How! gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold·

There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbour 's near—
Lo, the red lights!

5 Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian, cast anchor now—
Christian, steer home.

1157 112th.

Mariner's hymn. GRINFIELD.

1 SWEETLY ye blow, celestial gales,
Our oars let us ply, and expand our sails,
Faithful our chart, our compass even,
Our anchor is hope, our harbour heaven.
Sweetly blow on, celestial gales,
Be patience for oars, and be prayer for sails.

2 What though, at times, a rough wind blow,
And breakers abound, and the tide runs [low.
Think, when we gain the wish'd for shore,
How sweet to repose, our labours o'er!
On! let us on! to chase our fear,
The haven 's in view, and the Saviour 's near.

3 Hark to their voice! (that white-robed host
To welcome us waits on the blissful coast.)
Once, like yourselves, 'mid grief and fear,
We anchor'd on hope, and landed here;
On! brethren, on! your sails expand,
The haven 's in view, and the Lord at hand.

1158 112th.

The same.

1 SWEETLY let's join our evening prayer,
And give to the winds all earthly care;
We 'll sing and row o'er life's rough sea,
We are sailing to eternity.
Blow, breezes, blow, the gales of grace,
The haven of glory 's our resting place.

2 Though dark 's the night in which we sail,
Our Pilot 's on board, we cannot fail;
The wind and waves his voice obey'd,
And the great deep by him was made.
Chor.—Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

3 Faintly at times we pull the oar,
Yet every stroke brings nearer shore;
Cross winds, rough waves are in the way;
Pull strong the oar, and humbly pray:
Chor.—Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

4 Make, make the port, the tide runs high;
Unfurl the white sails, the haven is nigh;
The hills and dales of life look dim,
We 'll sing to our friends the farewell hymn.
Chor.—Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

5 And when the port of glory 's gain'd,
And full redemption we 've obtain'd,
With saints and angels we will sing
The wonders of our God and King.
Chor.—Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

1159 7. 6. 8.

Christian hope. GRINFIELD.

HOW still, amidst commotion,
The bark, at anchor cast;
Around her heaves the ocean,
Her anchor holds her fast:
And hope, an anchor of the soul,
How stedfast to the soul is given;
Around him waves of trial roll,
His hope is fix'd in heaven.

1160 5. 4.

Why art thou disquieted! Ps. xlii. 5—11. GRINFIELD.

1 WHY art thou grieving, if to the Lord
Still thou art cleaving, keeping his word?
Art not thou dying daily at best?
Will not all sighing soon be at rest?
Ever to cheer thee on to thine end
Jesus is near thee, He is thy friend.

2 Has he not sought thee, once far astray?
Has he not brought thee still on thy way?
Foes might assail thee, fears might oppress,
When did he fail thee in thy distress?
Why art thou grieving, if to the Lord
Still thou art cleaving, keeping his word?

1161 8. 3.

Come thou with us. Num. x. 29.
We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you. Zech. viii. 23.

1 WE are travelling home to heaven above, Come with us.
To sing the Saviour's dying love, Come with us.
Millions have reach'd that happy shore,
Their toils and conflicts all are o'er,
But still there's room for millions more: Come with us.

2 We are going to walk the plains of light, Come with us.
To where there is no curse nor night; Come with us.
A glorious crown we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of glory share: Come with us.

3 The Saviour all-sufficient grace Will bestow,
And cheer us with his smiling face As we go.
And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
Will land us safe on yon blest shore
Where we shall sin nor sorrow more. Will you go?

4 With you to Canaan's happy land We will go:

For God is with the pilgrim-band,
We will go.
To Jesus we would give our heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And with his people have our part,
Weal or woe.

1162

12. 11. COLLYER.

Divine compassion.

1 HOW great thy compassion,
My God and my Saviour,
To purchase my life
At the cost of thy own;
When wrath intercepted
The flow of thy favour,
T was pity, soft pity,
That brought Jesus down.

2 The Saviour incarnate,
More mild than the morning,
Compassion and mercy
Still beam'd from his eyes;
His head crown'd with briars,
The sword his side piercing,
'My Father, forgive them,'
He whispers, and dies.

3 Assist me, Redeemer,
That pardon to credit
Which thou didst secure
At the price of thy blood;
Speak peace to my conscience,
Then summon my spirit
To reign with thy saints
In the mansions of God.

1163

8. 7. 8.

The pilgrim to Zion.

1 WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this gloomy vale?
Know'st thou not 't is full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
No! I 'm bound for the kingdom,
And hope through grace to reach the place.
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Travelling through the desert wide;
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I 'm blest with such a guide.
I am bound, &c.

3 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee
Would not then thy courage fail?
No! I 'm bound, &c.

4 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend,
And shall find its waves delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I 'm bound, &c.

1164

9. 3.

God is love.

1 WHAT sound is this through heaven resounding?— God is love;
From earth I hear the sound rebounding,— God is love:
Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same,—
God is love.

2 This song repeat, ye saints in glory,— God is love;
And saints on earth, shout back the story,— God is love;
In this let heaven and earth agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme for ever be,—
God is love.

3 Creation's thousand tongues proclaiming,— God is love;
And Providence unites, exclaiming,
God is love;
But let the burden'd sinner hear
The gospel sounding loud and clear,
To every soul both far and near,
God is love.

1165

5. 6.

Breast the wave, Christian.

1 BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest,
Watch for day, Christian, when the night 's longest,
Onward and onward still be thine endeavour,
The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee,
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised faltereth never,
The love of eternity flows on for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever,
Mount when thy work is done—praise him for ever.

1166

C. M.

Never part again.

1 YE souls that trust in Christ, rejoice,
Your sins are all forgiven;
Let every Christian lift his voice,
And sing the joys of heaven.
Chor.—We are marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound.
We hope with Jesus then to reign,
And never, never part again.
What! never part again? No, never part again.
We hope with Jesus then to reign,
And never, never part again.

2 Heaven is that holy happy place
Where sin no more defiles,
Where God our Saviour shows his face,
In endless love and smiles.
We are marching, &c.

3 Where saints are free from every load
Of passions or of pains;
God dwells in them, and they in God,
And love for ever reigns.
We are marching, &c.

1167 L. M.

The joys of home. WILSON.

1 LET others bow at fashion's shrine,
And through the maze of pleasure roam,
The calmer joys of life be mine,—
My cheerful hearth, my quiet home.

2 The brightest cheek that ever bloom'd,
Is turn'd by dissipation pale:
The heart's best feelings are entomb'd
In scenes where guilty joys prevail.

3 Let others shine in gay attire,
And range through fashion's giddy round;
Give me the calm, domestic fire,
Where peace and holy joys abound!

1168 8. 8. 7.

Family harmony. KNOX.

1 OH! sweet as vernal dews that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
When evening clouds draw thither,
So sweet, so heavenly 't is, to see
The members of one family
Live peacefully together!

2 The children, like the lily flowers,
On which descend the sun and showers,
Their hues of beauty blending,—
The parents, like the willow boughs,
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

3 But leaves the greenest will decay,—
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping!

4 Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither;
And friends who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together.

1169 7. 6. 7.

The same. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1 ONWARD—heavenward, let us press,
Through the path of duty:
Virtue is true happiness,—
Excellence, true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth;
Let us seek a heaven on earth!

2 Sweetest bonds of friendship, here,
Bind our hearts together;
Where our fireside comforts cheer,
In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home!

3 Bonds of everlasting love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion:
Thither may our hopes ascend;
There may all our labours end!

1170 7. 6. 4.

Sweet home. BARTON.

1 WHERE burns the fireside brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possess'd?
Where is the hour of sadness
With meek-eyed patience borne?
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn!
Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At home—sweet home!

2 There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,—
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief:
There eyes, in all their splendour,
Are vocal to the heart;
And glances, bright and tender,
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
Oh! do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home—sweet home!

1171 12. 11.

Peace of mind.

SAY, why should thy breast be disturb'd with each trifle?
Oh, why should not gloom and anxiety cease?
When sacred communion each murmur would stifle,
And charm all thy spirit to purified peace!
What heart healing balm for corrosions of sadness,
The glory, the grace, of thy God to review.
What a life-breathing watchword to love, hope, and gladness,
Is all he hath done, and hath promised to do!

1172 11's.

Forsake me not. GRINFIELD.

1 OH do not forsake me, my Father, my Friend!
When I wander, o'ertake me, and guide to the end!
With thy tenderness draw me; nor let me repine
If thy chastising o'erawe me; I must be made thine.

2 When neglect, sin, and error, on consciousness crowd,
Under sorrow, or terror, my spirit is bow'd.
When I muse on thy mercies, thy patience, love, care,
Then the dark cloud disperses; I cannot despair.

Oh, no! thou wilt never, so faithful, so kind,
From thy favour *one* sever, who thee, Lord, would find.
'T is I that oft leave thee; forgive me, restore;
And, Lord, let me grieve thee no more, never more!

1173

6. 5. 6.

The farewell hymn.

FAREWELL, my friends beloved
Time passes fleetly;
When moments are improved,
Time passes sweetly:
In Jesus we are one;
When our few years are gone,
Before the shining throne,
We'll meet in glory.

The woes of life we feel,
And its temptations;
But let us wisely fill
Our proper stations:
Soldiers of Christ, hold fast;
The war will soon be past;
When vict'ry comes at last,
We'll meet in glory.

3 And O what joys shall crown
That happy meeting!
We'll bow before the throne,
Each other greeting:
Refresh'd, again we start:
Though for a while we part,
Yet always join'd in heart,
We'll meet in glory.

1174

C. M. P.

The same. GRINFIELD.

WAKE, my voice, oh, wake once more,
To breathe a farewell lay!
How soon must all thy songs be o'er!
How soon thy powers decay;
Yet cheer thy tone with hope, ere long,
Reviving, still to raise
A sweeter far, far nobler song,
A song of ceaseless praise!
Then wake, my voice, oh, wake once more
And breathe this parting lay;
Ere yet thy songs on earth be o'er,
And thou too die away!

THE END.

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Tyler & Reed, Printers, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.

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Toplady 223. 212. 318.

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